POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JANUARY 25 • 1964 20c

A distinguished Republican tells how
THE G.O.P. CAN WIN

A sweeping new study:
CAN DIET PREVENT HEART ATTACKS?

香港時裝

Exotic new styles from Asia
HONG KONG FASHIONS

Argentina's mystery quints / Dylan Thomas by Saroyan / Andy Griffith's golden corn cone

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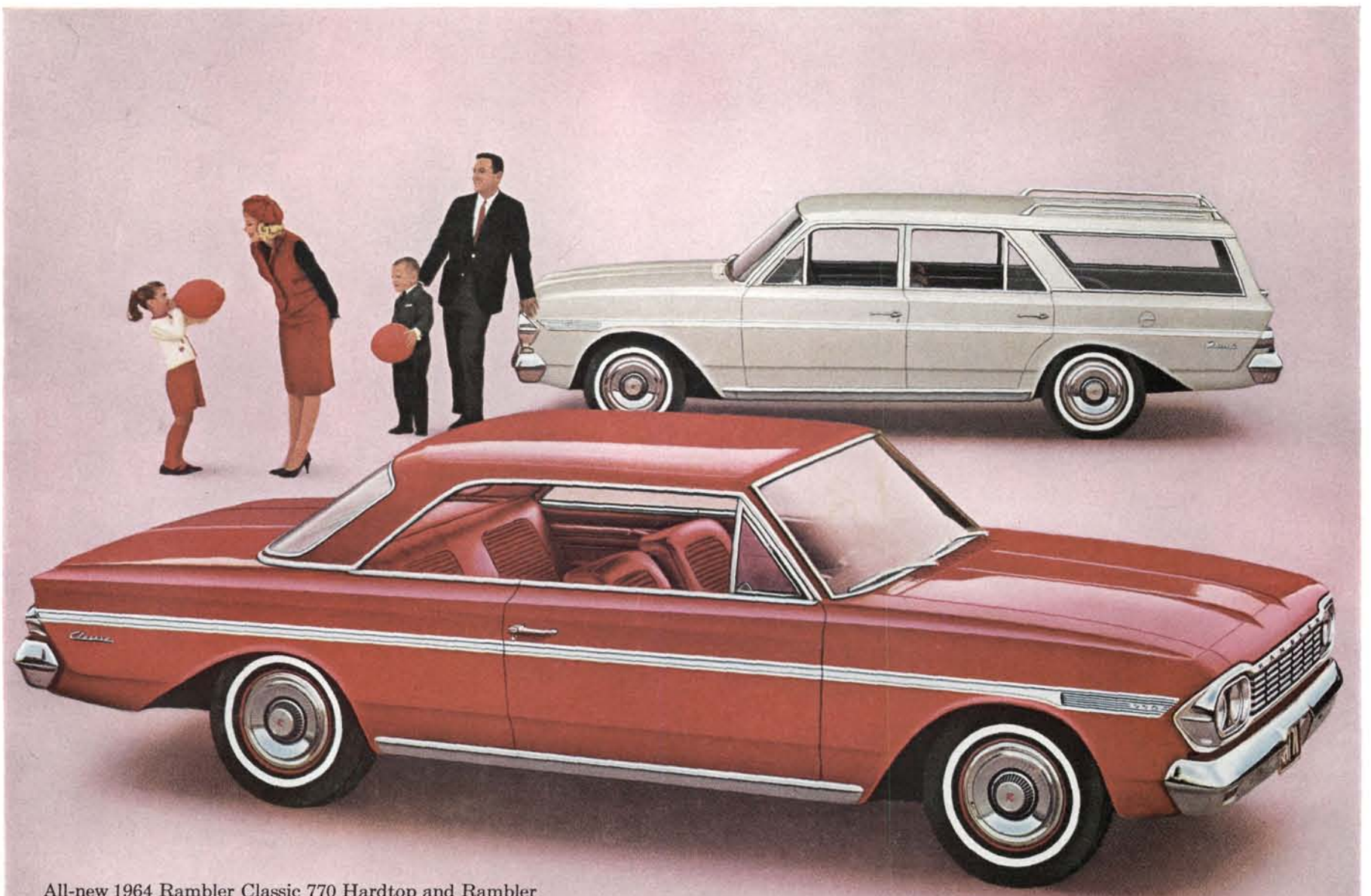

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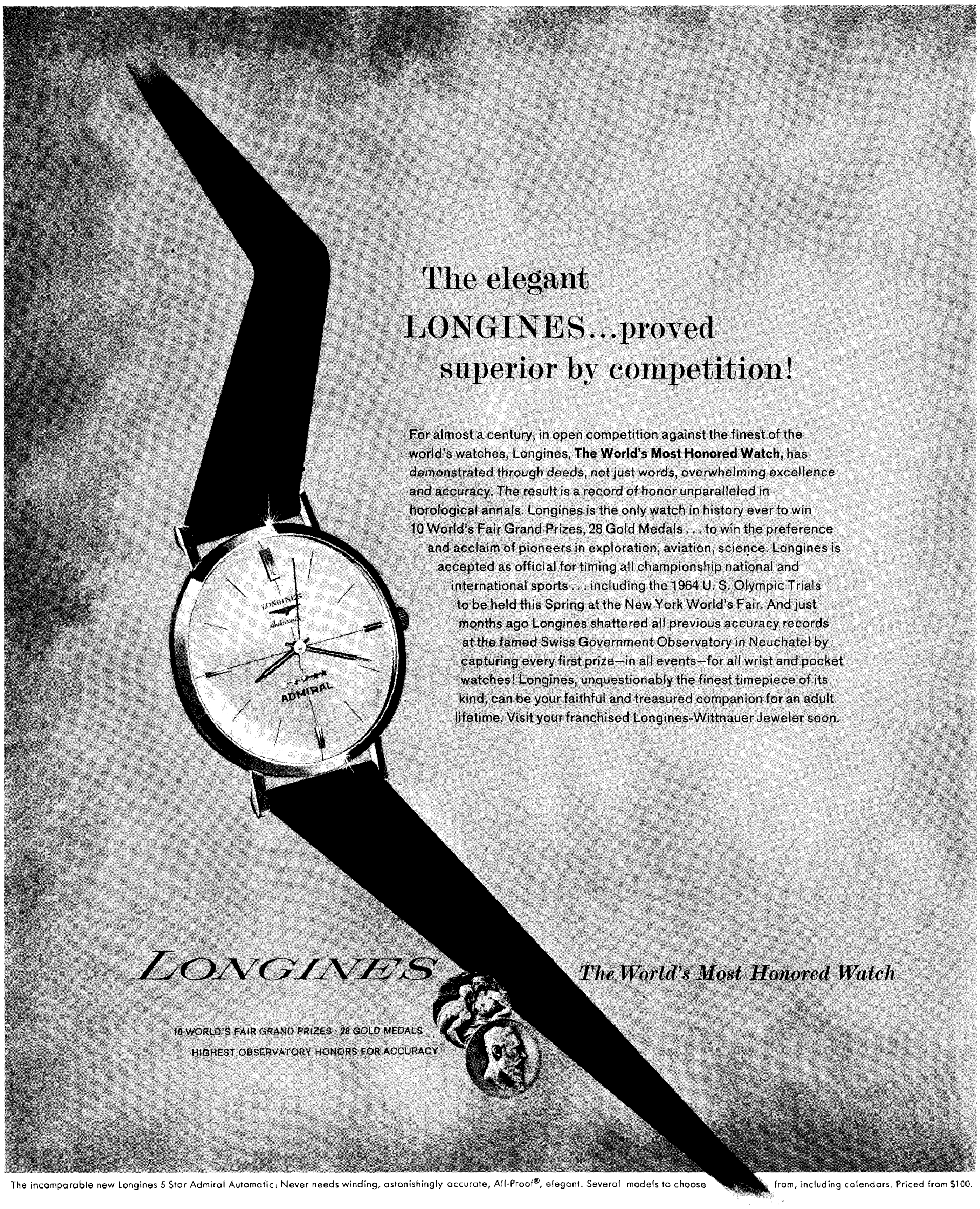

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POST

JANUARY 25, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 3

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How the Republicans can win . . . . . *by Arthur Larson* 21

A top G.O.P. adviser reveals a startling point-by-point program of how the Republicans could whip President Johnson and win the White House this year. According to Arthur Larson, Senator Goldwater, once a Republican front runner, can no longer win the South and West. Instead, Larson, former special assistant to President Eisenhower and now a Duke University law professor, declares the G.O.P. must offer an unusually attractive candidate who pounds away at two themes—full employment and peace. He shows how a Republican could lead the way in licking unemployment by shortening the work week without raising labor costs. And he offers a new plan for dousing the powder kegs in Berlin and South Vietnam.

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The cover photograph of the lovely lady in the silk robe was taken in Hong Kong by **Burt Glinn.**

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LETTERS

Poverty

I was shocked to read Ben H. Bagdikian's THE INVISIBLE AMERICANS [Dec. 21–28] and do not think the average American citizen realizes any more than I did the appalling conditions that exist among the poor of this country.

BENJAMIN F. CRUMP
Milford, N.J.

• It made me extremely angry to read about our starving poor and think of the millions being sent to foreign countries.

CHARLIE KRUSE
St. Petersburg, Fla.

• You don't have to want a welfare state to prefer food for the hungry at home to a man on the moon.

MRS. CONGER WILLIAMS
Milton, Mass.

• After reading THE INVISIBLE AMERICANS, I hastened to make a contribution to Portland's family planning service.

JESSIE M. ARROWSMITH
Sherwood, Oreg.

• Nowhere in the article dealing with America's poor was there any mention made of the inequity of the burden placed by these highly prolific but unproductive members of our society on the middle-class taxpayer—the one who limits his family, handles his hard-earned money with care and lives within his means.

GLORIA DOUNEUS
Detroit, Mich.

• I've been married almost 25 years and have two children. During this time, I've earned from $150 to $250 per month and presently I'm getting $170 per month. I've bought and paid for 65 acres of land with an eight-room house. We have radios, TV, an electric range, home freezer, cub-tractor garden tiller, power chain saw, 1½ bathrooms, hot and cold water. And what is wrong with beans? I still think any man who is worth a darn can do as well as I have with the money I've made during these 25 years.

CLYDE T. FALLS
Chase City, Va.

• The Bureau of Indian Affairs, which has 15,000 employees, is spending $725 annually for every Indian man, woman and child, and since 1900 has spent $3 billion. Apparently this welfare spending has done nothing to make the Indians self-supporting, but actually may have contributed to their sad state. I am convinced that any welfare program that does not help people learn to help themselves tends to increase the problems Mr. Bagdikian deals with.

EDWARD J. HUMMEL, ED. D.
La Jolla, Calif.

• I honestly wish I could feel sorry for the poor people Mr. Bagdikian describes, but I can't. In my first three years of teaching, the majority of my students were the children of migratory workers and Indians. They had absolutely no desire to learn anything and were chronic discipline problems. Any attempt on my part to inject into their culturally barren lives the works of great writers, artists and composers was met with apathy. All they wanted out of life was a full stomach and a fancy car.

KAREN KUYKENDALL
Casa Grande, Ariz.

• Mr. Bagdikian makes statements about the Papago Indian people that are false and misleading. While our reservation is no Garden of Eden, it is outrageous for him to say that "starvation is endemic" among us. There is no higher rate of starvation here than in Chicago or Detroit. As to our "lack of personal aggressiveness," a 1959–63 study made by the University of Arizona's Bureau of Ethnic Research states, "The Papagos have shown great skill and persistence in finding ways to remain self-supporting in the face of meager resources and a rapidly changing world."

EUGENE J. JOHNSON, CHAIRMAN
Papago Tribe of Arizona
Sells, Ariz.

• What is your magazine trying to do—undermine our peace of mind with socialist or big-government propaganda? Everyone knows that in a capitalist economy where everyone follows his own profit-making motive, all society will automatically benefit. It is the duty of our business leaders to automate for higher profits. If a few million inefficient people don't fit, well—survival of the fittest, you know.

ROBERT BENSON
Annapolis, Md.

Churches

Thank you for your article ["LET THE EARTH STAND IN AWE OF HIM," Dec. 21–28] on the varying viewpoint and ritual of the church, with underlying harmony of spirit. . . . Variety is a part of creation.

PHILLIP RAY NORTON
Clinton, Mich.

• We here, priest and members of the church, were delighted to note your inclusion of photographs of Greek Orthodox churches and services. Articles on religion have a tendency to overlook our faith, and we appreciate your kind recognition.

FATHER JAMES J. LALIBERTE
Annunciation Greek Orthodox Church
York, Pa.

• Does God take pleasure in churches costing millions while little children are hungry and cold?

RAY E. L'HOMMEDIEU, SR.
Spencerport, N.Y.

Taxes

I salute *The Post* for printing Stewart Alsop's articles on our discriminatory income-tax laws [AFFAIRS OF STATE: THE GREAT TAX MYTH, Nov. 23, and MORE ON THE GREAT TAX MYTH, Dec. 21–28], but find his conclusion that

"What's this? A 12-pound Personal Portable? And you say the screen measures 11" diagonally? Yes. Go on... It delivers the brightest picture—inch-for-inch—of any set G.E.'s ever built? Hmmmm. Front-mounted controls, I see—

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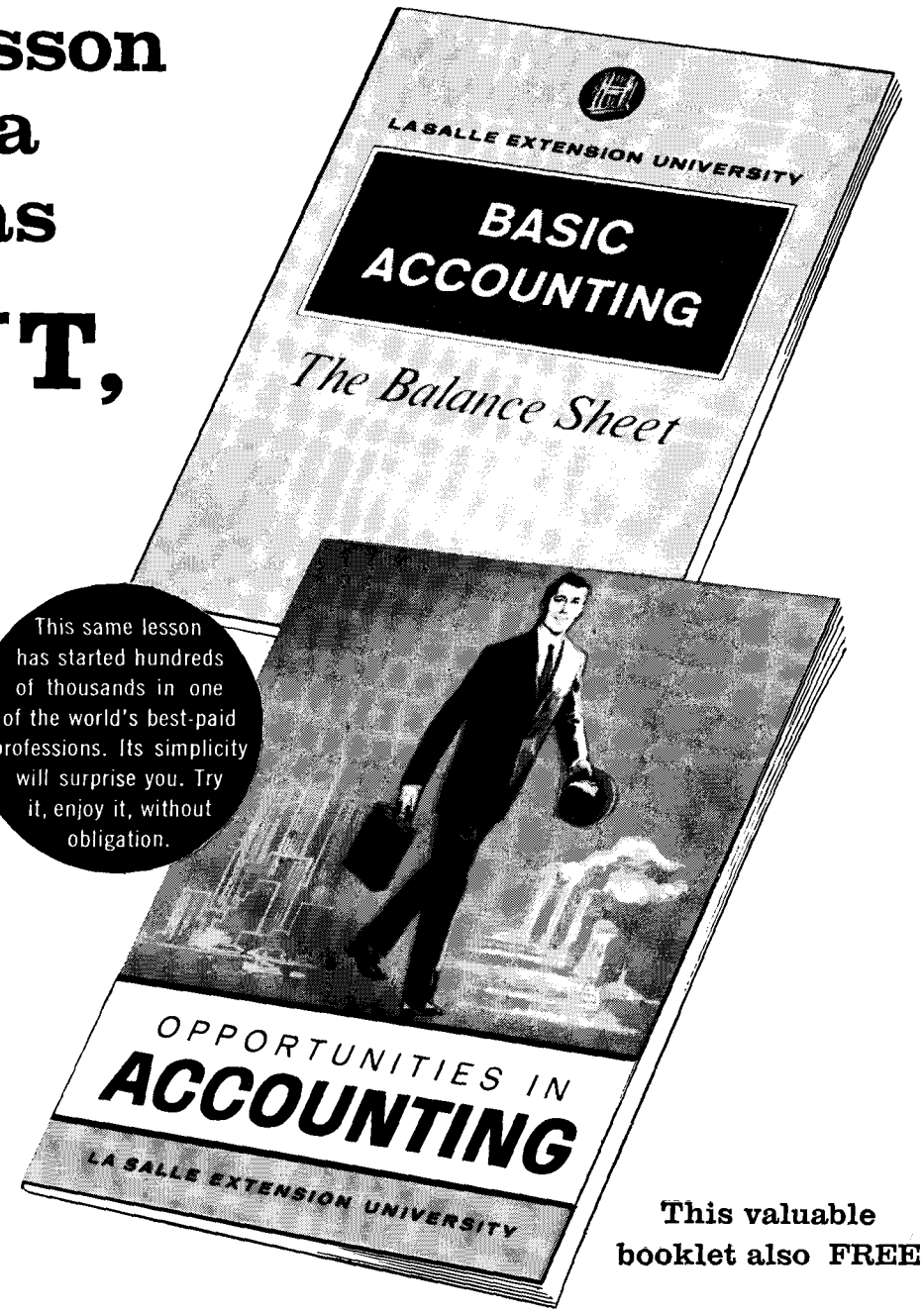
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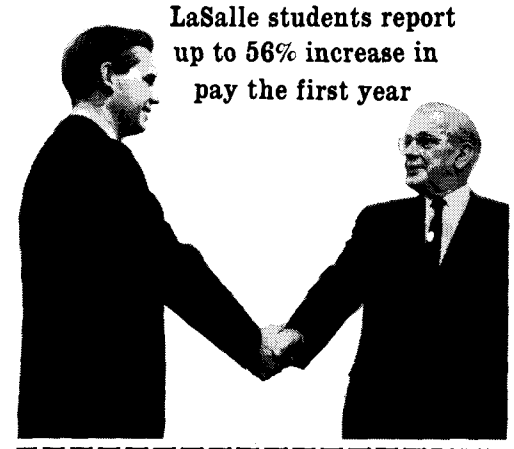

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LETTERS

capitalism will collapse unless discrimination in favor of the rich continues very disturbing. EVERETT OMAN
Boscobel, Wis.

• Mr. Alsop's tax pieces were most interesting. I am getting fed up with all the rich people—especially the TV and Hollywood ones—moaning about the amount of income tax they pay.

MRS. MARION MACK
Berwyn, Ill.

Happiness

Regarding WE HAVE NO "RIGHT TO HAPPINESS" by C. S. Lewis [Dec. 21–28], why can't more people think this clearly?

MARIANNE D. KIDD
Oak Creek, Wis.

• Mr. Lewis's article goes right to the heart of why I, and millions of other American women, will never under any circumstances vote for Nelson Rockefeller if he is nominated for President.

MRS. FLORENCE W. TABER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mad mag

I should like to illuminate some of the veeblefetzers in Jack Skow's MAD: WILD ORACLE OF THE TEEN-AGE UNDERGROUND [Dec. 21–28]. To mention two: I was not just "*Mad*'s original editor," but *Mad*'s original creator. The what-me-worry? kid (Alfred E. Neuman) was not "copied from a turn-of-the-century postcard." I originally picked it off a bulletin board where it was imprinted on a modern advertising mailer. HARVEY KURTZMAN
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

• As a teacher, I would rather see my students reading *Mad* than most of the other material published in this country and available to young readers.

JOHN D. MEEK
Kalamazoo, Mich.

For a better world

Your editorial, A TIME TO BUILD [Dec. 21–28], is an interesting summary of a year we will long remember. I am proud to be alive and grateful to those who have sacrificed their lives to make this a better world.

KIM ERICKSON
Omaha, Nebr.

Doll in the graveyard

My attention has been called to a photograph appearing with your piece, NEW TOYS THAT WILL DISMAY SANTA'S HELPERS [Dec. 7], that shows a large new doll, "Morticia," leaning against a tombstone in the Churchyard of Trinity Church with the Church itself as a background. The graveyard, in which many people—some of them famous in the country's history—are interred, has always had a reverent and quiet use. Its use as the background for a commercial promotion is in our view tasteless and unseemly. Had permission to make the photograph been requested, it would have been denied.

JOHN HEUSS, RECTOR
Trinity Church
New York, N.Y.

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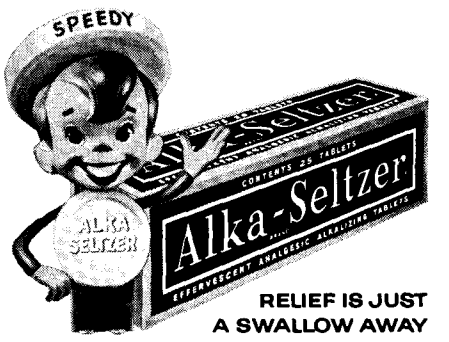

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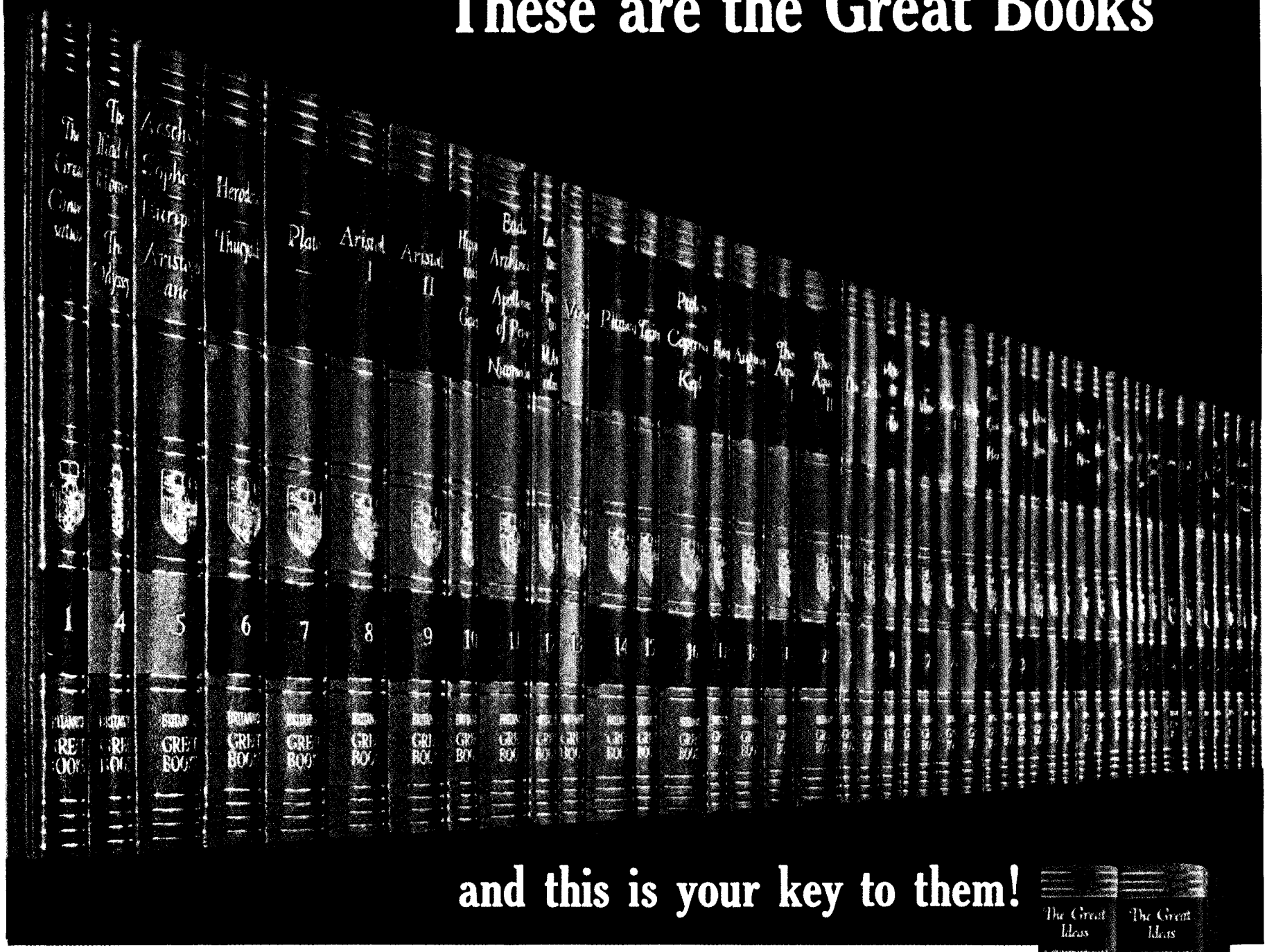

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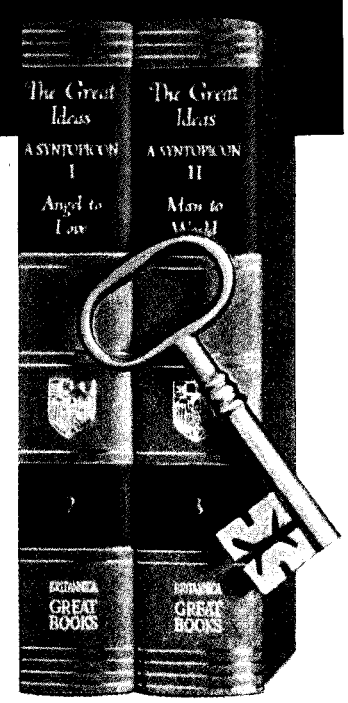

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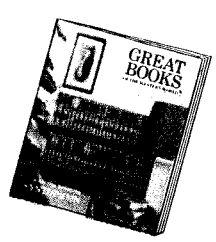

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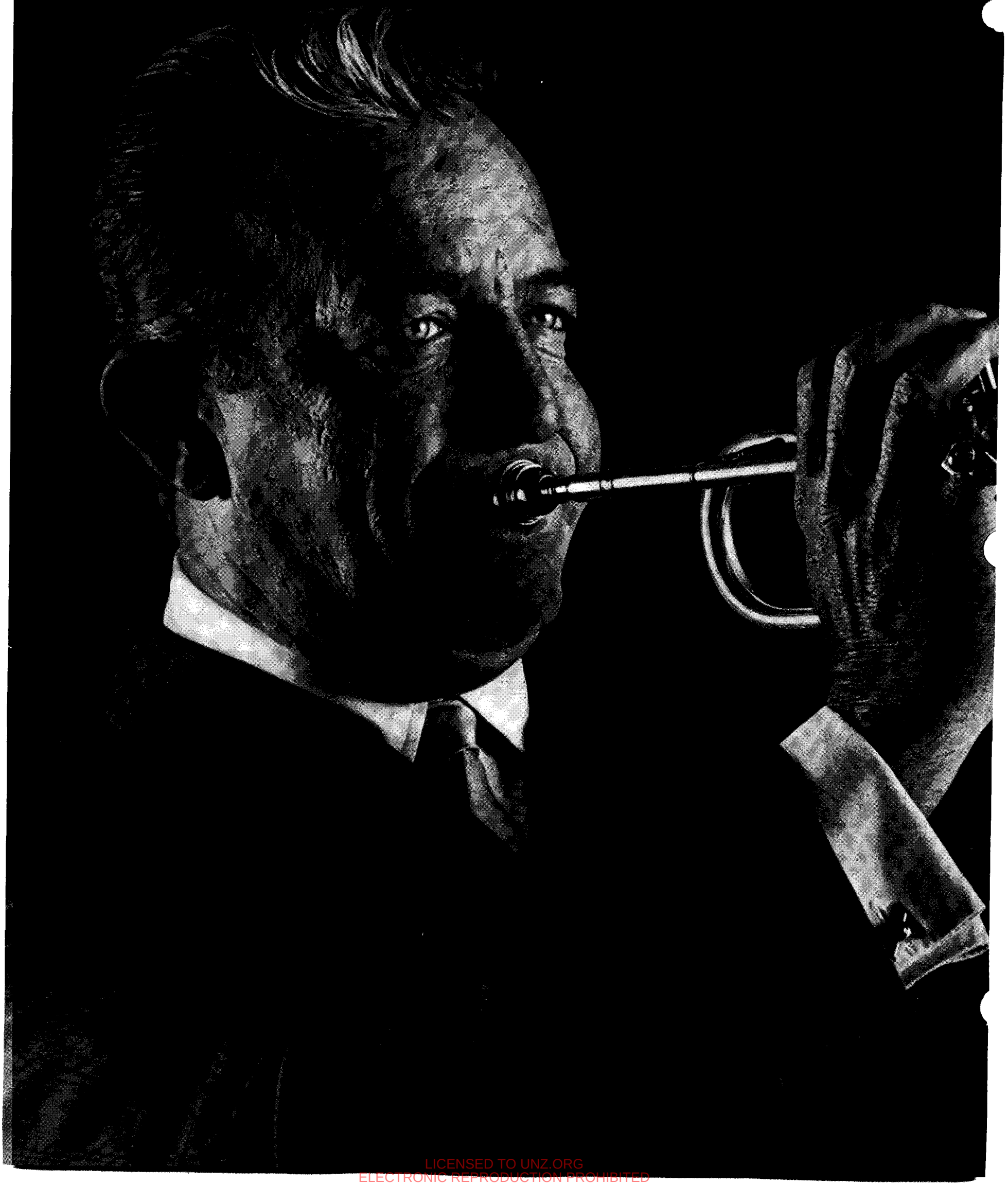

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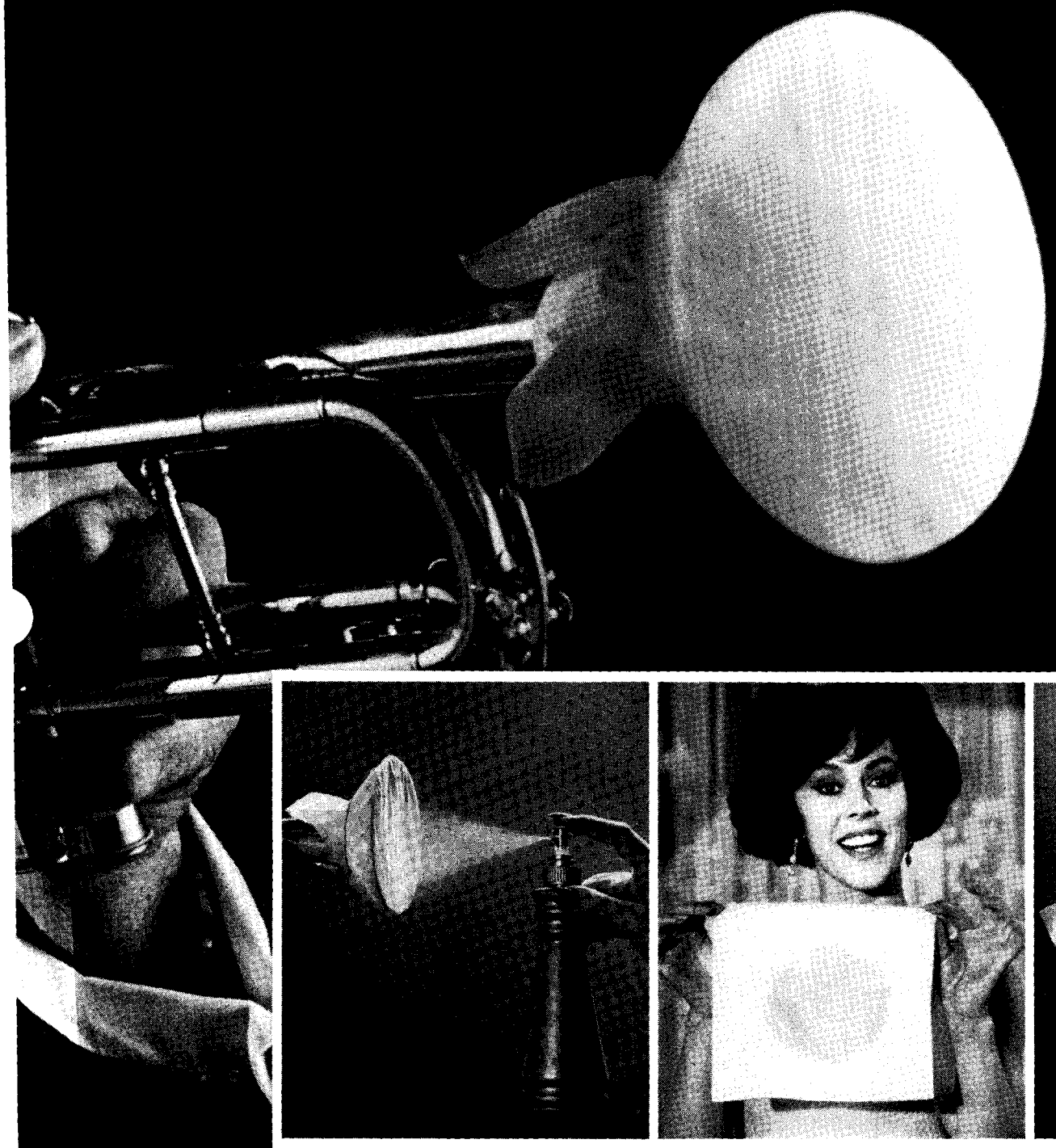
...through—much softer, too!

Harry James' TV test proves it — and so can you



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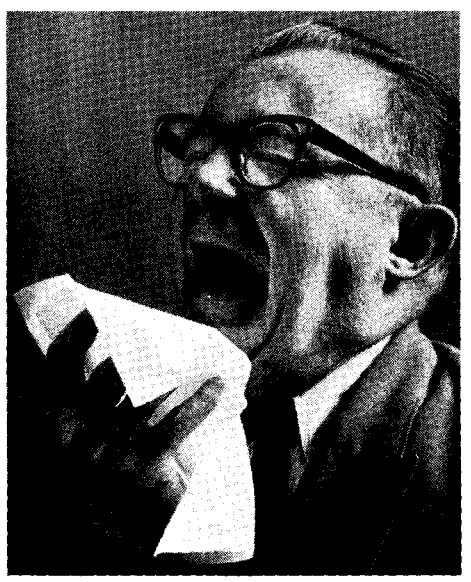

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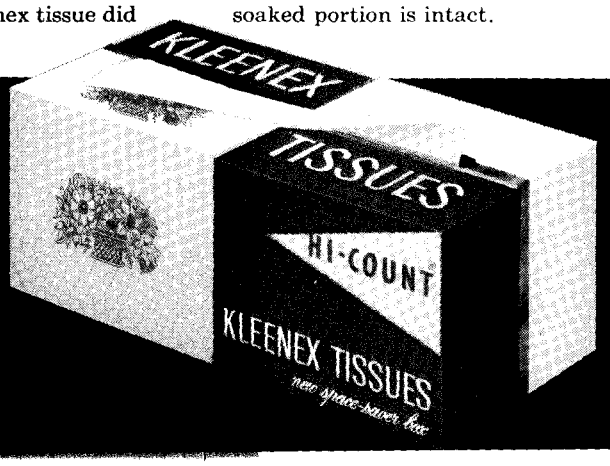

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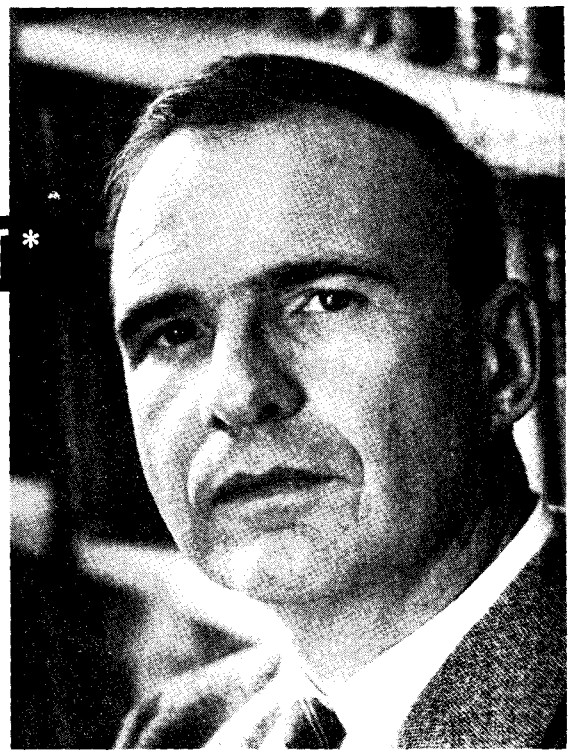
SPEAKING OUT *



LET'S STOP GAMBLING WITH THE PRESIDENCY

Professor Burns, political scientist at Williams College, is an authority on presidential leadership. Friend and biographer of the late President (John Kennedy: A Political Profile), he has championed reforms to improve the quality of U.S. government.

By James MacGregor Burns

The nation can survive assassination. But what would we do if the President were disabled?

Nothing could have seemed worse than that news from Dallas last November. But two things could have been worse for the country: if Lyndon Johnson had been assassinated too; or if John Kennedy had been left alive but mentally disabled.

We have gambled too long with the question of presidential disability. At least three Presidents have been so seriously stricken that they could not perform their duties for weeks and even months.

As Richard Nixon pointed out in these pages last week, we take chances with presidential succession too. Since 1947 we have had a law that could project into the White House men not equipped for the presidency, or even leaders of the party rejected by the voters in the presidential election. In short, we are slipshod about a situation which demands reflection and reform.

As the presidency has become increasingly important in our system of government, the stakes in our gamble with the presidency have become higher too. Consider what might happen in this age of chronic crisis if we had a repetition of the tragic death of President James A. Garfield. A madman named Guiteau shot Garfield in July, 1881. For 80 days Garfield lingered, bearing his ordeal with incredible grace. Fevers came and went; cheerful bulletins alternated with cautious ones; infection spread; the sick man rallied, then fell; he underwent operations without anesthesia. The President could do no work, though he went through a few motions. The Government drifted.

"Arthur is President now!" Guiteau had shouted as he shot Garfield. But Vice President Chester A. Arthur did not become President during the 80 days. His position was awkward. A New York machine politician, he had been on the outs with the President. The day after the assassination he met with Garfield's Cabinet, but they greeted him so coolly that he almost left. Arthur did not know what to do, so he did nothing.

During this period there was a flurry of interest in the problem of presidential disability, but concern soon died away. In the fall of 1919 Woodrow Wilson suffered a cerebral thrombosis that brought paralysis of his left side. For days he was in a coma; for a month he was completely inactive; for another month he was a secluded convalescent; never again was he able to dictate to his secretary for more than a few moments at a time. "His mind was uninjured," says historian John M. Blum, "but his emotional balance was permanently upset. . . . What remained was not Woodrow Wilson but a shell and travesty of him."

A critical situation arose. Mrs. Wilson, as any wife might, tried to shield her husband from difficult problems. Neither Congress nor the people were given the truth about Wilson's condition. Should the Vice President take over? Vice President Thomas R. Marshall, an affable politician whose main gift to history was his famous remark about the five-cent cigar, felt just as Arthur had; he did not want to reach for power. And few thought him competent to exercise it. So Wilson remained President, and once again the Government drifted. But times were more serious now; during Wilson's 18 months of near-disability in office he lost his Senate battle for the League of Nations.

Again there was a flurry of interest in presidential disability, but again the interest died. Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack raised the whole problem once more. He was unable to meet with his Cabinet for two months. Meanwhile Vice President Richard Nixon attended Cabinet meetings but carefully sat in his old chair at the table. There was the usual interest in presidential disability, but even though Ike had two other serious illnesses, ileitis and a stroke, nothing was done.

Except for one thing. Eisenhower and Nixon agreed in writing after the third illness that in the event of severe presidential disability, the Vice President could decide on his own to serve as Acting President. But this was a makeshift arrangement that missed the crucial questions: How would presidential disability be determined? What procedures would the Vice President use to establish his right to take over? Under what conditions would the disabled President recapture his office?

So we were still gambling with the presidency on November 22, 1963. This gamble is absurd, because presidential disability is intrinsically one of the least perplexing of our governmental problems. All we need do is agree on a quick, sure, responsible method for determining disability and then—more difficult—get the procedure enacted into law.

Why the delay so far? Largely because Congress has not been able to agree on the best method. Some members want the decision to be made by the Vice President, others by the Cabinet, others by one or both branches of Congress. All these methods are defective.

The Cabinet cannot make the decision. Consider the problems that Cabinet members would face. They would want to be loyal to their stricken chief, but they would also want to support—and perhaps cultivate—the Vice President. Lacking clear medical advice, they could not even be sure of the facts in the case. Cabinets merely advise Presidents and are not equipped to make decisions; they do not even vote.

The Vice President is the worst person to decide presidential disability. Not because he would want to make a grab for power (though this is always possible), but the opposite: He would hesitate to take any action that would appear overeager or that might be used against him in the next election. This is the main reason that Vice Presidents have been virtually paralyzed in previous crises.

Nor should Congress make the decision. It is a big, cumbersome body that might not be in session, a slow-moving body that would doubtless argue for weeks over the matter. Worst of all, it might turn the whole question into a great public brawl. Even politicians with the best of motives would be suspect. Questions would be asked. Was the opposition party voting for the good of the nation or for partisan advantage? Were men in the Administration party in Congress trying to curry favor with either the President or Vice President?

The following is, I suggest, a simpler and surer procedure:

To be prepared for any case of presidential disability we should establish a "presidential commission" composed of the chief justice, the two ranking Cabinet members at the time (State and Treasury), the Speaker of the House, and the President pro tem of the Senate. Following informal consultations with advisers closest to the President and with the Vice President, the chief justice would call the commission into session. Each member of the commission would designate one member of a physicians' panel to report the medical facts. On its own initiative the commission could certify the Vice President as Acting President and later, if possible, restore the stricken President to his office. If the physicians continued to report presidential disability—as measured against the commission's understanding of the requirements of the presidency—the commission could certify the Vice President not merely as Acting President but as full President.

Such a commission could act intelligently and authoritatively. It could be convened quickly and even in the middle

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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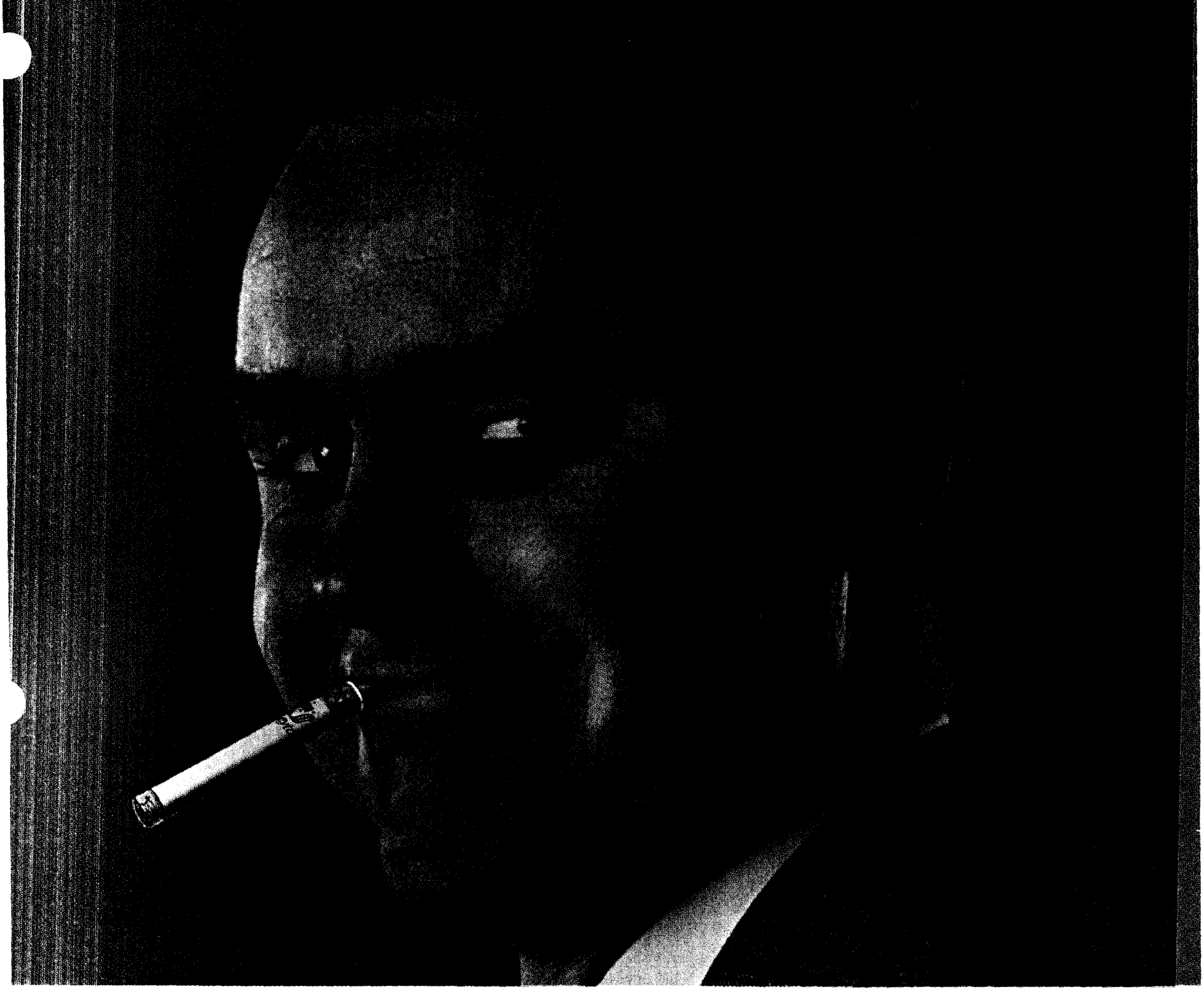

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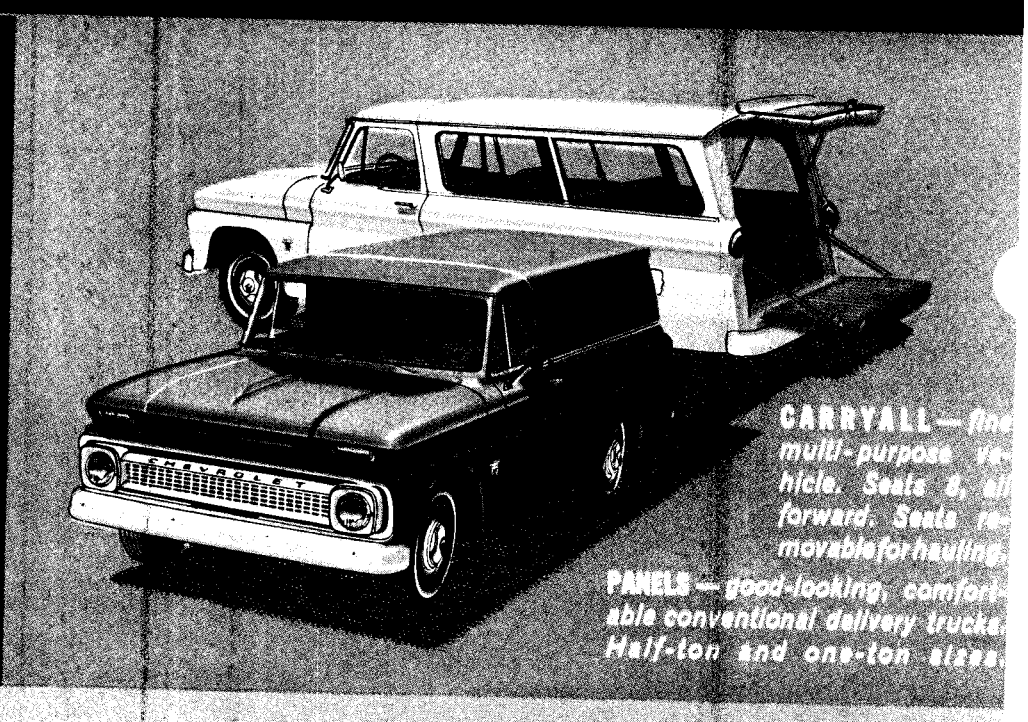
CORVAN — *has air-cooled engine in rear, 6 doors, coil springs all around.*



CARRYALL — *Ano multi-purpose ve hicle. Seats 8, all forward. Seats re movable for haulings*

PANELS — *good-looking, comfort able conventional delivery trucks. Half-ton and one-ton sizes.*

STEP-VANS — *best for multi-stop type operation. Sliding front doors. Full-height door openings. Excellent visibility. Drivers love 'em. 38 sizes and types.*

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CHEVROLET

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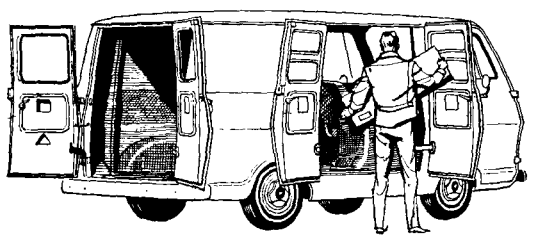


THE NEW CHEVY-VAN

This is a brand-new low-priced economy-type delivery truck. We believe it is the best value in its field because of its quality construction and its low price tag.

The body and frame-floor assemblies are welded together. The truck is strong, rigid, extremely stable.

All the doors are double-wall construction.

The big 90-hp 4-cylinder standard engine —more powerful than some 6's—gives remarkable operating economy. Or, if you prefer a 6-cylinder 120-hp engine, the Chevy-Van provides one at extra cost.

The windshield is a big flat practical one-piece unit.

Chevy-Van has unusual resistance to rust. Key areas such as front stepwells are galvanized. Sealers, primers and sprays are used on joints and underbody.

Chevy-Van's engine is up front. You have over 40 sq. ft. of completely usable flat floor back of the driver's seat—7½ ft. in length.

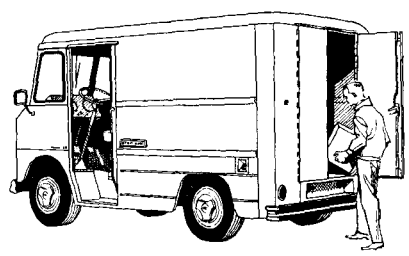
The big rear doors are standard. The side doors (same size) are an extra-cost option.

When you give this new Chevy-Van a thorough personal examination, we're pretty certain you will be impressed.

WALK-IN VANS

Chevrolet ready-made Step-Vans are ideal for the deliveryman with hundreds of stops per day.

No truck on the market is better designed to make it easy for the man who has to drive it.



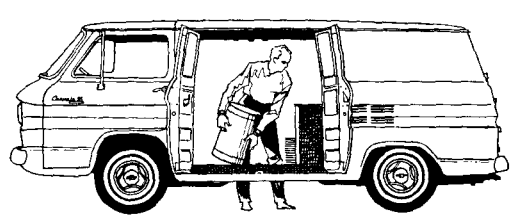
You walk right into it, and walk right out of it—no stooping or twisting.

The seat is nice and high, and the windshield's as big as a bay window; you view the road as if you were driving a lighthouse.

The side doors *slide* open and shut on smooth nylon bushings.

With a Step-Van, you may be tired at the end of a day, but it isn't from driving the truck.

There are 38 sizes and types of Chevrolet Step-Vans to choose from. Body lengths range from 7 feet to 12½ feet, and cubic-foot capacities from 211 to 450.



CORVANS

The man who buys Corvan has needs beyond simply delivering something from here to there.

He wants a good-looking van and Corvan is certainly that!

He wants comfort and no truck we know of can outride Corvan!

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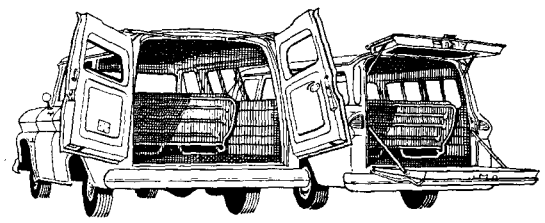
So far as loading is concerned, every Corvan has six doors and if you need eight you can buy two more on the left side at slight extra cost.

If you are looking for an extraordinary van built to extraordinary standards, Chevrolet Corvan is it!



PANELS AND CARRYALLS

If you prefer conventional styling, good ride and quiet operation, try a regular Chevrolet panel delivery. There are two sizes.

The half-ton has 7½ feet of load space behind the driver and can carry up to 1,300 lbs. of payload.

The one-ton gives you 10 feet of load length and up to 3,300 lbs. payload capacity.

Chevrolet Carryalls are fine multi-purpose vehicles. The standard model gives you seats for 6. Seating for 8 is optional at extra cost, and everyone faces forward.

For work use, the seats can be taken out in fifteen minutes.

Carryalls are tougher than station wagons, have a truck frame, truck engine, and are available with 4-wheel drive.

You have two choices of rear doors on a Carryall—station wagon type or panel type —as illustrated. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

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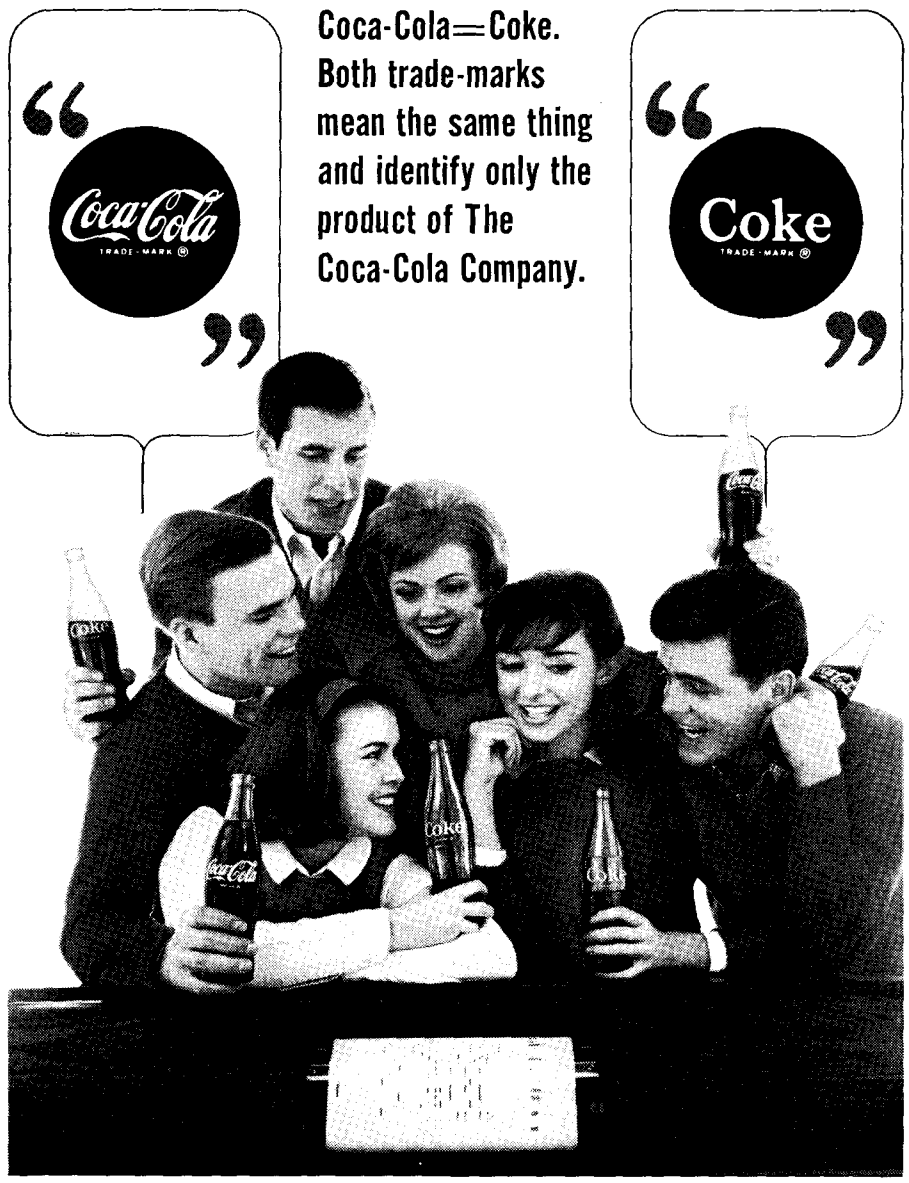

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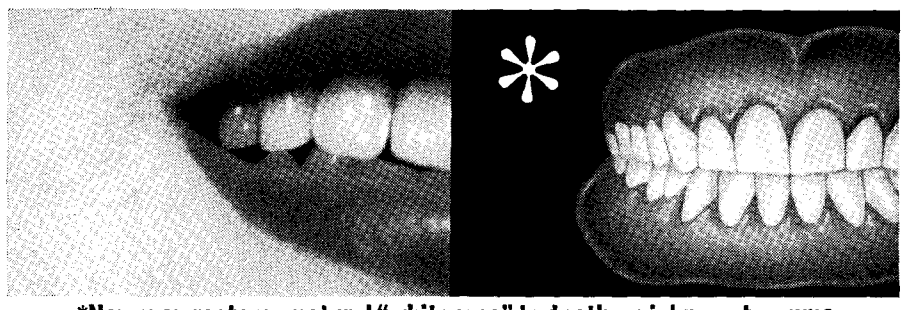

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SPEAKING OUT

of a national emergency. It would have the confidence of the nation. It could deal with a variety of circumstances.

The above procedure should promptly be voted into law by Congress. But as soon afterward as possible the change should be embodied in more than an ordinary statute, so that Congress later, in a time of political turmoil, could not suddenly alter the law. Hence Congress should also propose a constitutional amendment embodying the essence of the plan. The Eisenhower-Nixon agreement, which was later adopted by Kennedy and Johnson, and which last month was continued by Johnson and Speaker John McCormack, could be redrawn from Administration to Administration to meet any special or personal needs. Both the congressional statute and the presidential-vice-presidential agreement should allow for maximum flexibility to deal with all possible eventualities, but within the basic procedures set forth in the proposed new amendment.

The main question remains: After a century of inaction, how can we get such a proposal made into law? Here I would urge again some measures that I presented last June to the Subcommittee on Constitutional Amendments of the Senate Judiciary Committee. (This committee and its House counterpart both plan public hearings on succession soon; presumably they will also study disability.)

First, we should put the presidential-disability provision into a package of "housekeeping" constitutional amendments that would arouse wide, bipartisan support from Americans. Unfortunately, presidential disability is not our only presidential gamble. Another is our faulty electoral-college system, which allows presidential electors to violate their pledges and to raise hob with the electoral process—even to the point of plunging the country into uncertainty for months, until the presidential election might be thrown into Congress. Not only are the electors legally free to ignore the popular vote but they do not truly represent the popular vote. In any given state the voting results are often distorted because of the rule of winner take all. Conservatives complain that the system gives the big urban voting blocs excessive influence in electing a President, while liberals argue that they will hang onto this presidential "gerrymander toward the left" as long as the conservatives have their "gerrymander toward the right" in Congress. This controversy keeps Congress from agreeing on fundamental changes. But it could agree at least to make electors keep their pledges and thus carry out the will of the voters.

Perhaps most important of all, the constitutional "package" containing these two proposals, on disability and electors' pledges, should deal with our other great gamble—the handling of presidential succession in the event both the President and the Vice President die or are disabled. Under the present provision, the Speaker of the House—who is often, as he is today, a septuagenarian—and the President pro tem of the Senate—today an octogenarian—are next in line. As Mr. Eisenhower has suggested in this magazine, we should go back to the pre-1947 arrangement. under which the Secretary of State and the other Cabinet members would succeed the Vice President in order of rank. This would protect the President's interests; it would also insure that a leader of the opposition party could not capture the White House (as would have happened in 1948, for example, when Republican Speaker Joe Martin was next in line after Truman). If Congress insists on a safeguard here, it might reserve the power to select the next in line after Vice President—but only from the Cat

The constitutional package could clude other changes that might not be controversial—for example, advancing elections two or three weeks, thus enabling the President to take office before the New Year and the new Congress; and perhaps giving the President item veto over appropriations—the power to reduce or strike out items in an appropria tions bill without vetoing the whole bill

Can we get such a "housekeeping package" adopted? Not if history repeats itself. But it need not if these reforms could be given some political sex appeal and momentum. Only one man can take the lead in this—President Johnson. He should establish a high-level, blue-ribbon presidential commission to survey the strengths and weaknesses of the Federal Government. Not only would such a commission come up with important findings and recommendations—including, one hopes, a proposal on disability It would also have enough prestige and enough backing from the President to inform and arouse public opinion.

No more Throttlebottoms

We must do one other thing to resolve the problem of presidential disability—and this could be the simplest of all mechanically, though difficult politically One great problem in the past has been the incapacity of Vice Presidents really to fill the shoes of stricken chief executives The reason for this was often political the vice-presidential nomination has been thrown as a sop to a party faction posed to the presidential candidate, as in the case of Arthur. Or the vice-presidential nomination has been decided almost as an afterthought by exhausted party leaders at the end of a convention. Even in the case of Nixon, General Eisenhower admitted later that he had left the decision largely to a group of advisers, and that he thought Nixon was older than he actually was. Generally, however, the recruitment of vice-presidential candidates has improved in the last 20 years. Clearly John Kennedy had confidence in Lyndon Johnson's capacity to serve as President and Nixon's choice of Henry Cabot Lodge as his running mate indicated the nominee's need for a man who stood squarely in the G.O.P.'s moderate, internationalist wing. Vice Presidents have also been brought much more fully in presidential affairs.

If this trend is to continue, we must give up for good our old-time view of the vice presidency as a place for Throttlebottoms. Not only must the Vice President be able to step into the President's shoes. He must stand for the same program, or at least the same direction in national and international affairs, for which the President was originally elected. This may take some of the fun out of vice-presidential nominations means, for example, that Republicans can toy with the delightful idea of nominating Margaret Chase Smith for Vice President only if they believe that she is equal to the presidency.

Meantime our frightening gamble with the presidency continues. Whether we run out of luck one of these days depends on the President and on Congress—and on the people. THE END

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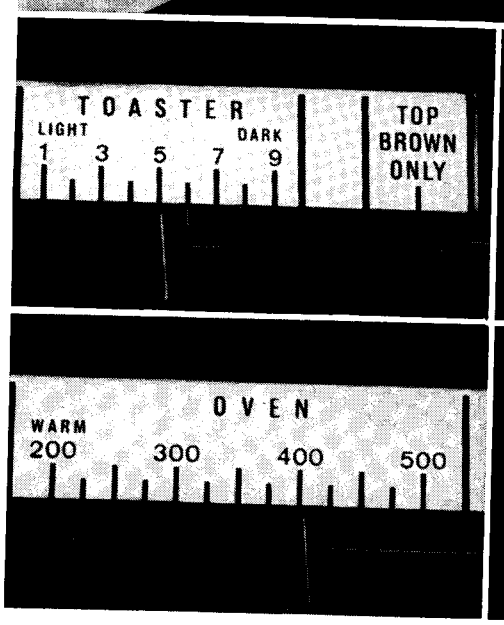

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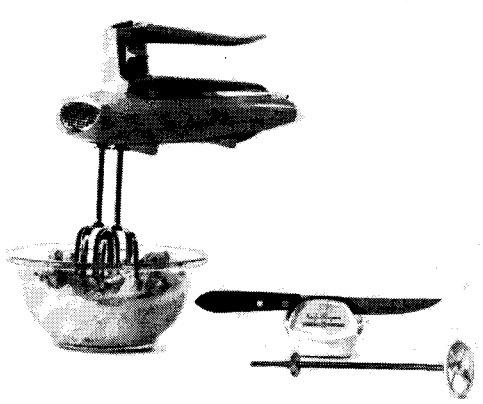

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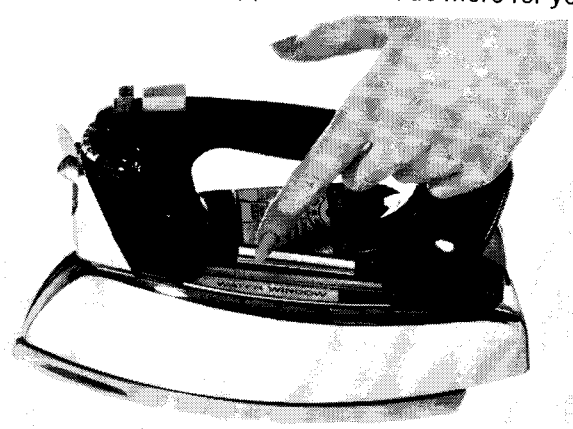

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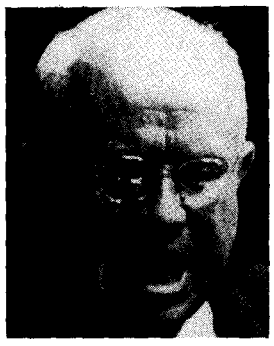
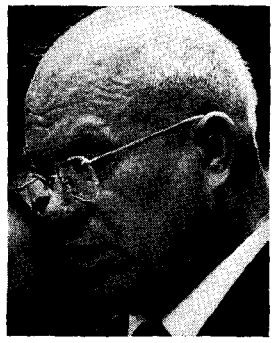
Khrushchev's sea of troubles





The two faces of Nikita: threatening, conciliatory.

WASHINGTON: Nikita Khrushchev is a born gambler, and as always happens to gamblers sooner or later, his luck has turned sour.

Only five years ago Khrushchev had vanquished all his domestic enemies, his Sputniks had vanquished space, and he felt strong enough to demand, with a six-month time limit, the evacuation of Western troops from Berlin.

Now look at him. He has lost his only major ally, Communist China. The "missile gap" has been shown to be his gap, not ours. His attempts to blackmail the West, first in Berlin and then in Cuba, have failed miserably. Perhaps above all, the supposedly doomed economies of the capitalist West are booming along nicely, while the Soviet economy has suffered what one Kremlinologist, Edward Crankshaw, has described as a "stupendous catastrophe."

The charts depicting the course of the Soviet economy, which reflect the consensus of the American intelligence community, all look very much alike—a steep rise from the time of Stalin's death in 1953 to 1958–59, then a precipitous fall. Take food. Food production in the Soviet Union increased very sharply from Stalin's death until 1959. Since then, total production has fallen back to the level of 1956, when Khrushchev first consolidated his power. And because there now are almost 25 million more Russian mouths to feed than in 1956, there is actually less food per mouth.

The "stupendous catastrophe" on the agricultural front has been matched by a slowdown on every other economic front. The big boom year in the Soviet Union was 1958, when, according to the intelligence estimates, the Soviet economy grew by an amazing 10 percent. If that rate of growth had been sustained, Khrushchev's boasts about "overtaking America by 1970" might have been realized. Instead, in 1962 the growth rate fell to 2.2 percent, and the estimates for 1963 are about the same. The Soviet growth rate, in short, is markedly lower than that of any major capitalist country, including the United States.

At the same time, in the bad years since 1958–59, Khrushchev has been forced to increase his rate of military spending by 25 percent or more, to try to close his missile gap. There is no cheap or sloppy way to make a big missile, and the Soviet missile program has been a heavy burden on the faltering Soviet economy.

Khrushchev is in trouble in still another way. He inherited from Stalin a gold hoard of close to three billion dollars. But he has been using gold for purchases abroad at double or even treble the Soviet production rate of about $150 million a year. As a result, his inherited gold reserve is down to around $1.5 billion. Not even gambler Khrushchev, the experts believe, will dare to draw the reserve below that figure.

Like most gamblers, Khrushchev is forever searching for the big, simple solution. Once, corn production was to solve the Soviet Union's troubles. Then it was the cultivation of the "virgin lands." Now Khrushchev's big, simple solution is chemical production. According to intelligence estimates, the equivalent of the fantastic sum of $40 billion is to be invested in chemical plants. These plants are then to produce plastics and synthetics for industry, and massive doses of chemical fertilizer to feed the starved Russian land.

Khrushchev is going to have to get at least some of his plants and his machinery from the West. With his gold reserves running out, to buy in the West in any useful quantity, Khrushchev needs credits, and the longer the credit terms the better. Khrushchev's agents have accordingly been busy, notably in London and Frankfurt, trying to negotiate 15-year credit terms.

In President Johnson's inherited Administration there are two schools of thought about how to react to Khrushchev's troubles. One school holds that we should do whatever we can to make his troubles worse. We should use all available pressure on our allies to prevent the extension of long-term credits to the Soviet Union, and we should use every other means to hold trade between the West and the Soviet Union to a minimum. This school asks: Why bail Khrushchev out?

The other school argues that the greater Khrushchev's dependence on the West the better for the West; that too tough a Western policy might force a reversal of Khrushchev's policies, or even his fall, which could be a disaster to the West; and that in any case there is no practical way for Washington to prevent the London bankers, say, from making long-term loans to the Soviet Union.

Such issues concern the basic direction of American foreign policy, and that direction must be determined by the President. The preliminary evidence, like his fight to maintain a free hand in the sale of wheat to Russia, suggests that President Johnson will continue President Kennedy's policy of cautiously seeking a "lessening of tensions." But Johnson, unlike some hopeful liberals, has no illusions about "liquidating the Cold War."

After playing his familiar jolly old St. Nick role with Averell Harriman in Moscow during the test-ban negotiations, Khrushchev suddenly dropped the mask. "From time to time," he told Harriman genially, "we will stamp on your foot, and when you yell, we will apologize politely. Then, as we leave the room, we will stamp on your corns again." Within a matter of weeks, in the "little blockade" of the Berlin Autobahn, Khrushchev was as good as his word.

No doubt, if only to prove that he is not soft on capitalism, he will stamp on the West's foot again, even while he depends on the West for wheat and credits. The Cold War, in short, can't be liquidated as long as Khrushchev remains what he has been since he started to shave—a convinced Communist, and thus the sworn enemy of our kind of society.

But it is also important to realize that Khrushchev is a weaker enemy than he seemed to be only a few years ago. "I'm beginning to think," says one high policymaker, "that Khrushchev's troubles may be incurable under the Communist system. Beyond a certain point of complexity, there's no way to run a modern economy sensibly without the automatic check of the market. It's as though one board of directors tried to run 5,000 companies."

The heart of the matter is simple. Our kind of society works a lot better, by any reasonable standards, than Mr. Khrushchev's Communism.

Stewart Alsop

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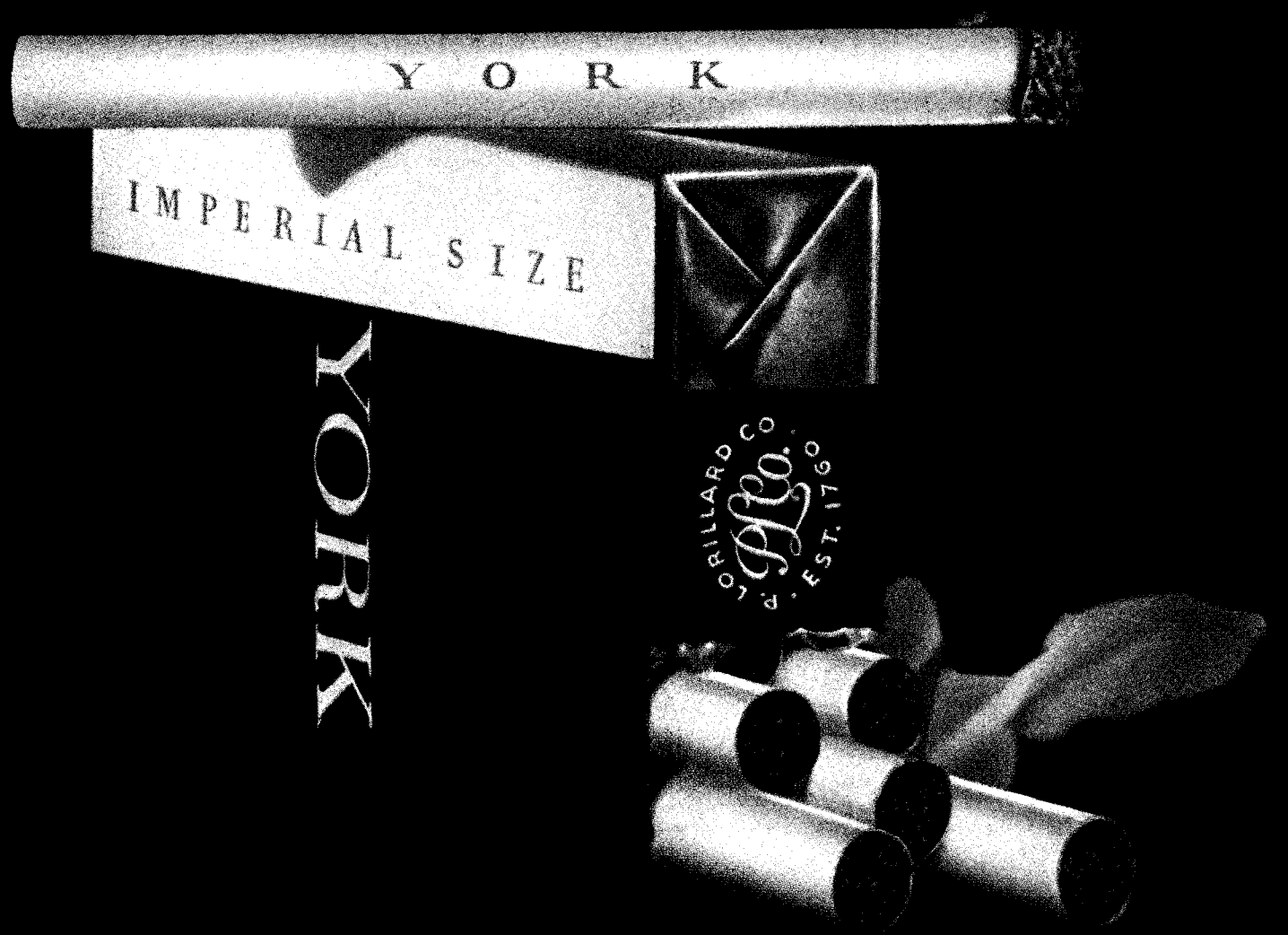
su·perb′ Noble; majestic. Rich; sumptuous. Supremely good of its kind.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

HOW THE REPUBLICANS CAN WIN

A distinguished Republican scholar offers a surprising new blueprint for G.O.P. victory.

By Arthur Larson

In order to win the 1964 presidential election, the Republican party must do these three things:

1. Appeal to the Authentic American Center, without worrying about whether at some points this may coincide with what Democratic Administrations have done or will do.

2. Put forward a presidential candidate with an unusually attractive personality and character.

3. Identify two creative-action proposals responding to two of the country's most urgently felt needs, one domestic and one international, and hammer away at them as the main themes of the campaign.

As long as John F. Kennedy was the prospective Democratic candidate in 1964, the Republican predicament seemed to hold forth three choices, none of them promising. Since President Kennedy had largely occupied the American Center, the Republicans could have attacked from the left (which would have been unrealistic), could have taken a center position themselves (which would have raised the "me too" charge) or could have attacked from the right. Because it seemed necessary to many Republicans to show how different they were from the incumbents, it is not surprising that there was an upsurge of ultraconservative political sentiment.

The substitution of Lyndon Johnson for John F. Kennedy has, by the logic of geographical politics, destroyed Sen. Barry Goldwater's chances of becoming the Republican nominee. The Goldwater strategy began with the proposition that Goldwater could carry a large part of the South because of reaction against President Kennedy's civil-rights position. But now the probable Democratic candidate is Lyndon Johnson, who was put on the ticket in 1960 specifically on the ground of his ability to carry the South.

Goldwater's calculations also relied heavily on the prospect of a Westerner's being pitted against a young man from Boston surrounded by a circle of Harvard advisers. It is quite a different matter to be pitted against a Texan, complete with ranch and 10-gallon hat. Moreover, Goldwater's position on farm supports would be ruinous in these areas, once it was widely understood. Goldwater's prescription on what to do about the farm problem, in Chapter 5 of *The Conscience of a Conservative*, is this: "Doing something about it means—and there can be no equivocation here—*prompt and final termination of the farm subsidy program.*" (The italics are Senator Goldwater's.)

The Joint Economic Committee of Congress in November, 1960, predicted that, with price supports and production limitations removed, net farm income for 1965 would be around $7.2 billion—more than one third below the level of 1959 and 40 percent below the $12.6 billion estimated for 1962.

On these two broken reeds, then, Goldwater's prospects now lean: the chance of a western Republican's stealing the Democratic South from a skillful southern Democratic politician, and the chance of a nonfarmer's leading a mass movement among farmers to get their farm income cut by 40 percent.

Since we must rule out the two ways of being conspicuously different from the incumbent Administration—ultraconservatism and ultraliberalism—we are ready to face up to the question whether the third position, that based on "the American Consensus," can be a winning position for Republicans.

The old "me too" argument

The principal argument against it is that the "outs" cannot get in by taking a "me too" position. This is one of those political half-truths that needs closer examination. First we have to define the range of positions which we are talking about as being within the American Center. Over the years, polls and elections have shown that the great majority of Americans are in favor of the United Nations, federal aid to schools, foreign aid, Social Security, reciprocal foreign-trade measures, getting along with the Russians, a strong overseas information program, arms reduction by the United States if other nations agree to do likewise, greater trade and exchange of educators and tourists with Russia, and as much federal involvement as is constitutionally permissible and practically necessary to see that court decisions on integration matters are obeyed. Of course, there are variations within the overall consensus, but the essential consensus stands out starkly when set against the backdrop of a right-wing movement which challenges all of these positions, and is against the United Nations, against Social Security, against foreign aid, against aid to education, against dealing with the Russians, and so on.

The true lesson of recent presidential elections seems to be this: If the contest is between an "out" and *a popular incumbent* firmly identified with a center program *of his own*, the "out" will probably lose. This was demonstrated by Eisenhower's victory in 1956, and probably would have been demonstrated by a John F. Kennedy victory in 1964 if he had lived.

However, when this is not the case, the supposed me-too disadvantage does not seem to be operative. Thus, in 1952, when President Truman was no longer a candidate, General Eisenhower could take a position on these major issues within the broad mainstream of the American Consensus and defeat a formidable opponent, Governor Stevenson.

As to 1964, the Democratic candidate will not have the benefit of an established widespread personal identification with the current program. Whatever is accomplished between now and the conventions, it will be John F. Kennedy's program. Indeed, the congressional plate is already so full with Kennedy items that Johnson will probably not get more than a fraction of them enacted—much less get enacted some new ideas he can call his own. His connection with the Kennedy program no more assures his election than did Nixon's connection with the Eisenhower program.

The Republicans, then, have every reason to come forward with the kind of progressive positions that enjoyed such wide support during the Eisenhower Administration, and, if these ideas seem at some points to resemble President Kennedy's positions, there is no harm done. Indeed, in view of the deep affection for John F. Kennedy in most parts of the country, any attack on his programs which might seem to be an attack on him would backfire politically even a year after his death. Why should not the Republicans say, "We carried on this kind of progressive program for eight years," and let this be compared with the situation of Lyndon Johnson, which is that of presiding for a year over an inherited program by no means coinciding at every point with his own voting record.

The positive argument in favor of taking this center position is the overwhelming strength of the American Center. Unlike the political situation in many other countries, where one sees a sharp and sometimes quite evenly balanced division into parties of the left and right, the American political scene displays a broad band in the center comprising perhaps 75 percent of the voters, who agree generally on most major domestic and international issues.

The best way to document this statement is to take a sampling from public-opinion polls in recent years (see box on page 23). Two very significant conclusions emerge from the figures in these polls.

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TWO PROPOSED PLANKS—FOR ENDING UNEMPLOYMENT.

One is that the American Consensus on most major issues, even the most controversial, is not a mere 51 percent, but ranges between two thirds and nine tenths of the electorate. The other is that where answers were grouped by party affiliation, there was almost no difference by parties in these figures. The one exception to a widespread national consensus is the southern attitude on civil-rights actions, but even this is not enough to alter the one-sided nature of the national figure.

The political cogency of these figures is unanswerable. It is true that a candidate whose position is opposed to these stands may for various reasons show high ratings in popularity polls. But voters are more likely to vote issues in the actual election than in a preference poll. No President has been elected in 30 years whose views were not almost completely within this band of consensus. A strong public identification with the American Consensus, on these and other major issues, is therefore the first and indispensable step toward a presidential victory.

If both parties are within the bounds of the American Consensus on major issues, a much larger share of the responsibility for tipping the scales will fall to the voter appeal of the particular candidates. Analysts of presidential elections have noted an increasing tendency in American voters, particularly in presidential contests, to ignore party lines and vote the man rather than the party.

The part played by personal magnetism is well known in the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Dwight D. Eisenhower. The surprise victory of Harry S Truman in 1948 is ascribed by some commentators partly to this same factor working in reverse, in the sense that the Thomas E. Dewey personality apparently struck a number of people the wrong way. John F. Kennedy was immeasurably aided by his appearance and manner.

One can quickly think of several Republican possibilities whose personal appeal to voters would give them a decided advantage. Of the three governors frequently mentioned, Nelson Rockefeller, George Romney and William Scranton, all have an excellent appearance and an attractiveness to voters which have been remarked upon as a real factor in their successful campaigns. In addition, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge would score very high marks in this area.

The importance of this factor of personal appeal will continue to increase because of the increasing use of television in presidential campaigns. The Kennedy-Nixon television debates in 1960 were, in the opinion of competent analysts, a major factor in Kennedy's victory.

Since by campaign time this year almost any Republican candidate will be in the position of having had less "exposure" than President Johnson, and since the 1960 debates established the maxim that these debates favor the candidate with the less prior "exposure," the Republicans ought to call for as many television debates as can possibly be managed. Reports are already emerging that Johnson's advisers are urging him not to debate, on the excuse that the President's access to classified information might cause risks—but this was also true of Nixon in 1960.

The defeat of former Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell, who declined to debate the less-known Richard J. Hughes during the New Jersey gubernatorial campaign, indicates that the appetite of the public for television debates between candidates has reached the point where any candidate who deprives it of this television contest may expect to be punished at the polls. Indeed, the public will probably demand even more television debates this year than it did during the 1960 campaign.

"A candidate who refuses to take part in television debates may expect to be punished at the polls."

The relentless eye of TV

This is a healthy development. The television debate can be a good way to get a serious discussion of issues before a vast audience. And it permits a kind of appraisal of personal characteristics that was never possible in the days of the mass political rally, at which the candidate appeared as a distant speck on a bunting-draped platform, screaming denunciations and platitudes at the top of his lungs. Now, with the advent of television, if there is something shifty about the eyes, or something unpleasant about the mouth, or the slightest hint of uncertainty, evasiveness, petulance or self-importance, the relentless eye of the television camera will search it out and display it before millions of viewers. Conversely, if a candidate should come forward whose appearance and manner contained the optimum combination of genuineness, confidence, competence and the "presidential look," the possibilities of deliberately building a mass public following through the use of television, even in a relatively short time, might exceed anything we have yet seen.

The final essential in the winning combination is the concentration on two exciting action proposals as the main theme of the campaign.

Turning again to the lessons of 1960, we find that Kennedy scored most heavily with his theme, "Let's get this country moving again." Nixon, on the other hand, seemed to be too much in the position of defending the Eisenhower record. This was understandable, since it was a very good record. But the apparently defensive character of Nixon's approach made it unappealing, compared with the "moving forward" theme which Kennedy was sounding in every utterance. Obviously, if Nixon were the candidate this time, he would not be confronted with this problem.

When one observes how effective this Kennedy theme was, in spite of the fact that it was not backed up by very much in the way of concrete new proposals, think how much more effective a campaign would be if it combined the "moving forward" theme with really imaginative and practical action programs.

The most dramatic demonstration in American history of the power of this kind of action idea was the origin of the Republican Party itself in 1854 and its spectacular rise to a majority position in the space of six years. The action idea which was largely responsible for this achievement was the Homestead Act. The urgently felt need of the time arose from the fact that, without new lands to settle, younger sons on farms had no place to go, and the surplus of urban labor was driving down wages and working conditions. The demand for the opening of the great public lands of the West to free homesteading by individuals therefore became the principal program of the workingmen's political parties which were the lineal ancestors of the Republican Party. And the Republican Party's first major act on achieving power was to pass the Homestead Act of 1862.

Are there any pressing needs today for which creative solutions might be proposed comparable to the Republican homestead proposals of over a century ago? I would like to suggest two such possibilities, one of them domestic and the other one international.

The first need, corresponding most closely to the need met by the Homestead Act, is a solution to the problem of unemployment resulting principally from automation.

The second need is that of building peace and avoiding nuclear war.

Our most baffling domestic economic problem is the presence of a large and growing body of unemployment which, because of automation, persists in spite of increased production and national income. The principal solution organized labor has offered is a shortened work week to "spread the work." But the difficulty is that, since weekly take-home pay is not to be reduced, a 35-hour week would increase direct labor costs by one eighth. This in turn would set the inflationary wage-price spiral into motion.

There is a tested solution which would go a long way toward solving the problem without the threat of inflation if applied on a broad national basis.

The solution would be to put really substantial amounts of income-producing capital, in the form of equity stocks, in the hands of wage earners. As their capital estates grew, wage earners could gradually afford to shorten the work week, making up the difference in income by the growing income from their capital.

The parallel between this solution to the modern unemployment problem and the homestead solution to the unemployment problem over a century ago is striking. In 1850 the largest source of capital was land. The unemployment problem was solved by making this kind of capital available to workers. Today, the main form of capital is equity shares in industrial enterprise. Today's solution to the unemployment problem can therefore logically take the form of placing this newer kind of capital in the hands of workers. Note that in both instances the worker contributes to the productiveness

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'OR AVOIDING WAR.

of the capital he receives—in the case of land, by actually working it, and in the case of industrial equities, by giving his most productive efforts to the job in which he is engaged.

There is nothing utopian about this proposal. There are about 40,000 profit-sharing programs in operation already in the United States, and they are being initiated at the rate of about 5,000 new programs a year. A major turning point in the story was the agreement between American Motors and the United Automobile Workers on the Romney-Reuther "progress-sharing plan" in 1961. Under this plan, 15 percent of profits—after a reduction of 10 percent of stockholders' investment—is put into a novel progress-sharing fund. Five percent is paid out in the form of stock in American Motors, and 10 percent in any form agreed upon by the company and the U.A.W. On November 15, 1962, the corporation announced the distribution of $9,766,907 in employees' stock credits and other benefits for the first year of the plan's operation. With 27,000 employees, this represented an average of $360 per employee. The plan was approved by 93 percent of all shares voting on it, and has been enthusiastically endorsed by the union and its members.

A national program, suitable for proposal by a political party, to extend this idea as far as possible throughout the American private-enterprise system, could include the following components:

1. Strengthen existing income-tax incentives by increasing the present 15 percent limit of tax deductibility for payments made under one of these plans to perhaps 20 percent, and make other parallel tax revisions increasing the incentive to adopt such plans.

2. Adopt a plan to provide credit for acquisition of additional stock by wage earners in somewhat the same way that credit is provided for the purchase of farms and of homes.

3. Create a special Government organization to promote, service and facilitate the devising and installation of progress-sharing plans in private industry.

4. Revise estate taxes so as to encourage the passing along of moderate income-producing estates by keying the amount of tax to the size of the recipient's estate rather than the donor's estate.

This overall proposal is strongly within the finest American tradition of incentive, of individual interest in the product of one's own work, and above all of the essentiality of ownership by Americans of a substantial share of property in order to occupy their rightful place in a democracy, as preached by John Adams and other Founding Fathers.

For most of this century, peace has been the most consistently powerful political issue in presidential elections. Woodrow Wilson campaigned on the slogan, "He kept us out of war." Franklin Delano Roosevelt, in his third-term campaign, stated, "I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again, your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." When President Truman campaigned for reelection, he said, "I would rather have peace in the world than be President." Dwight D. Eisenhower's most effective theme in the 1952 campaign was the pledge to end the Korean conflict and bring the boys home.

If peace was the dominant issue in people's minds in earlier elections, it certainly must be even more dominant when the survival of the human race is at stake.

As with the unemployment issue, the emphasis on peace will be more effective if backed by a practical action program. In the past the ups and downs of some particular international crisis or foreign trouble spot have usually monopolized attention. What the public is really waiting for is for someone to place before them, not just a few ideas about "putting out fires" here and there, but a promising long-range program for building the structures that will keep the peace in all disputes as they arise.

Obviously, such a proposal must be built around the United Nations. The second of the two major themes of the campaign therefore ought to be a strong program of ideas for making the U.N. more effective in its peace-keeping job. Some of the components of this program should be the following:

1. The United States should call upon the United Nations now to help it out in trouble spots that essentially involve international peace-keeping.

Specifically, plans should be worked out to obtain a United Nations solution in South Vietnam and in Berlin. President Eisenhower used the United Nations effectively in comparable situations. When the United States objected to the invasion of Suez by its allies—Britain and France—the operative resolutions calling on Britain and France to withdraw and providing the armed force in the Gaza Strip making it possible for them to withdraw were supplied by the United Nations. When the trouble broke out in the Congo, and the Congolese government called on President Eisenhower to send American troops, he replied in effect, "Do it through the U.N." As a result, a cold-war confrontation in the heart of Africa, with the attendant possibility of a conflagration extending to all of Africa and perhaps the whole world, was avoided. By contrast, in South Vietnam the United States is in the position of seeming to act unilaterally, whereas the true problem is a combination of internal disorder and outside interference which, as in the case of the Congo, amounts to a threat to the peace involving at least all of Southeast Asia.

In the case of Berlin, a United Nations solution must extend to all of Berlin, not just West Berlin. It should replace the existing forces of all the powers, including those of the Soviet Union, with at least equally strong forces built up from United Nations members all over the world, both to guarantee security in the city and to ensure rights of access. In addition, a number of United Nations offices and agencies should be located in Berlin, since this would be a guarantee against any high-handed action by the Soviet Union, including interference with access.

2. In addition, the package of U.N. action proposals should include such constructive ideas as having the United Nations, instead of individual countries, operate reconnaissance satellites and monitor propaganda broadcasts. A further item should be the building of a standby United Nations peace force, with personnel supplied by countries other than the major powers, in the form of earmarked contingents in their own forces, while the United States earmarks logistic contingents. Several countries have already offered such contingents, and the idea is ripe for action. These ideas have their germ in President Eisenhower's Open Skies, U.N. monitoring, and logistic-support proposals.

3. Finally, the Republican proposal should emphasize the long-range goal of disarmament, accompanied by the gradual building up of dispute-settling and peace-keeping machinery to take the place of armaments in guaranteeing security. This proposal first became official United States policy when announced by Secretary of State Christian Herter in February, 1960, and was incorporated by President Eisenhower in the American disarmament proposals of June, 1960.

If anyone is in any doubt about the political appeal of this program, he should look again at the polls cited earlier. Perhaps the most one-sided major issue in the United States is support of the United Nations, with favorable responses running as high as 31 to one. As to arms reduction, we may recall the figures cited earlier showing that 67 percent of Americans were in favor of arms reduction by the United States if all other major nations agree.

In conclusion: The Republicans in 1964 have an unusually fine opportunity to take their stand firmly on a progressive program in the best traditions of the party, beginning with its earliest origins, continuing through the Eisenhower program, and extrapolated into the future with creative proposals worthy of these precedents. When the Republican Party has put forward ideas of these kinds, it has been able to come from behind and win in the past, and it can do so again in the future. THE END

THE AMERICAN CONSENSUS

On major issues most voters ignore party lines.

UNITED NATIONS
How important is it that the U.S. should try to make the U.N. a success?

	1956	1962
Very	85%	83%
Fairly	8	9
Not so	3	4
No opinion	4	4

FEDERAL AID TO SCHOOLS
Federal Government should grant aid to public schools.

	1956	1957
Favor	67%	76%
Oppose	24	19
No opinion	9	5

FOREIGN AID
Should Congress appropriate $4 billion again this year?

	1956	1957
Yes	57%	58%
No	25	28
No opinion	18	14

For or against foreign aid? *February, 1963*

For	58%
Against	30
No opinion	12

DEALING WITH RUSSIANS
Break off relations with Russia.

	1955
Poor idea	65%
Good idea	21
Undecided or No opinion	14

U.S. and Russia should work out a business arrangement to trade with each other more.

	1957
Yes	50%
No	33
No opinion	17

ARMS REDUCTION
Arms reduction by U.S., if all major nations agree.

	1955
Yes	67%
No	28
No opinion	5

CIVIL RIGHTS
Did President Kennedy do the right thing in sending U.S. marshals to Alabama to protect Freedom Riders?

	1961	
	All U.S.	*Only South*
Right thing	70%	50%
Wrong thing	13	29
Don't know	17	21

Reaction to President Eisenhower's sending of troops to Little Rock in 1957 to prevent violence in school integration.

Favor	64%
Oppose	26

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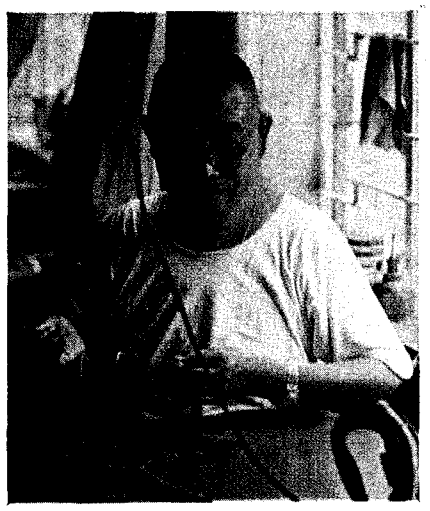


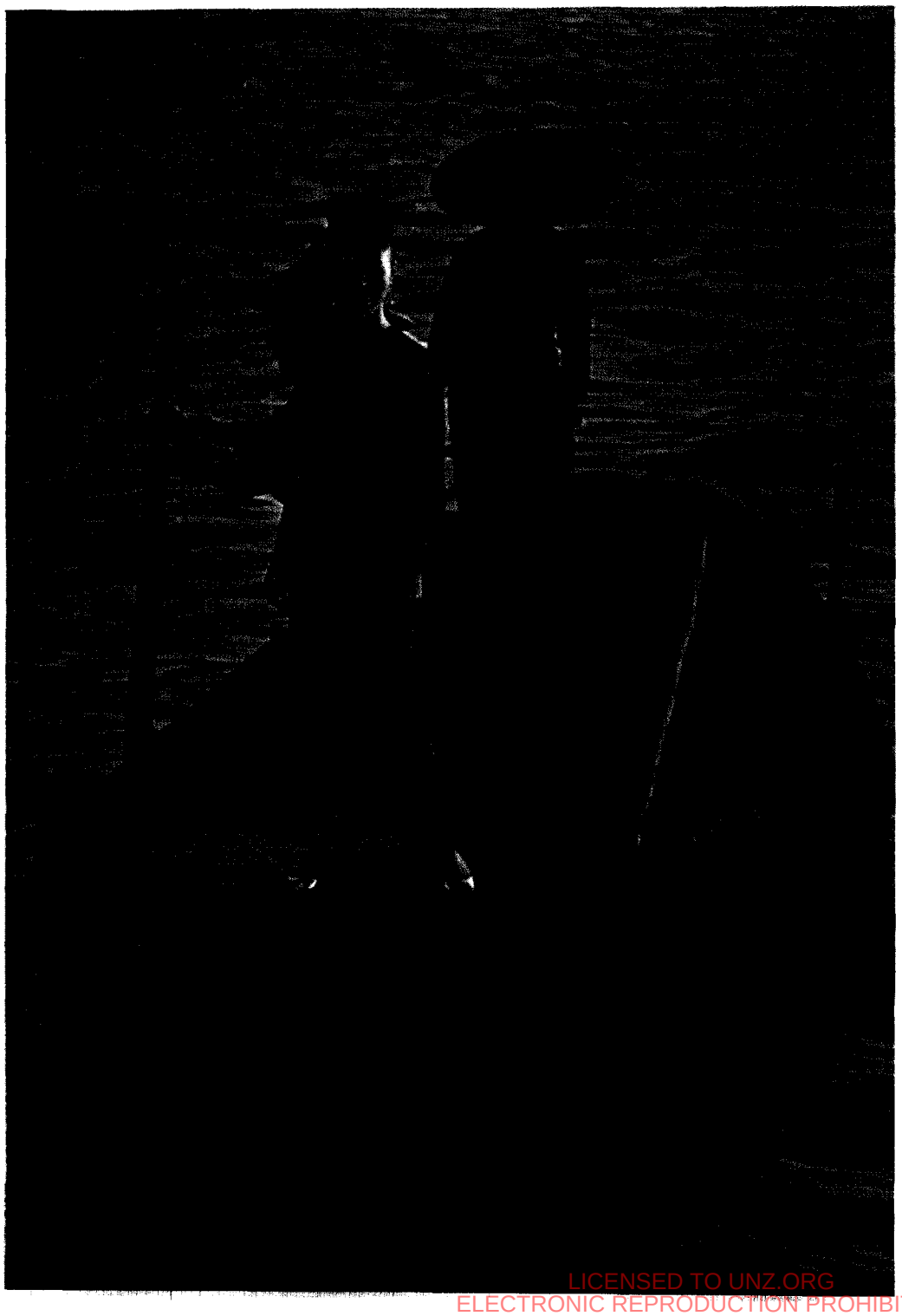
A tailor patiently hand-finishes a dress.

FASHIONS: THE ASIAN RAG RACE

By Stanley Karnow

Photographs by Burt Glinn

Hong Kong tripled her clothing exports in five years to an annual volume of $200 million. Now the British colony has blossomed into a fashion center making exotic styles for America.



A sampan ferries model wearing red satin robe by Dynasty ($90).

Hong Kong is the exotic retreat of opium smugglers and remittance men, wily Oriental rascals, dragon ladies and vinegary colonials sipping their sundowners under the lazily whirling fans of club verandas. But such colorful characters are fast being overshadowed by a novel species of Eastern adventurer—the garment manufacturer. For this British bastion has soared into a spectacular boomtown, and its most buoyant business is the clothing industry. Says a New York cloak-and-suiter, "Hong Kong is a new frontier."

Nothing in economic miracles quite compares to the Hong Kong garment trade's dynamic surge of prosperity. In five years the colony's clothing exports—about one third of them shipped to the United States—have almost tripled to a current annual volume of more than $200 million. Most of this merchandise, called *lup-sup*, or "garbage," in the local Chinese patois, consists of cheap shirts, blouses, slacks and other cotton goods destined for the counters of American dime stores and bargain basements.

Paradoxically, however, Hong Kong has also blossomed into a fashion center whose styles are attracting the Cadillac clientele. The largest Hong Kong manufacturer of expensive women's clothes for export is Dynasty. Their luxurious silk gowns and lounge wear range up to $400 at such stores as New York's Lord & Taylor and Neiman-Marcus in Dallas. Royal Lynne, a Hong Kong subsidiary of the Revlon Corporation, similarly specializes in rich fabrics that might, for example, be patterned on ancient Indian saris or old Chinese brocades. And among others, a smaller company called Baloré produces opulent hand-knit, hand-beaded and hand-embroidered dresses that would be priced beyond reason if made in the United States.

In fact, the recent trend in Hong Kong has been a sharp shift away from cheap quantity to finer quality. Back in 1960, for example, the average Hong Kong value of a dress aimed for the United States was only $1.22; since then it has increased almost fivefold.

The colony's manufacturers have shied away from junk for fear of arousing American labor unions to put on more pressure for tariffs or quotas against the inflow of low-priced goods. They are also aware that highly mechanized U.S. factories are better equipped to compete in the field of inexpensive merchandise. "Believe me," says Morris Birnbaum, an expatriate New York garment manufacturer who is phasing into the moderate-priced realm, "our southern mills back home can take toilet tissue and make it look like gold."

"We're not out to undercut American competitors

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Dynasty's jade brocade gown in parasol pattern costs $89.95, was photographed on Victoria Peak Road overlooking Hong Kong harbor.

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Twenty-eight thousand sequins were hand-sewn on this $90 chiffon dress manufactured by Royal Lynne and sold to 11,000 customers in U. S.

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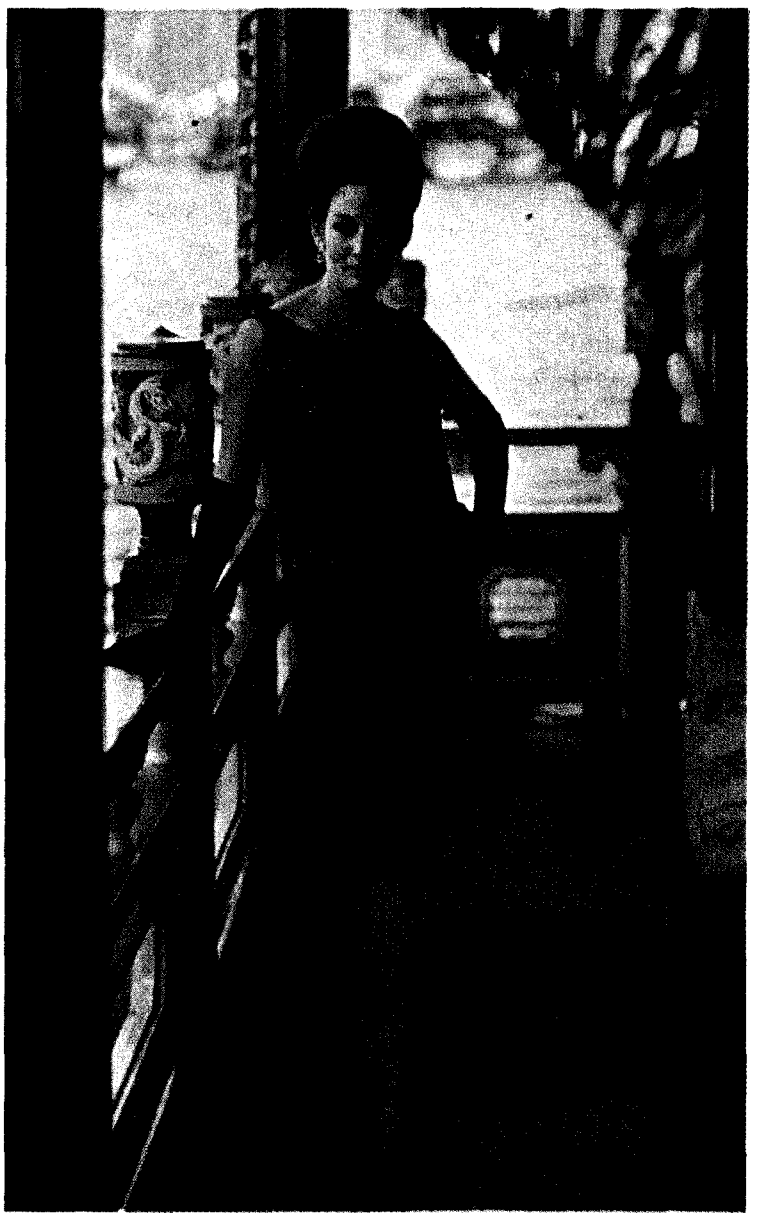
"We're going to turn gorgeous fabrics into basic garments so the girl who earns $75 a week can have one nice dress."

on prices," explains Royal Lynne Executive Vice President Martin Cole. "We can beat them on quality. We can turn out a superior garment because we have labor that's patient, skilled and cheap. Our tailors aren't above hand-stitching buttonholes, hems and details, and they think they're having an industrial revolution when they use a foot-pedal sewing machine. That's what makes quality, and you're crazy if you don't think women realize it."

Hong Kong's entry into the needle trade is a relatively recent phenomenon. As they sensed China's imminent fall to the Communists in the days before 1949, many wise Chinese entrepreneurs transferred their mobile assets to the safety of the British colony. The smartest of them were from Shanghai, long a major textile and garment center, and they rebuilt in Hong Kong the kind of business they knew best. A shrewd operator like Tang Ping-yuan, for example, airlifted 300 of his best workers from Shanghai to the colony, where he had earlier taken the precaution of storing equipment, raw materials and cash. The result was South Sea Textiles, now one of the largest companies in the area.

For several years Hong Kong thrived on flooding the U.S. with low-priced cotton goods. In 1961, to appease the domestic American textile industry, Washington imposed import restrictions on Hong Kong cotton merchandise. Some of the colony's interests screamed that the crackdown would "trigger Hong Kong's worst financial and industrial crisis since the end of the war." Instead, the quota had the salutary effect of squeezing marginal producers out of business and generally improving quality. "We were forced to stop making junk," says a businessman.

None of the Hong Kong manufacturers was less affected by the limitations than the makers of high-grade garments. And among these, the most favored was a taciturn man from Kansas called Linden Johnson (unrelated to the President). A U.S. Army Air Corps intelligence officer in China during World War II, Lindy Johnson took his discharge overseas and went to Shanghai with the notion of exporting slinky oriental lounge wear to America. There he met Jimmy Ling, an experienced Chinese garment man, and they were just getting started when the Communists took over. The



Chiffon cocktail dress with sequin overblouse sells for $90; by Royal Lynne.

Chanel designs inspired this three-piece Royal Lynne suit that costs $125.

Newest Dynasty styles feature a quilting called trapunto. Brocade coat is $145.

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"We have labor that's skilled and cheap. Our tailors think they're having an industrial revolution when they use foot-pedal sewing machines."

new partnership lost everything it had, and when Johnson reached Hong Kong, as an old acquaintance euphemistically put it, "he was so busted that he didn't have a bed to sleep in."

Starting from scratch in Hong Kong, Johnson and Ling rented some factory space, hired 50 workers, and began to produce Chinese-type pajamas and dressing gowns trademarked "Dynasty." Their principal outlets in those days were PX's, and the Dynasty numbers were picturesque novelties, like satin cushions inscribed TO MY MOTHER. Soon, however, Dynasty started to branch into dresses. About this time John D. Rockefeller III, who had created "Products of Asia" to distribute assorted oriental wares in the United States, included Dynasty among his protégés. He encouraged Johnson and Ling to play down *chinoiseries* in favor of more Western styles, and he hired a couple of designers to give their clothes the proper verve. The Rockefeller organization is now their exclusive American wholesaler. Since late 1957, when Jimmy Ling was killed by a crazed relative seeking money, Lindy Johnson has managed the outfit himself, expanding its gross annual income to about $5 million.

Like other top-quality dressmaking in Hong Kong, the Dynasty expertise is based on an amalgam of fine fabrics, careful designing and individual tailoring. Some materials, such as pongee silks, are bought from Japan. But most of Dynasty's fabrics—among them its outstandingly subtle brocades—are made to order in Hong Kong. The Chinese-owned mill is installing machinery to create crease-resistant, water-repellent synthetics more suitable to American tastes. A good many of Dynasty's patterns are provided by Gibson Bayh, a San Francisco designer on the Rockefeller payroll, who eclectically picks up his ideas in Paris, Tokyo or the Brooklyn Museum's collection of antique costumes. In Istanbul not long ago Bayh bought an old Turkish tapestry that has since been copied into a luxuriously wearable material. Along with Dora Sanders, another Rockefeller-paid specialist, Bayh designs most of the 400 styles put out by Dynasty twice a year.

The real key to the success of a Dynasty dress, however, lies in its construction, and here the Hong Kong tailor plays the decisive role. Dynasty's advertising claim—"One Man Made This"—is almost but not entirely exact. In his spacious factory Johnson employs 10 chief tailors, each of whom personally makes the body of the dress and leaves buttonholes, hems, decorations and lesser details to minor craftsmen in his production team. The tailoring groups negotiate the price of each style on the basis of the labor involved, and wages within the teams vary with the workers' skills. A chief tailor can earn as much as $100 per week, which is big money by Hong Kong standards. A sewing-machine operator generally makes less than three dollars a day, far below American rates.

Paul Woolard, vice president of Revlon in charge of subsidiaries, says, "One of our dresses would cost twice as much as it does if produced in the same quality in the States. We pay our Hong Kong workers about what people were paid in that line of work here about twenty-five years ago." And Royal Lynne boasts that it is "the only firm in Hong Kong which feeds its employees a free lunch."

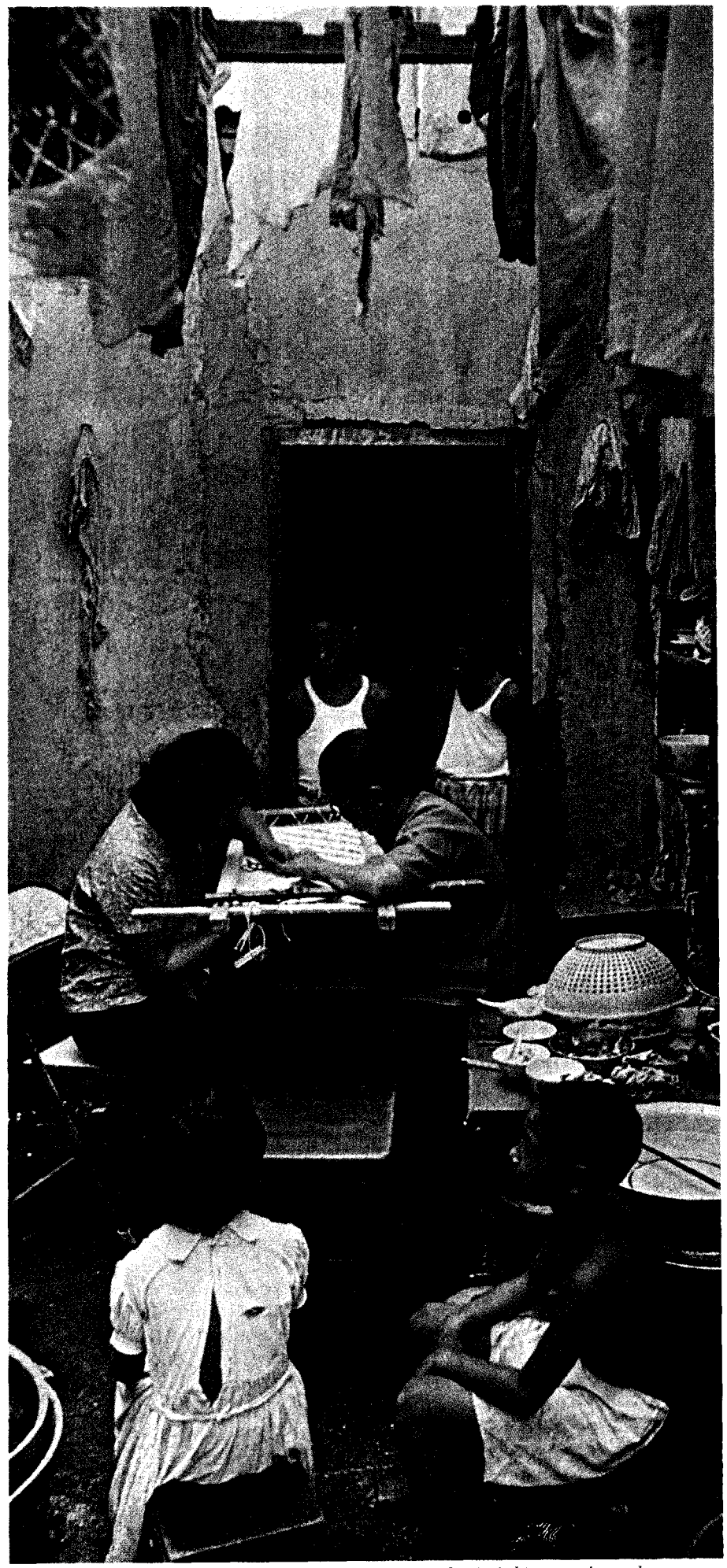
Hong Kong's American manufacturers are very sensitive to the taunts of their colleagues back in the States who claim the Asian operation profits from impoverished coolie labor working under sweatshop conditions. In fact, most of the factories have been built within the past five years and "they're a lot cleaner and more modern than many factories in the States," claims a local clothing man. It's true Hong Kong pay scales are about one fifth U.S. rates, but a few years ago they were one tenth.

The best tailors in Hong Kong are refugees from Shanghai, and many of them are temperamental. They sometimes try to stray from established designs, and persuading them to conform to standard sizes is a constant struggle. Out of Dynasty's annual output of 50,000 garments, one in four is inspected for size. Last year, claims Johnson, only eight rejects were returned by customers.

One of Dynasty's top tailors is not the man in their *New Yorker* ad (who has lived in New York for 30 years) but a distinguished gentleman formally named King Tai-tsoong, and called "Sady," which means "third son." The third son of a renowned Shanghai tailor—who made the Chinese Nationalist government's gift of a wedding dress for Queen Elizabeth—Sady as a youth alternately studied economics and learned the needle craft. Out of filial piety he chose the latter for his profession, and on his earnings of about $350 a month he and his family live comfortably in Hong Kong. He considers himself the end of the line. "The younger generation won't take the time to learn the craft," he moans. "We good Shanghai tailors will become extinct."

A Dynasty dress that costs $20 to produce in Hong Kong will probably bear a $100 price tag in New York. The difference is caused by customs duties, profits for the wholesaler and retailer, and air-freight charges. Stripped of these extras, the same garments are sold at two Dynasty shops in Hong Kong for less than half their New York price, and lady tourists thrash around like wounded elephants to grab these bargains.

A leading manufacturer such as Martin Cole declines to open a local outlet because, he says, "There's no point in competing with your American retailer." Unlike Dynasty's Lindy Johnson, a relative newcomer to the trade, Cole traces his clothing experience back to his childhood in Philadelphia, where his grandfather dealt in men's apparel. He is an indefatigable traveler who wanders through Europe and Asia in search of unusual



Women embroider at home for garment makers, earn about eighteen cents an hour.

Chinese Buddhist temple is luminous background for pink Dynasty peony brocade gown ($125).

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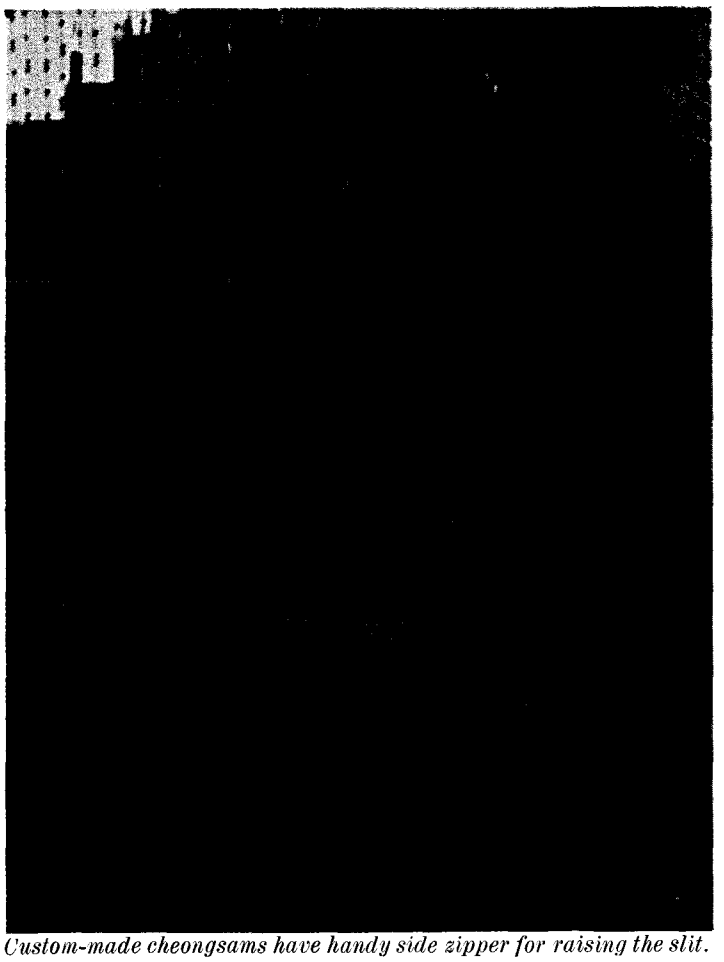

Custom-made cheongsams have handy side zipper for raising the slit.

The cheongsam attracts male stares and causes car accidents.

One Hong Kong fashion that has not been widely adopted in America is the cheongsam—the split-seam Chinese garment that is the local costume. Perhaps it is just as well. Indeed, some students of the current scene submit that it lies at the root of much disorder in the Far East. Worthy gentlemen on important business occasionally go astray among the stenographers in Singapore offices. Traffic accidents in Taipei increase sharply at lunch hour, when girls in their slit skirts grace the city's boulevards. The cheongsam, originally invented by the Manchus who swept in from the north to conquer China in the 17th century, was designed for a species of lively amazons. The Manchu females wore ankle-length skirts cleft to the knee, ample blouses, elaborate headgear and woolen underwear. As the style moved south into warmer climes, the woolen underwear was eliminated, skirts rose, the sheath became slinkier, and blouses smaller. Today the proper cheongsam is supposed to look as if it were painted on. Women take their yard and a quarter of fabric to a tailor, who sews the garment to suit their shape. The real debate about the cheongsam revolves around the slit. Should it run a discreet four inches above the knee? Or can it go up to the lady's smallpox vaccination, midway to her hip? The amount of exposure tends to be inversely proportional to the official morality code of the prevailing government. In Saigon, when Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu outlawed dancing and holding hands in public, Chinese maidens used to put on an anatomical display reminiscent of Minsky's burlesque. Oddly enough in Hong Kong, a free-and-easy town, the cheongsam remains demure, with a handy zipper for the practical-minded.

materials, and he has the reputation for being something of a scientist in the fabric field. Not long ago he sold an assortment of his brocades to Yves St. Laurent for his winter collection.

Since it was bought last year by Revlon, Cole's Royal Lynne has set its sights on overtaking Dynasty. At a top of $150, its fabrics are good. But it must expand its styles and volume and, say the experts, "it will still have to contend with Dynasty's famous label."

Somewhat like the gold rush, Hong Kong garment-making has attracted a peculiar variety of aspirants. Many casualties have occurred among ambitious dreamers who thought that a capital investment alone would net them millions. "You've got to ride herd on your own operation," says Johnson. "That's the only way to make it work."

Several unlikely candidates have scored modest successes by following just that formula. Mrs. June Carroll, a pleasant, schoolmarmish divorcée from Indiana, ran the gift shop on the *S.S. President Wilson* for three years, and on her 20th visit to Hong Kong she decided to stay. Using Chinese women pieceworkers, she now does a flourishing trade in medium-priced, hand-knitted dresses. Similarly, a Shanghai housewife called Mrs. T. S. Loo knew little about clothes beyond what she had read about them in American magazines. But when she fled to Hong Kong four years ago as a refugee, she caught the garment fever, and, operating mainly by mail order, she has a lively American market for her beaded sweaters, gloves and handbags.

Mrs. Reva Gabriel, a Shanghai-born Russian housewife, arrived in Hong Kong in 1947 with her husband and three daughters. She had always liked to knit for her friends, and a few years ago they persuaded her to abandon her amateur standing. Now she employs more than 300 workers, and her Baloré beaded and embroidered knitted sheaths are sold by U. S. stores (Saks and Neiman Marcus) at prices ranging up to $400. Mrs. Gabriel also operates a shop at the Hong Kong Hilton but does not stock it with the same items she sends abroad. "Piracy is rampant here," she says. "If I wore one of my own export models to a concert or a cocktail party, it would be copied the next day."

Feminine insiders who know their way around Hong Kong garment circles give high marks to Dynasty, Royal Lynne, Baloré and the other big names. But they have their own clothes custom-made by such establishments as Charlotte Horstmann and Zou Nan, or by Mr. Soong, a frail, affable Shanghailander.

The son of a farmer, Soong May-sang served his apprenticeship in Shanghai with a Russian tailor who had lived in Paris. In Hong Kong he worked for several houses until 1958, when he went into business for himself, and he now employs 32 tailors who make each garment from start to finish. Using French brocades, Italian or Swiss silks and English woolens, Soong specializes in high fashion; ranging from $30 to $100, his prices are high by Hong Kong standards. When not too busy with his local clientele, he dishes up some ready-mades for exclusive little U.S. shops such as those run by Mr. and Mrs. George Vogel in New York City or Gene Kristeller in South Orange, N.J. Until recently Soong ghosted dresses for a well-known American designer who, he says, once paid him $100 for a dress she later sold in New York for $1,000.

Nobody among the Hong Kong cloak-and-suiters quite personifies Seventh Avenue so much as Morris Birnbaum, a hefty, cigar-chewing gentleman of 51 who faintly resembles a Japanese wrestler. Born in New York's Lower East Side, where his parents were pushcart peddlers, Birnbaum spent 27 years dealing in ladies' apparel. "Then something snapped," he recalls. "In that New York rat race it's dog eat dog. I couldn't think straight anymore. I had to get out."

Practically broke from settling lawsuits, Birnbaum migrated to Hong Kong in 1958, floated a loan with a local bank, and started life afresh in "low-end goods"—cheap sportswear for American chain stores and discount houses. Today he exports $4 million worth of merchandise a year to the United States, and last March, in partnership with a Miami designer called Emile Bierman, he opened a new, mechanized plant to produce moderately priced women's garments. "We're going to turn beautiful, gorgeous fabrics into basic garments," he predicts warmly, "so the girl who earns seventy-five dollars a week should have one or two nice dresses."

Business in Hong Kong has done more than make money for Birnbaum; it has restored his equilibrium. "Back in New York you are always under pressure—mental pressure, even when you're not working," he says. "Here I'm in the factory every morning at 7:30, but I enjoy it."

In his paternalistic way, Birnbaum formed a company union, appointed a 21-man workers' advisory committee, decided to distribute 20 percent of the profits among his nearly 1,000 employees. Hanging on the factory walls are signs in Chinese reading "Quality First." Birnbaum created what he calls an "Association for Practicing Democracy" in the factory, aimed at getting the workers' representatives to share his problems, to promote good feeling and encourage better production. Says Birnbaum: "The workers come to my house to hold their meetings, to eat and to play mah-jongg. They call me Papa. Call it psychology or salesmanship, it works. I tell you Hong Kong is paradise for me."

Not all Hong Kong women's fashions are mass-produced. Several local firms, overwhelmed by the increasing tourist business for made-on-the-spot clothes, decided to follow the tourists back home to America and establish U.S. outlets for their clothes.

Among them is Hong Kong Fashions, Inc., the New York office for James Lau of Hong Kong. Business comes through ads in *The New York Times* and through recommendations from customers. While Lau takes orders and measures customers in his New York office, his wife Shirley manages the Hong Kong end of the business turning out women's suits and beaded dresses. Separated from his wife by 8,500 miles, Lau takes the philosophic American view: "No good for family, but very good for business." THE END

Royal Lynne gown, with bugle beads and pearls, will be available in early spring.

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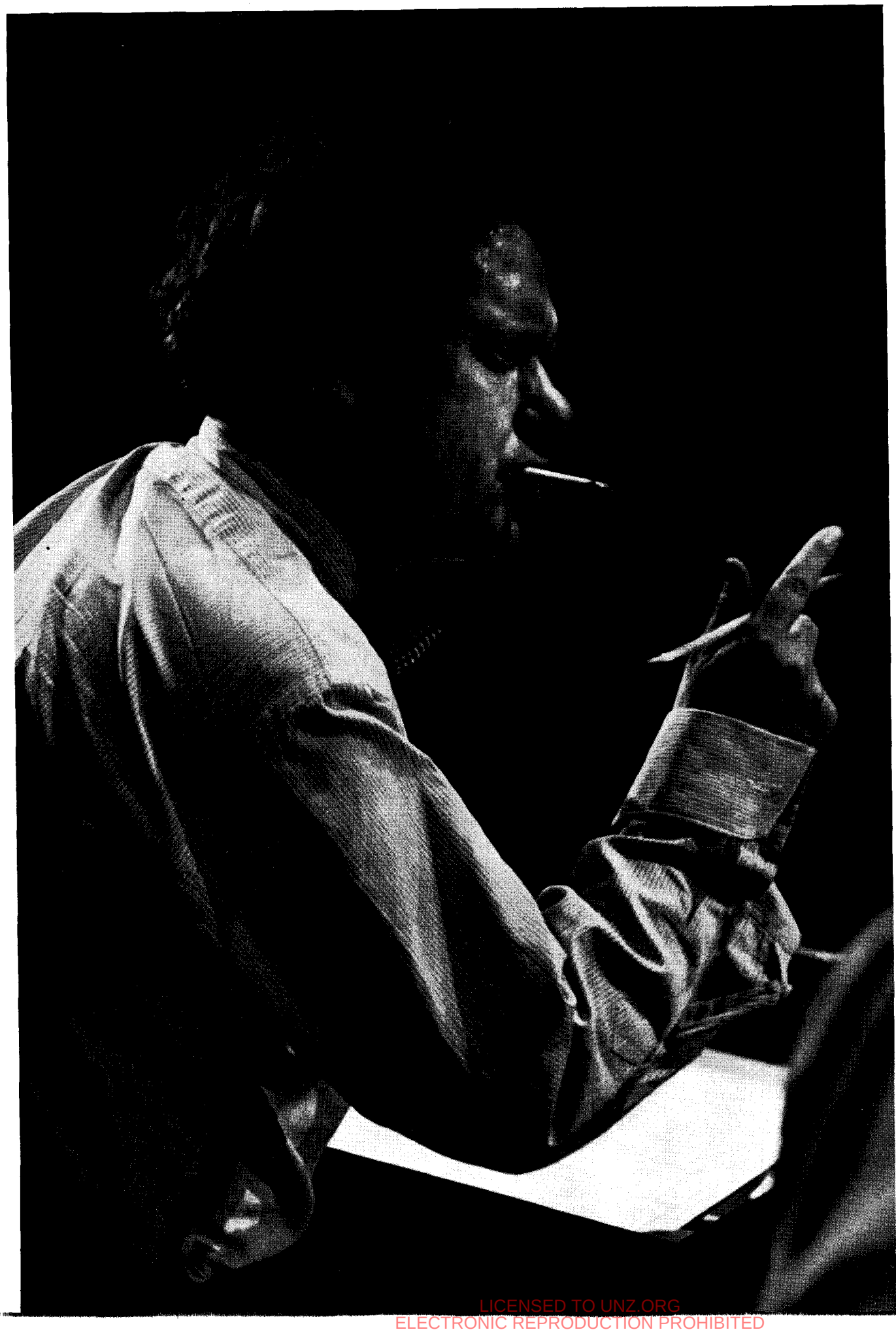
BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

Wild of way, wild of word, the late poet Dylan Thomas became a comic performer because of an inner need to play the role of genius in public.

THE WILD BOY



My first meeting with the Welsh poet Dylan Thomas was in the morning, around eleven, on a dreary day in February, 1944, in London. He seemed to be swollen by sleeplessness, nervousness, boredom, bad eating and general poor health. He was keyed up and for an hour or more talked steadily and swiftly. His talk might very well have been considered brilliant. It was certainly wild, funny, and grim all at once.

Was this, then, genius in action?

I thought it was, but at the same time I almost wished it weren't, and he were more comfortable in himself.

He seemed to be in need of a bath and a change of clothing. Had he been up all night? There was stuff in the corner of his eyes, his hands were dirty and spotted here and there with what might have been food, and there were nicotine stains on the usual fingers. His hair was dry, uncombed and matted. He drank tea, smoked cigarettes and talked incessantly—to anybody, about anything—the war, the weather, art, poetry, other writers involved in the same work he was supposed to be doing, Army brass, civilian brass, men, women and children. The whole thing seemed to be some kind of rhapsodic throw-away poem he was making up for the amusement, not so much of his audience as of God himself, perhaps his only real friend—or his only enemy.

There were two other writers at the table, one English, one American. The English writer had set up the meeting, having asked if I would like to meet the poet, to which I had replied that I would. We were a good audience. We watched him closely, responded to every nuance of meaning in everything he said, every tone of voice, and we laughed steadily, although I couldn't help wondering, "What's he knocking himself out for? It's eleven o'clock in the morning."

I believed I understood him—at least a little. And it wasn't that the world was too much for him—or that people were—he was too much for himself. He didn't seem to have any idea where to start with himself, or rather where *else*, for he *had* started long ago, in the writing and reciting of his poems. But that just wasn't doing very much for the rest of him, the part that was where he lived, the part that was a machine or a chemical plant or quite simply a living body. And every time I *did* laugh I felt just a little guilty, as if I were urging him on, for he was moving swiftly, toward

In 1953 Dylan Thomas directed rehearsal of his play "Under Milkwood" in New York.

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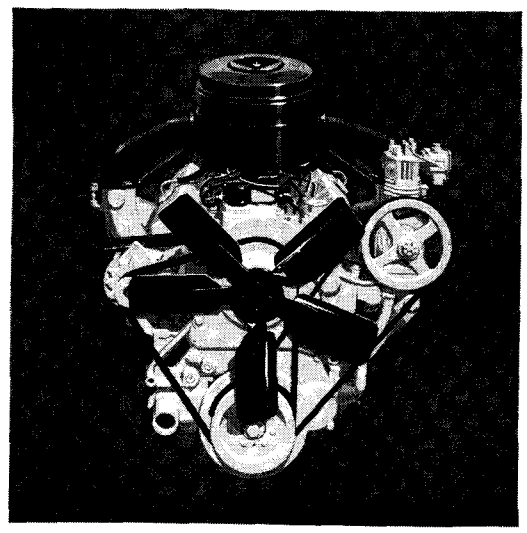

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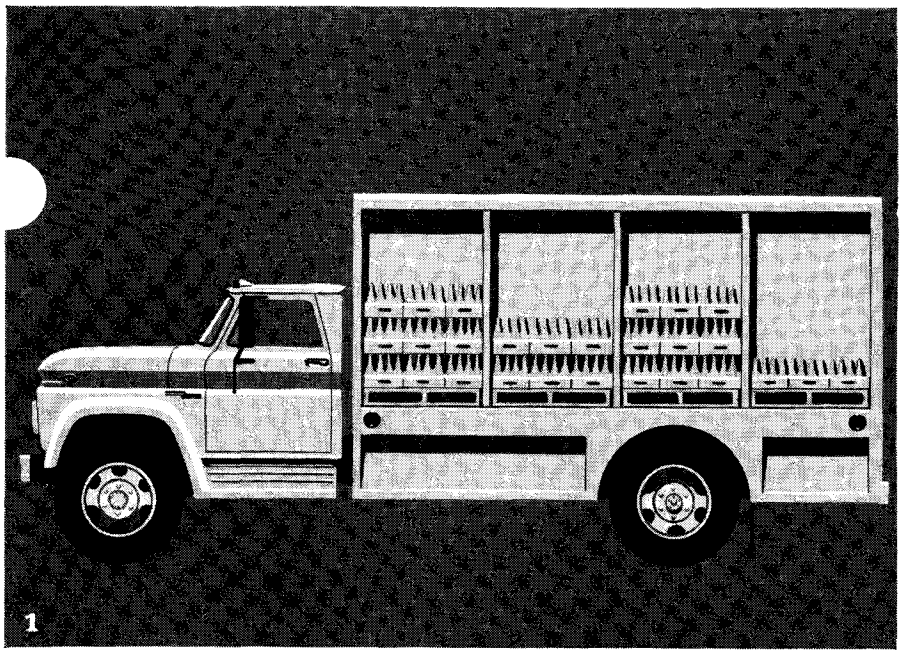

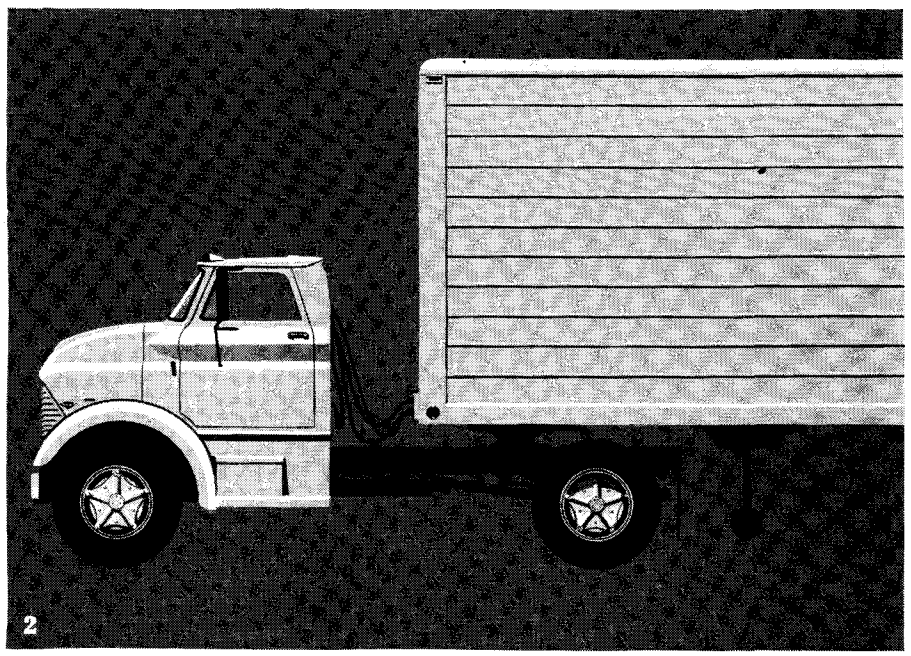

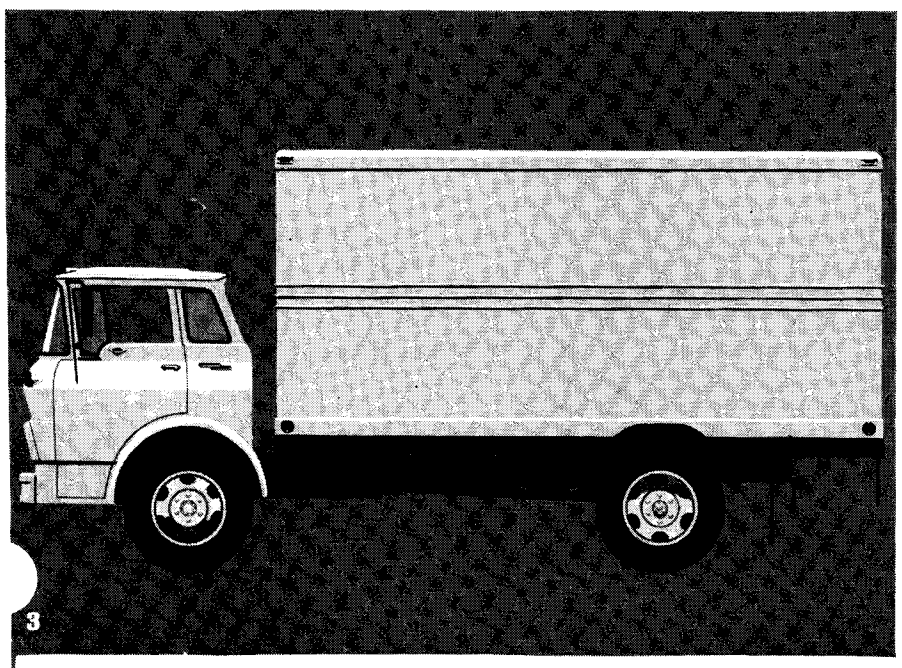

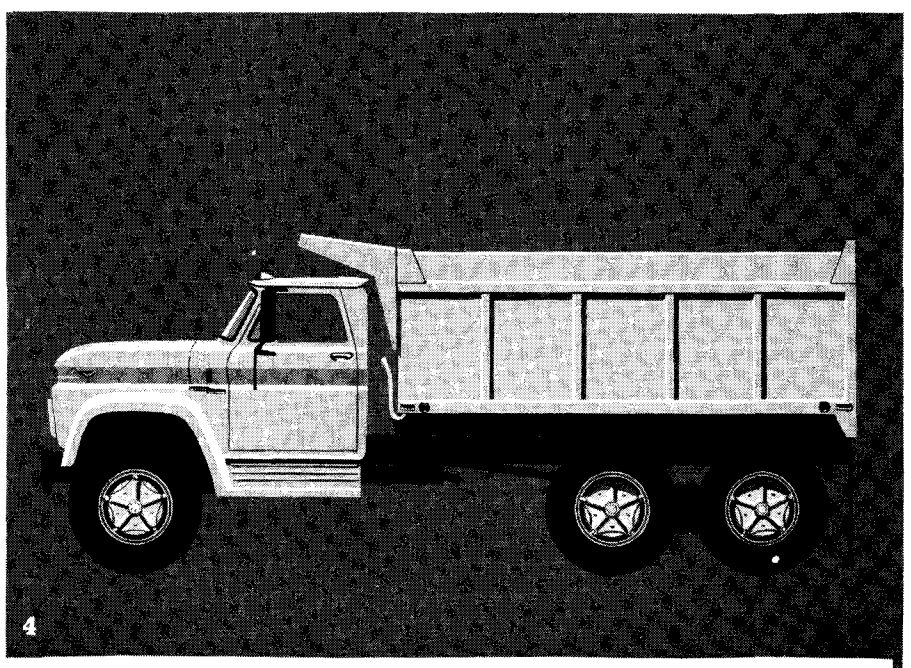

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Women, wed and unwed, showered their favors upon him.

Dylan: Alcohol and applause were the foes.

DYLAN

exhaustion and collapse. And he seemed to know it, but either didn't care or didn't know how to care, how to slow down and then stop, put off for a while the further writing of the poem of his life, put off his best and greatest self, comfortably, and just be his least self, comfortably, and not as if he were in combat with an inferior.

At the same time I felt it was all right, because he was enjoying it. He wanted us to laugh, to notice him in action, to be amused by his energy even when he was exhausted. It was all right because he knew himself, knew what he was doing, and would soon move along to being alone, and would rest and recuperate. He had surely done that all his life, and there was no need to worry about him.

At last I got up and said I had to go, and so everybody got up. He seemed grateful, and perhaps a little proud, for he had not quit. I had. If what he had said had been taken down on a tape recorder, it would have constituted a priceless phenomenon, but he was glad, he was grateful not to need to talk any more.

He had talked poetry, perhaps great poetry, poetry that invented its own language, its own reality and truth, and in the same breath said the hell with it. It may not have been as good as his written poetry, although it seemed very good of its kind, a kind of spiritual frenzy and rage, and sometimes love and comedy, regret and damnation. His fans would have loved it. And, of course, he did have fans, rather than friends or readers.

It is too well known how wed and unwed women of the United States laid themselves out before him, and how he was never quite able to laugh at this and walk away, but was compelled to go right on and live more of his great poem for them, one by one. He liked it all, or part of him did. He was riding and he liked to ride, and he rode with everything he had and with everybody who wanted to latch on and ride with him.

There is the matter of such women in the world. Every writer, good or bad, has surely met them. They are fans, and they are not much different from the fans of actors. They are sometimes impossible to resist. They are just too good-looking and willing and exciting. And if they are married, their husbands are just too helpful, discreetly making known that they must go to Philadelphia, for instance. These women want to be near somebody who is somebody, and it doesn't matter that the man who is supposed to be somebody is fighting out a marriage and a family, that he loves his wife and his kids. The women want him too, and they get him. They got the wild boy from Wales.

And there is something to be said for *them* too. I don't know what it is, but I know there is something, and it is something kind too. It may be that a poet needs to know somebody like each of them, that they are one by one a good part of him, his truth, his life, his poetry, his way of getting to it, of getting it ready to be committed to language. They don't fool around and make him go through a rigmarole that is suitable only for birds or bankers; they put it on the line, demanding little but instant acceptance.

I was sure Dylan Thomas knew who he was and why he was who he was and what he was doing, and all the rest of it. He was just fine, and on top of that he could write a kind of poetry that nobody else could write. Other good poets, and almost all of the good critics, cherished his poetry, read it, liked it, talked about it, wrote about it, scolded him only in an important way.

A meal of Martinis

And then one day a luncheon was arranged, in London's Café Royal, in a large private room, at a large table, with eight or nine other writers, all of them young, all of them fond of him, respectful of his talent and his fame.

The meal started with Martinis, and my own was gone instantly, because we were quite a crowd, and it was a fearfully boring time. There is no use trying to pretend it was another kind of time, an exciting time, for instance, or a historic time, or a time that constituted a turning point in the history and development of civilized man. I refer to the war, of course, not to the luncheon. It wasn't possible to think about the war without disbelief, disgust, and a feeling of being part of a general human deterioration, derangement and disgrace.

The second Martini was gone like the first. It was water. I needed it badly, and so it was with the third, whereupon there were no more drinkers except the poet and myself. All the others had begun to fall happily upon the food. I informed the waiter that I would be drinking only, and so he kept bringing Martinis and I kept drinking them. The drinking before lunch took up fifteen or twenty minutes, the eating and coffee-drinking for the others took another hour, and then everybody got up and took care of his tab, leaving Dylan Thomas and myself, both of us still drinking.

By that time I had had six or seven and was just beginning to feel them, and I wanted more. He had probably had just as many and also wanted more. The show was over. He had starred in it, and I had too, taking turns and shouting and laughing and saying nothing, the same bloody nothing as always, but with style and energy. And he talked on and I talked on, and another hour went by, the waiter bringing drinks steadily. I was drunk at last and knew it, and so I got up and nearly fell over, and the poet got up and nearly fell over, and I thought, "No, this isn't right. I can drink, but he can't. He drank too much." But he believed he wanted to drink some more, later. He'd phone and let me know where. We went out to the street, and I began to walk in one direction and he began to walk in another. I went to where I was billeted, as the saying was, with seven or eight other writers and producers and directors of Army films, an apartment on Pall Mall, and fell on my bed and hoped the war would end tomorrow because it was boring me to death. I was asked to do writing that was phony, that I couldn't do, and therefore didn't do, while the patriots, the boys from Hollywood, the direct-commission captains, majors, and colonels, charged the enemy.

The playwright Robert Sherwood, who was chief of overseas operations of the Office of War Information, called me in one morning and went over some ideas he believed would appeal to me, stuff intended for the German people; but all I was able to do was explain to him why I couldn't write such stuff, that it belittled the enormity of the war, that it mocked the disrupted, the deranged, the endangered, and the dead, that it was making us the equivalent of the enemy or even less, since we ought to know better: that such writing perpetuated a pattern that would have to be the beginning of still another war. He heard me out, and he didn't press the point. I hadn't made the world, as everybody was saying. And I hadn't made the war, but neither had I helped prevent it from happening. I couldn't join the patriots, though. I could only wait for the thing to end, and hope to be able to go back to work again.

And, of course, almost every day somebody asked me, "Do you still believe the human race is decent? Do you still believe people are beautiful?" Because I had written, produced and directed a play called *The Beautiful People*. And I said, "Yes, I still believe the human race is decent."

At last the telephone rang and Dylan Thomas spoke in a voice that could barely be heard: "I can't drink anymore. I've got to sleep." And I said, "Good, because that's how it is with me too."

I saw him again here and there for a moment or two, and he was always the same. I had seen others who had been riding hard, but sooner or later I saw them when they had dismounted and were calm and collected, and all the more for having ridden so hard for so long. But not Dylan Thomas, although I'm sure there were days and weeks and perhaps even months in Wales when he wasn't the performer he always was when I saw him in London.

And, of course, even more frequently than I saw him I saw others who knew him a little, as I did, and they always spoke of him and remembered him, laughing with the memory of his wild words, and sometimes they said, "What about him? Is he actually who he seems to be?" Well, the only reply I could make was that he was surely *more* than he ever seemed to be; he was surely more than the popular misconception of a genius in action; he was surely the real thing, and it seemed to me his father and his mother, perhaps even more than his wife and his kids, would bring him around to himself, look after him, get him to look after himself. "And when that happens, I think he'll really start to write. This is all youth and death so far, but he'll come around to memory and life; and maybe the writing will be harder for a year or two, maybe he'll feel he's lost it and be desperate about that for a while, but in the end he'll surely find he hadn't lost it at all but had put it aside to make it possible for something better to have half a chance, and to make it possible for him to live at all."

People made him perform. He was a comic cutup out of absolute necessity, for had he not been a comic cutup he would have had to say hello and good-bye in the same breath to everybody he met, and he just couldn't do that. They were there and he had to do something about it. He had to show off, never forgetting for a moment that that was precisely what he was doing. He didn't especially like anybody, although he may have imagined he liked them a little for the performance they drove him to, because didn't they always respond, and remember? He probably liked the people in Wales who remembered him from long ago. He probably really liked people who left him alone, who weren't thrilled because he had written such astonishing poetry.

When he died, I wasn't angry at the crazy American women for killing him, because *they* hadn't killed him. He died a perfectly natural death for a genius who also had to perform at being a genius, who couldn't get comfortable about it, or didn't want to. And he didn't kill himself, either. He surely believed he was unkillable and would keep coming through.

I was angry at God, *his* God, for letting him rush through his rhapsodic poem and get it out of the way once and for all. THE END

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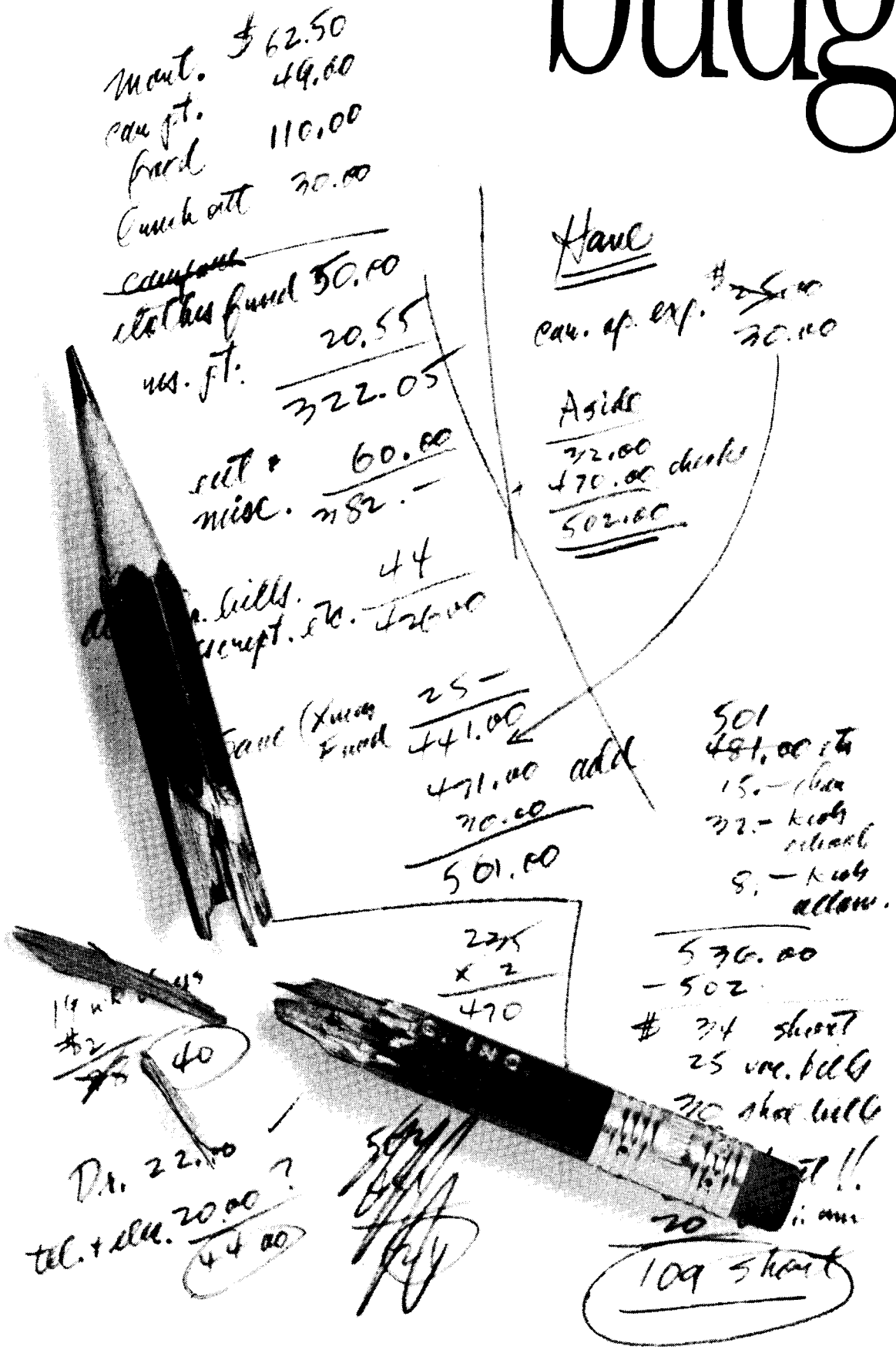
Can't live on a budget?



How often have you said to yourself: "It's hard enough to meet expenses let alone *save* money!"

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There's no "trick" to proper money managing, the authors point out, but there are several fundamentals. First, "it is important that you develop a sense of appreciation for your own income level." In addition, observe the Flahertys, you must calculate on the basis of *net* income, and make it a rule to "pay yourself first"; that is, include a specified amount of savings, no matter how small, among your regular expenses.

It Takes Planning, Not Depriving

To help you get started, the authors offer a guide, involving only simple arithmetic, that shows you how to "calendarize" expenses systematically, regardless of your income range. However, the Flaherty plan is not a "tighten your belt" system, but flexible enough to include such items as entertainment, gifts, vacations, as well as necessities.

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THE MYSTERY QUINTS OF ARGENTINA

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

At the age of three, the Diligenti quintuplets go hand in hand on a seaside holiday at Argentina's Mar del Plata. From left, Carlos Alberto, María Est

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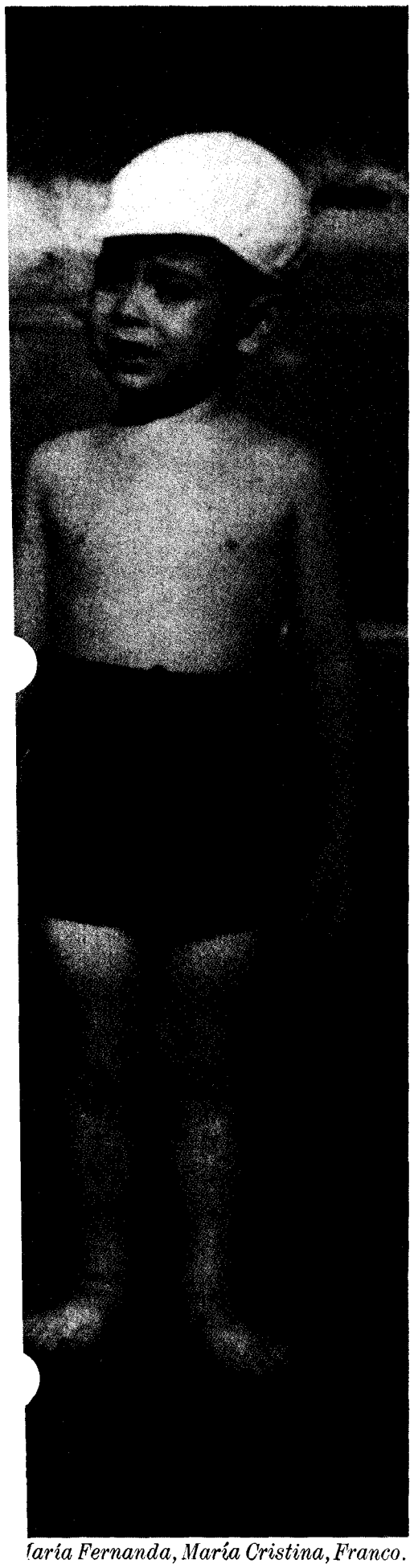
Shielded from publicity by their rich, tough-minded father, these children grew up as individuals. Here is the untold story of their birth and early years.

Señor Franco Diligenti and the quints' mother kneel during Fernanda's 1961 wedding.



María Fernanda, María Cristina, Franco.

In a single week in September the world suddenly turned topsy-turvy for two previously unknown families. On September 7 in Maracaibo, Venezuela, Mrs. Inés Cuervo de Prieto presented her husband with five sons. Seven days later Mrs. Mary Ann Fischer gave birth to four girls and a boy in Aberdeen, S. Dak. For Efrén Prieto, an oil worker, and Andrew Fischer, a shipping clerk, life would never again be the same, and the two men fought to keep their heads above the wave of photographers, journalists and endorsement seekers swirling after the news. Not since the birth of the Dionne quintuplets in 1934 had such a miraculous event occurred.

Or had there been another? Almost no one could remember for sure, although the public recalled dimly that during World War II a woman in Argentina had borne quintuplets—but what ever became of them? Far away from the furor in Aberdeen and Maracaibo, and virtually unknown outside his quiet residential neighborhood in Buenos Aires, Señor Franco G. Diligenti knew the answer better than anyone. For five of his children, born of one accouchement in 1943, will reach the age of 21 next July 15.

Under his stern but loving guidance all have grown up mentally alert, socially poised and admirably adapted to the widely varied environments in which they now are living. In the suburbs of Buenos Aires two of the quintuplets, María Fernanda and María Ester, are happily married and have presented Señor Diligenti with three grandchildren. Two others, Carlos Alberto and Franco, are university students in Vancouver, B.C. In Italy, the fifth, María Cristina, is completing a secretarial course in which she types and takes dictation in five languages.

Señor Diligenti learned of the role he was to play on a chilly July morning in 1943, when a friend in Buenos Aires phoned him to tell him that his wife, Señora Ana Aversano de Diligenti, had just given birth.

"Ah," said Señor Diligenti cheerfully, "that's good news. Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Franco," said the friend, "try to retain your tranquillity when I tell you. You have been dealt a full house. Three queens and a pair of jacks. You are the Papa Dionne of Argentina."

There was a long silence on the line. Then, "*Por Dios!*" Señor Diligenti said, with deep feeling.

Señor Diligenti was then 45 years old and a millionaire textile manufacturer. He had come as a poor boy from Italy at the age of 21 to build a great industrial complex. He now was about to retire and travel the world with his tall, vivacious, darkly beautiful wife.

And now this. He remembered the birth of the Dionnes nine years before, the circuslike publicity, the separation of the children from their parents. To have such a thing happen to him was unthinkable. It was catastrophic. What would they say at the Jockey Club? What would his brothers in Rotary think?

"He arrived at my house on the afternoon of the birth," recalls Señora Angela Delfino de Dominguez, the midwife who delivered the babies. "His face was white. He could hardly speak. His feeling seemed to be a blending of pride, disbelief and consternation."

In the long run consternation prevailed. Determined that the public attention that had fallen upon the Dionnes should not affect him and his family, he sought to conceal that a multiple birth had occurred. As was later brought out in a court hearing, he did not register the babies within three days as required by law. The three strongest and most active babies, Franco, María Fernanda and María Ester, went home with their mother after five days, and he placed them on the civil register in different sections of the city. The hearing report showed that he registered Franco and María Ester as having been born twins on July 15. María Fernanda he registered as having been born at another place on the same day. The other two babies, Carlos and María Cristina, remained with the midwife at her house for four months. They were not registered at all until April 12, 1944, long after the press had finally uncovered the secret. This record showed, truthfully, that they were born on July 15, 1943, at the midwife's house.

Mrs. Leila Drew, whose column of light chitchat appeared in the English-language *Buenos Aires Herald*, first broke the story. At bridge one day her partner, an Argentine lady, remarked cryptically that Canada and Argentina had at least five things in common.

"What?" Mrs. Drew inquired without much interest.

"Quintuplets," said the lady, refusing to add more.

Mrs. Drew's nose for news began to twitch. That night at home Mrs. Drew mentioned this little byplay.

"Sure," said her teen-age son. "Everybody knows that. One of the boys at school told me that his mother had 'em."

The next day Mrs. Drew showed up at the Diligenti home on Tronador Street. The chubby eight-month-old babies, lively as bear cubs, were tumbling all over the place.

"Mrs. Diligenti received me, and we became quite chummy," Mrs. Drew recalled recently. "She even gave me a picture of the babies. When Father Diligenti came home and found me there, he was quite upset. He made me give the picture back."

The *Herald* is a conservative newspaper, and Mrs. Drew's story was printed on the back page. It was enough, however, to shatter all of Papa Diligenti's fond hopes of secrecy. Soon he found himself facing a pack of newspapermen and photographers.

Papa Diligenti's plea for privacy was eloquent and heartfelt. He began by saying that what he had feared for eight months had taken place. But if newspapermen should come from the ends of the earth, he declared, they would not be allowed to see his children.

"I do not want my children converted into monsters who have to stand as freaks before public curiosity," Papa said. "A multiple birth is a private matter. My children and my wife will continue enjoying the peace and quiet of our home. I do not refuse out of caprice," he said, "but for my children."

The reporters persisted. Where were the quints registered?

"That is a detail I reserve," said Papa Diligenti. "You may be sure they are registered. Now gentlemen, you must excuse me."

Unfortunately for Papa Diligenti's tranquillity, the wave of celebrity was just beginning. The dissatisfied reporters sought out the midwife who had delivered the babies. Sworn to secrecy, Señora Delfino was noncommittal, revealing nothing of the drama played out in her home eight months before. The births had been easy, she said. The babies were strong and of normal weight. Mrs. Diligenti had come complaining of pains, and she had delivered her then and there.

With these slim facts, reporters turned to the medical profession. Doctors, though reluctant to comment on this specific case, spoke at length on embryology

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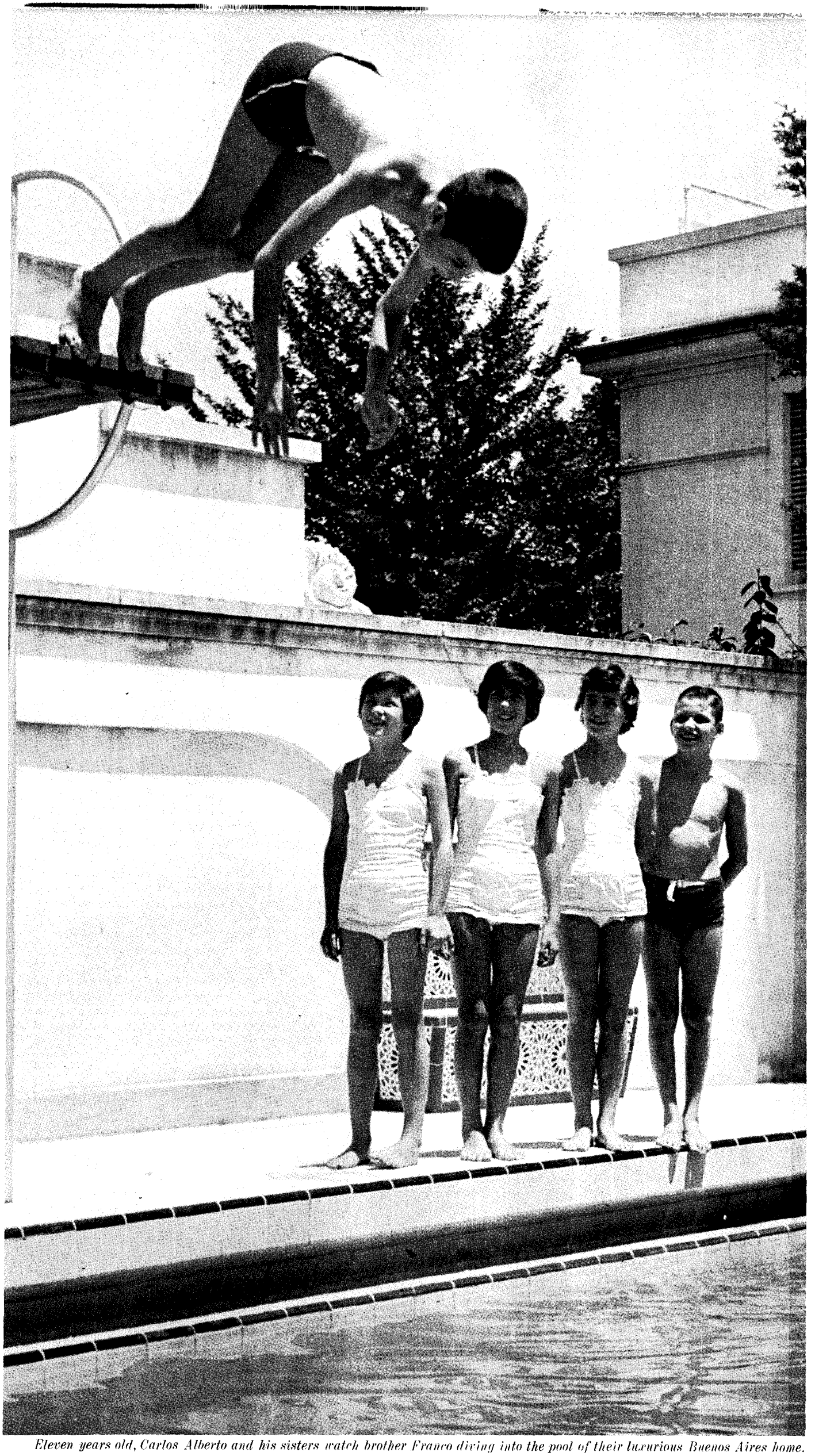

Eleven years old, Carlos Alberto and his sisters watch brother Franco diving into the pool of their luxurious Buenos Aires home.

in general and on multiple births in particular. The strong implication was that the birth could not have taken place as Mrs. Delfino described it. It was physically impossible that one woman could have borne five babies of normal weight. It was also highly unlikely that children of a quintuple birth could have survived without special care.

"In all medical history there is no case similar to the Diligenti case," said one physician. "If the births occurred as Mrs. Delfino described them," the newspaper *Critica* added editorially, "she reveals herself as a stupendous gynecologist."

The facts were that Mrs. Delfino, a third-generation midwife, had indeed performed a miracle of obstetrics so remarkable that if it had been described at the time, she would have been as famous as Canada's Doctor Dafoe. Finally Papa Diligenti decided that in the interest of science the midwife should tell the whole story to a physician, Dr. Josué A. Beruti. This was done, and Doctor Beruti's report, never published in the lay press, tells a dramatic story, far different from the diffident, "all was normal" version that Mrs. Delfino first gave.

Mrs. Delfino had been seeing Mrs. Diligenti for several months, the report said, and had warned her that she must prepare for a multiple birth. "This will not be a solo, there is a whole orchestra in there," she told Mrs. Diligenti, a former singer at the Teatro Colón. Mrs. Delfino urged Mrs. Diligenti to go to a clinic where she could be attended by doctors, but she refused. However, it is not unusual for Latin mothers, even rich ones, to prefer the services of a midwife. Latin ladies of good breeding are exceedingly modest and prefer not to be attended by a man at childbirth, and their husbands share this point of view.

Doctor Beruti said that the Diligentis and the midwife who attended the delivery—assisted only by her niece Aida Blanca Delfino—had all cooperated in answering his questions with clarity and exactness, hiding nothing. Therefore he believed his report to be accurate.

"I also believe," his account continued, "that my findings will refute those rumors which imply that this birth was not the birth of quintuplets."

Doctor Beruti's report went on to say that Señora Diligenti was an Italian, age 35, and her marriage to Señor Diligenti was her second. Mrs. Diligenti's grandmother had borne both triplets and twins. One of her brothers had two sets of twins, and a sister also had twins.

Mr. Diligenti did not know whether there were multiple births in his family or not, but he did know that his grandfather belonged to a prolific family—so prolific that his grandfather was called "Trentadue" (Thirty-two) Diligenti.

Doctor Beruti reported that 14 years before, Mrs. Diligenti had had a son by her first husband, and seven years later she gave birth normally to a girl. Five years before the quintuplets' birth she had a miscarriage after two months of pregnancy and lost triplets. A year-and-a-half later a daughter was born.

Her pregnancy with the quintuplets had proceeded normally except that her abdomen began to assume an abnormal shape.

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"Thank God for bedtime," said Señor Diligenti. "Night makes angels of imps."

After dieting, the abnormality was modified, and she lived her normal life until the last month without undue fatigue or distress. She had weak contractions at irregular intervals beginning in June.

On July 14 at four P.M., Doctor Beruti reported, the pains grew stronger, coming every 30 minutes. So she went to the midwife's house. Mrs. Delfino examined her, concluded that birth was not imminent, but urged her to go to a clinic. Mrs. Diligenti would not, so the midwife took Mrs. Diligenti into her home.

At seven P.M. on the 14th the contractions began coming at intervals of 10 to 30 minutes. The midwife examined Mrs. Diligenti again. The abdomen was very tense, and her fingers felt the beat of many hearts. Cervical dilation by this time had progressed by four centimeters.

"At nine P.M. the pain disappears," the report continues, "and Mrs. Diligenti dozes off. She sleeps until midnight. At one A.M. on July 15 the pain resumes. Dilation continues, and by seven A.M. is complete. The fountains break spontaneously. The contractions cease, and after an hour the midwife administers a subcutaneous injection of one cc. of Pituitrin. The contractions resume under this stimulus, and at nine A.M. the first birth takes place. Carlos is born spontaneously. He breathes at once and cries loudly.

Another and another

"9:10 A.M.: Franco is born, also headfirst and spontaneously. He also is breathing well and cries.

"9:25 A.M.: María Cristina is born, a breech presentation, but of such small size there is no difficulty.

"9:45 A.M.: A placenta of twenty-five ounces is delivered. Mrs. Diligenti grows very weak and is about to faint. The midwife wants to call a doctor, but Mrs. Diligenti will not permit it. She is given continuous stimulants.

"10:05 A.M.: A heavy emanation of amniotic fluid occurs, followed by Fernanda, headfirst and spontaneously. She breathes immediately and cries. Mrs. Diligenti is growing weaker. She is physically and psychologically depressed. She is given a second injection of Pituitrin and given other stimulants.

"11 A.M.: María Ester comes out spontaneously. She is a breech delivery and must be delivered by manual help. She has a blue anoxia. She is given cutaneous stimulants and alternate hot and cold baths. She does not breathe normally, and artificial respiration is administered until she cries frankly and openly." (Twenty years later Mrs. Delfino, a tiny, dark, birdlike woman of 62, recalled this moment. When the tiny baby, blue from lack of oxygen, failed to respond to alternate hot and cold immersions, she gave the baby mouth-to-mouth respiration, breathing her own breath into its lungs.)

"11:15 A.M.: All babies breathing, crying or whimpering." (As each was born, Mrs. Delfino recalls, she snipped the cord and tied it, and her niece wrapped the baby and laid it on a big brass bed in the next room, in a nest of hot-water bottles.)

"11:20 A.M.: Mrs. Diligenti is bleeding strongly. A massage of her uterus is performed. She expresses a second placenta of the same size and weight of the first. The mother is now completely exhausted; she is almost unconscious from loss of blood and shock. She is given injections of caffeine and ergot. She takes coffee with brandy. The mother shudders with cold for half an hour. She gets gradually better, but is very excited. When Mrs. Delfino insists she must call a doctor to report the birth, Mrs. Diligenti gets out of bed, extremely excited, and faints." ("I was in the hall telling my niece to go for the doctor," Mrs. Delfino remembers. "She got out of bed and told me if I called a doctor, she would cast herself down the stairwell. She made me swear on the picture of my son that I would tell no one what had happened.")

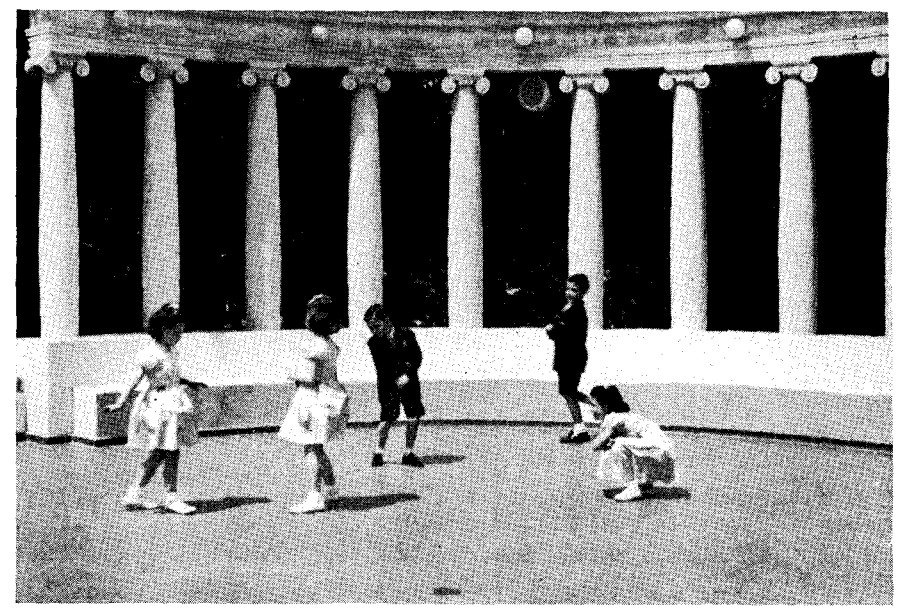
The labor took 19 hours and 25 minutes, of which the actual births required two hours, Doctor Beruti reported. After five days of lying-in at the midwife's house, Mrs. Diligenti returned to her own home, taking with her Franco, Fernanda and María Ester. They were breast-fed and received a supplementary bottle. The two weaker babies, Carlos and María Cristina, remained in the midwife's home for four months, fed by bottle, with additional mother's milk sent from home by Mrs. Diligenti.

Doctor Beruti's report allayed the suspicions of the medical profession that the babies were not quintuplets. The birth weights, as he reported them, confirmed that they were tiny babies, rather than normal size, as the midwife had first reported. Though they were small, they were not premature. Their weights on the second day after birth were: Carlos, two pounds, nine ounces; Franco, two pounds, six ounces; Cristina, two pounds, five ounces; Fernanda, three pounds, three ounces, and María Ester, two pounds, seven ounces. Eight months later they were in glowing health and eating like wolves. At seven A.M. they took a bottle of milk mixed with cornstarch. At 10:30 they had a bottle, plus crackers soaked in milk. At noon a hot plate of creamed squash and a vegetable soup, and a teaspoon of olive oil. At three P.M., after a siesta, they took seven ounces of milk. At six P.M. more milk, with boiled apples. At nine P.M. they were bathed, given a bottle of cornstarch mixed with milk and water, and put to bed.

Despite Doctor Beruti's report, the babies were nearly two years old before the question of their birth was finally settled. In April of 1945 an investigating magistrate, after a lengthy investigation, dismissed charges against the Diligentis and the midwife for falsehood in connection with the registration of the quintuplets. The judge ruled that the Diligentis were the parents of five children born at one accouchement—thus refuting a widespread rumor that the quintuplets were actually triplets born to Mrs. Diligenti and twins born to another mother.

The registration had been irregular, the judge pointed out, and this was regrettable, for it deprived medical science of much valuable information about the phenomenal birth. But the father's desire to protect his family from publicity was reasonable and understandable, and he and the mother and the midwife were cleared of all charges.

A year old, quints play unconcernedly soon after discovery of birth created furor.



Dancing in magnificent play yard built for them, the six-year-olds cavort at home.

Off to class, the quints, 11, leave home in the morning. Each attended a different school.

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"They were becoming exactly like a little Mafia, so I decided to separate them."

Now almost 21, Carlos is a student at Vancouver's University of British Columbia.

To Papa Diligenti, all the legal wrangling was of no consequence. He was busy providing every comfort for his romping babies. When they were two years old, he moved his family from their small but pleasant house to a 14-room mansion in the luxurious Belgrano section of Buenos Aires. Here the quintuplets had their own bedroom wing. Over the French doors leading to the formal gardens is a mural in high relief. Five naked babies, chubby as Botticelli cherubs, float over the door like angels. In niches below the carving are two figures; on one side is a woman, tall and stately, in the dress of ancient Rome, on the other a stork. Papa Diligenti has always been fond of pointing out to visitors that the stork wears a startled look.

At the end of the garden Papa Diligenti built a full-size "playhouse" for the children where, under the supervision of three nurses, they spent their days among their own small tables, sofas and chairs. On even the coldest days they were allowed to play outdoors, lightly clothed.

"That is the secret of their health," says Papa Diligenti. "Good food, fresh air, plenty of exercise. We gave them love and affection, but we toughened them up. As soon as they were old enough, we required them to dust and sweep and make their beds. This was very good for them. I speak with authority on these things, for I am the only man in the world who has given strict attention to the early training of quintuplets."

As soon as the babies began to talk and toddle about, Papa Diligenti hired tutors to teach them English, French and German, while they learned Spanish and Italian from him and their mother. He brought in piano teachers to teach them music, and Argentina's two top ballerinas were employed to teach them ballet. He built a swimming pool and a tennis court, and he later added a wing to the house so that each child would have his own room and bath.

True to his original resolution, he kept the quintuplets away from the public, who could only peer at them through a high iron fence that surrounded the house and gardens. On their birthdays, however, he gave great fiestas, inviting several hundred guests. On these occasions the quints sang and recited in French, German, English, Spanish and Italian. They danced the folk dances of Italy, Spain and Argentina, performed beautifully while Papa beamed. On less formal occasions they romped and played with tremendous zest, almost driving Papa to distraction. "Thank God for bedtime," he would say. "The night makes sleeping angels out of imps."

On one occasion, a visitor recalls, Papa was in his study. With one hand he was attempting to restrain Fernanda, who was happily beating him on the head with a long-handled wooden spoon. With the other hand he was pulling Cristina from beneath his chair. Meanwhile, he was yelling out the window, "María Ester, why do you put your feet in the wet grass? Carlito, come away from the fountain and stop trying to catch the little fishes." At that moment there came a crash from the drawing room, where Franco had derailed an electric train, and from upstairs came the voice of Mama Diligenti, despairing, "*Por Dios! Qué pasa?*"

It dawned on Papa Diligenti, as he sent the children off to day school at the age of six, that he had somehow to prevent them from becoming too dependent on one another.

"I noticed that they were becoming like a little Mafia," said Papa. "If one committed a mischief, the others would not tell. So we had to punish them all at once. They were becoming too similar in their likes and dislikes. They demanded, or refused, the same food. When I asked each a question, I got the same answers. I felt they could not live normal lives so long as they remained like a covey of quail. I wanted them to grow up with a deep sense of family unity, but I wanted each to develop his own personality. So I decided to separate them."

At the age of seven, therefore, the children were sent to boarding schools in the Buenos Aires area. Blond and blue-eyed Carlos went to St. Andrew's Scots School, where he developed a great interest in the bagpipe band. His blond "twin," María Ester, nicknamed Tiny, went to Northlands. Fernanda, known as Fatty, went off to Michael Ham Memorial College. María Cristina ("Blackie") went to Quilmes High, and Franco, her black-haired, dark-eyed counterpart, was sent to St. George's College.

At first, Papa recalls, they resented being broken up. But weekends at home and holidays spent together at Mar del Plata by the sea maintained family solidarity. As the children reached 16, the circle was broken forever. María Ester married and went to live with her husband, Señor Carlos Vivares, on one of Papa's *estancias* 30 miles from Buenos Aires. At 18 María Fernanda married Señor Carlos Buero—like Vivares, the son of a wealthy Italian-Argentine industrialist. Carlos, Franco and María Cristina went abroad to school.

Despite their separation, the quintuplets remain a warmly affectionate family group, maintaining a constant correspondence with one another and with Papa and Mama. The psychological link that caused them as children to act, think and speak alike, still exists.

"Whenever I get a letter from Franco in Vancouver," says Papa, "I can expect to receive one from María Cristina in Italy, written on the same day. They are still as alike as two drops of water."

Sometimes, on moonlit nights, Papa walks out into the garden where the babies romped. Their swings, their slides, their merry-go-round are still there.

Does Papa miss them, a visitor asked not long ago? Does he look forward to the time when they will fill the house and playground with his grandchildren?

Papa's eyebrows shoot up at this question. "A man who has raised quintuplets has had enough of babies," he says. "Once they are grown and gone, his battle is won. Thereafter he wants only tranquillity. I have many years upon my shoulders. I am now 66. I have surely earned my rest." THE END

Cristina, a student in Italy, passes ruins ▶ of the Roman Forum. She is not married.

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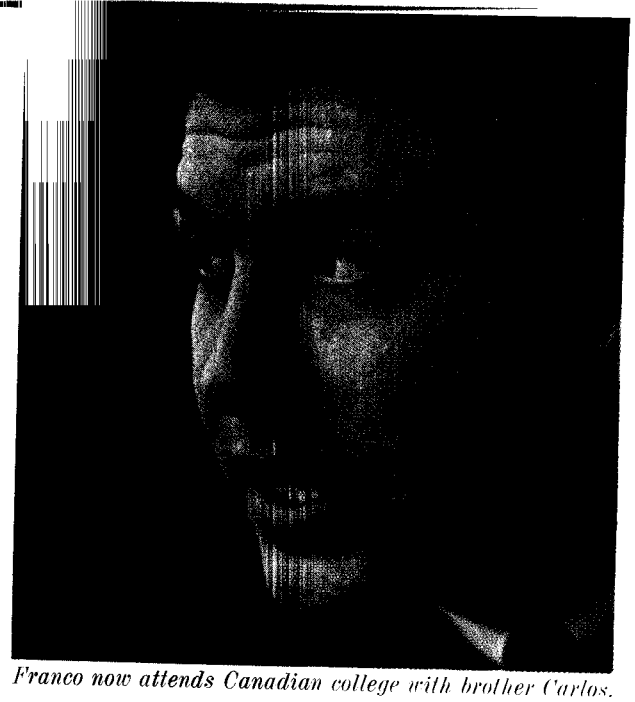

Franco now attends Canadian college with brother Carlos.

◀ *María Fernanda, a bride at 18, receives sisterly advice from María Ester, who was herself married two years before.*

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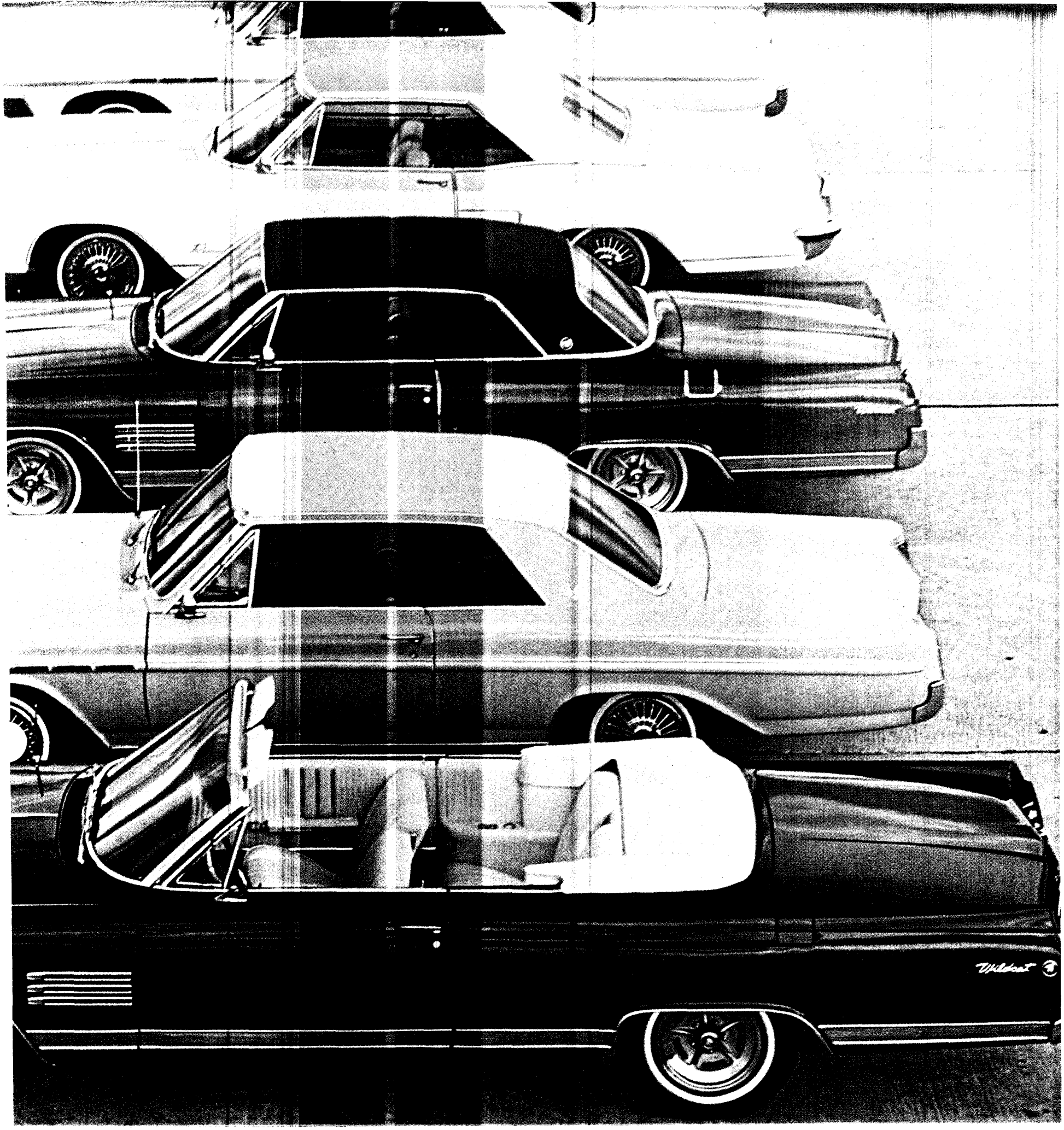

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THE PRICE OF A CARABAO

By SAUL MALOFF

"I told him that you have been my lover," she said.
"Why did you lie to him?" I replied.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT J. LEE

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Recently, on one of my rare visits to New York, I was walking idly in the streets early on a Sunday afternoon in late October. The day was superb: warm and brilliantly clear, the air almost sweet with a fragrance that was more than the absence of noxious fumes. One had a summery sense that life was good.

Vaguely, I was looking for a place to have my lunch, without much luck. Just as I had about decided to return to my hotel, I noticed a restaurant in the Twenties called the "Philippine Garden Restaurant." There was no menu in the window. Inside I was approached from both sides by a man and woman, both obviously Filipino, both obviously acting in official capacity, both smiling happily. I asked if they served *pansit.*

"Oh, yes," they said happily.

"I mean today. Is it being served today, right now?"

"Oh, yes," they said, "it is always being served. It is a specialty of the house, you see. We are famous for our *pansit.*"

Pansit is a potato noodle, and *pansit guisado*, a dish of which I had become very fond during the war, consists of *pansit* with pork, shrimp, mushrooms and assorted vegetables, Chinese in texture and consistency. I had last eaten it in the summer of 1945, on the day the war ended officially, in fact, and not long before I left Luzon for Japan with the Occupation Forces. I have never returned to Luzon.

I had been feeling slightly uneasy since first entering the restaurant, and I knew exactly why. I knew also that when the *pansit* finally appeared, psychic slave that I am, it would affect me as the madeleine did Proust, though in my case, stirring guilt and anxiety—those twin dragons—more than memory. I was, alas, right; all the while the waiter smiled.

On the day after the city of Manila was declared "noncombat" by general headquarters, I went there with several companions from our encampment immediately to the south of the city to see what it was that we had liberated. We were greeted by rifle fire from Japanese snipers on rooftops, and in the course of the ensuing chaos, I was struck in the leg by a bullet—or a bit of spent shrapnel from a grenade; I never learned which.

The leg healed quickly (it was a most superficial flesh wound); but, though I had spent a robustly healthy campaign in the jungles of New Guinea, while lying on my cot among the cool concrete walls of the convent we had made our hospital, I was foully struck down by malaria and amoebic dysentery—both doubtless incurred in the jungles from which no man escapes unscarred.

By the time I was able to rejoin my company—pale and wan and less robust by more than thirty pounds—the Manila phase of the Luzon campaign was really over, and we were preparing to go north again, to handle the flow of ammunition to what there was of a front line. No one was really surprised, when we got there, to learn that what we were about mostly was the disposal of garbage of our own making. There was much talk of staging for the invasion of Japan; talk of landing maneuvers; talk of war games. Actually, war had never in its bloody history been less eventful than it was in those days: For all practical purposes, the island was secured, the campaign was over, the war reaching its final stage. Meanwhile, we disposed of garbage, of the making of which there was no end.

Then early one morning, at reveille, the company commander asked for two men to volunteer for an outpost in the back country: This was not to be a combat mission, he explained, and it was not hazardous; but it was a lonely outpost, and the volunteers had to be able to withstand isolation. No one responded, there being an unwritten law of the martial life that one must never volunteer for anything. It is the one high principle that I know of that is universally honored. Nevertheless, feeling that the only direction my life could take at the time was up, I volunteered, to the general consternation. Garbage disposal had come to seem an undignified life for a fighter in the cause of mankind, and the prospect of living for a while apart from the company of hundreds of my thoroughly demoralized fellows held considerable charm for me.

The other man was selected, over his vigorous protests, and the two of us repaired to the command post for "briefing and orientation." There we were told that our job was to protect and maintain an ammunition dump consisting of 105- and 155-mm shells and small-arms ammunition. The dump had simply been abandoned in the swift drive of our original landing forces, and someone in Division Ordnance had at last remembered it. An inspection tour had revealed that hundreds of cases had been broken open by the local population, not because they were interested in shells and bullets, but because the cloth which protects ammunition from the elements made excellent clothes. As a result of this pacific vandalism, those hundreds of cases of combat-grade ammo had been exposed to weather and damp, irrevocably ruined. We were to see to it that this foolishness was stopped.

By noon I was packed and ready to go: full field pack; duffel bag filled to bursting, mostly with my books; my M-1 rifle, and a little carbine I had become attached to. The other volunteer and I were driven in a weapons carrier for several hours over trackless roads, farther and farther into the bush, the last few miles over cattle paths sunk deep in the slimy mud. The driver stopped to discharge the other man, saying that he would return soon, and drove on through the mud, there being no path at all now—only mud and sugar cane, though an occasional nipa hut began to appear.

About a mile from where we had stopped we stopped again, in a clearing in a coconut grove. In the approximate center of the clearing there was a rather large, square, wooden platform, perhaps twice the size of a boxing ring, containing an Army cot fitted with poles for mosquito netting, a makeshift washstand, and nothing else. This is the kind of platform Ordnance used for the pyramidal stacking of artillery shells, and I had spent much energetic time breaking my back on them, never thinking that one day I would be calling one of them home, for this, I now saw, was to be my very own residence for an indeterminate period of time. The driver helped me unload cases of rations of every sort, told me he would be back in "maybe a month, give or take a week," with mail, if there should be any, and new rations, and with what I took to be a pitying look, drove off through the sea of mud and was gone, leaving me to my devices.

I am a city boy. To me, fire is what results when you turn the jet of a stove; light comes when you flip a button; and water is what flows from faucets, hot and cold. And here I was, standing amid God's plenty of rations, with two shooting irons and enough rounds for slaying every edible thing on the face of the earth, and enough grenades for blasting the white whale out of the ocean, feeling, O Lord, bereft, alone, all, all alone.

Three spaced shots rang out and I prepared to die. A moment later my companion-in-arms came slogging up to my platform. "Did you hear them?" he asked.

I nodded dourly.

"That's our signal. Whenever you hear them, or whenever I hear them—one . . . two . . . three, like that—we come running."

We—that is, he—built a fire, and we had coffee and "dog biscuits" and chocolate bars and cigarettes. Then he left, and I did not see him again for the remainder of my stay at the outpost.

My pockets sagging with grenades, a rifle slung across one shoulder, a carbine across the other, I set out to explore my surroundings. The platform was in a coconut grove, just beyond which the sugar cane grew. All around, but hidden from sight of the platform, were hills of shells and ammunition—my dump. And scattered throughout the area, each sufficiently removed from its neighbor to be isolated, were the nipa huts (the thatched huts standing precariously, improbably, on long stilts) which are the characteristic housing of the Philippine countryside. I was not at all alone. I was, in fact, living in a barrio, a small, unmapped country village. Forming the frontier of my outpost and, probably, the border of the barrio, was a clear little river: I saw some bathers; some women and girls pounding wash with rocks and sticks; and a few boys fishing. It seemed a tranquil place, a rustic genre painting.

The next morning I constructed a clumsy, very elaborate and—possibly for that reason—effective network of booby traps, strung with grenades.

POST FICTION *Born forty years ago in New York City, Saul Maloff has been a frequent contributor to literary periodicals and has edited a volume of magazine articles about women. He was educated at the City College of New York, Amherst College and the University of Iowa. During World War II he served with the Army in the Pacific, including the Philippines—the setting for "The Price of a Carabao"—New Guinea and Japan. He has taught literature at universities across the country and is currently on the faculty of Bennington College, in Vermont.*

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Then I plastered everything in sight with danger signs. CAREFUL—DANGER: PARE—PELIGRO; and—for those who could not read—skulls and bones. Only later did I learn that most of the people here spoke only the local dialect, and many did not read any language at all. Then I went to seek out the local officials, whoever they might be, hoping thereby to pay my respects to my hosts and neighbors at the same time, soldier-statesman that I was.

Fortunately, I was not long in my quest. A man cutting cane in the fields shook his head violently to show me that he did not understand English; but he shouted to a girl who was pounding rice in front of the nearby hut, who did, having been schooled by American nuns. Together, filled with an urgent sense of mission, they took me to the man who was the local leader, the village elder and wise man: legislator, judge, executive—their *capitano*. He spoke a strange but altogether adequate English, and had a cousin in San Francisco, California.

I gave him such news of the war as I commanded, improvising communiqués where firmer knowledge was wanting; and was told in turn that they had known little of the war. During the occupation the whole village (apart from a mere handful of local scoundrels who had collaborated with the Japanese) had evacuated itself to the mountains and had returned only after we had landed. Things were going as well as could be expected, considering that they had only recently returned. With cups of rice wine, the four of us saluted early victory. I explained to him that I had been obliged to set traps in the dump, and that I knew that they, wishing victory, would agree to its necessity. It was urgent, I explained, that everyone be informed of the grave and mortal danger that awaited any man or beast who might venture into the dump. The *capitano* agreed to bring the village together in solemn conclave at once.

And so I met, and entered, the life of the village. I dined out nightly, drinking wine (in return for which I brought my delighted hosts powdered and evaporated milk), ate chicken and rice and fish and boiled and fried bananas and nameless concoctions from field and river, and *pansit* modified to the available ingredients (in return for which I lavished great quantities of everything in my cases and crates and boxes, everything that nutrition experts, home economists and other enemies of the people had ever developed for the Quartermaster Corps of the United States Army).

I attended weddings and funerals and baptisms; danced at fiestas and sang around the fire at night; gave milk to nursing mothers and fondled their nurslings; cut cane so that I might feel the heft of a swinging machete and pounded rice just for the rhythm of it; fed chickens and pigs and rode on the back of a carabao and carried buckets of water from the river; bathed and swam and fished; coached the children in their lessons and even taught school on occasion; adjudicated quarrels and sat with the village elders; argued religion with the priest (who came out from the provincial capital) and talked the night through with the schoolmaster; laughed and flirted with the girls and calmed the fears of their fathers and brothers. I—*I!*—began each morning by shooting coconuts out of the trees and drinking their fine and sparkling juices. Somewhere there must have been a war.

Week followed idyllic week. Once the weapons carrier came bearing scant mail, carrying back my own lying letters, and depositing stores enough to supply the Sixth and Eighth Armies through an extended and arduous campaign. "How are you doing?" the driver asked, dolefully.

"Just about making it," I said.

"Things pretty quiet around here?"

I nodded, trying to look woebegone.

"Well," he said, "tough luck. What do you expect in a war?"

He told me that our troops had been pulled off the line and had been replaced by Filipino regulars. Our bombers had met with no opposition in weeks.

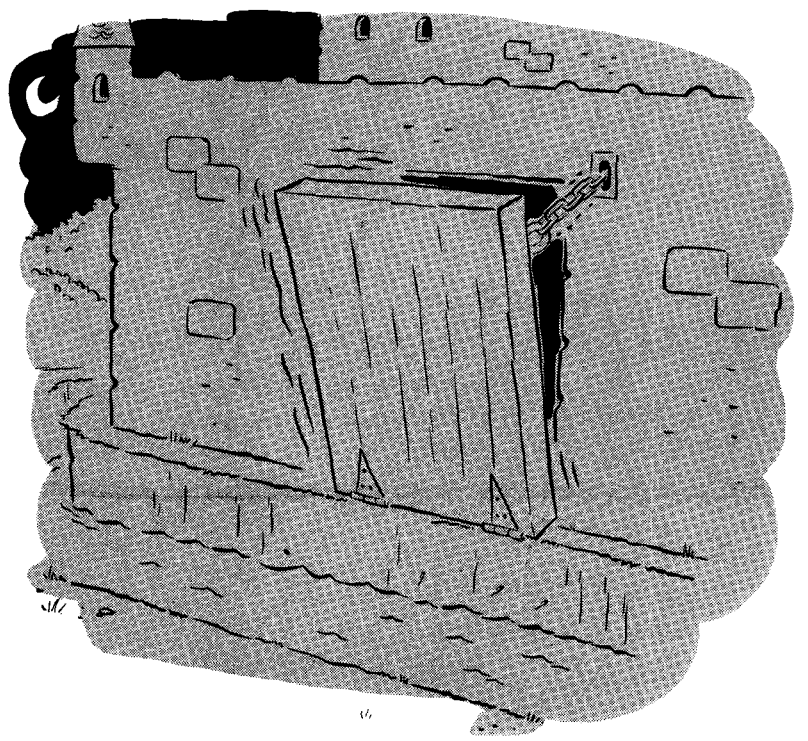
"Then it looks all over?"

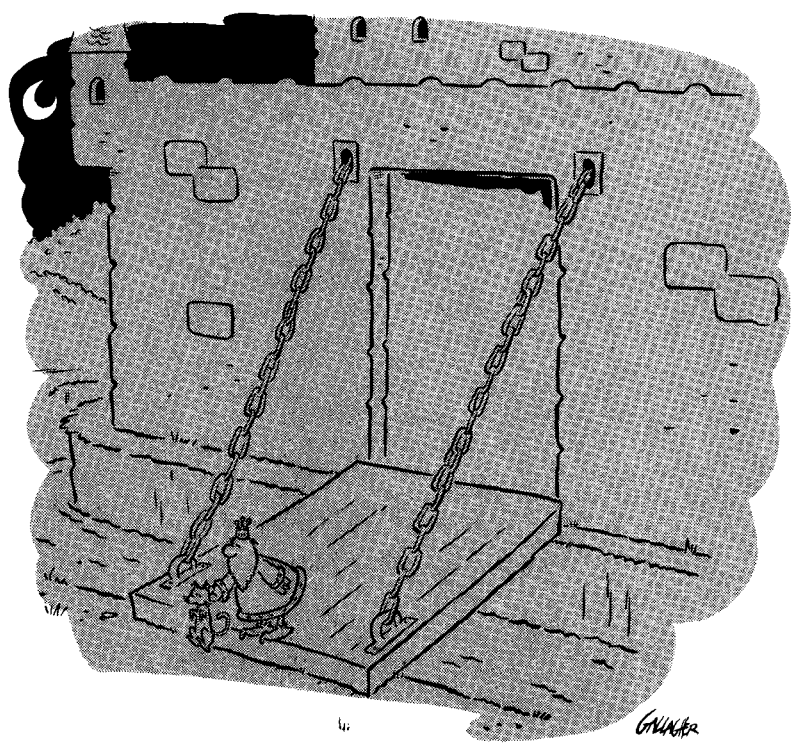
"Yes," he said, "except for Japan. The stuff keeps coming in. You've never seen so much stuff in your life. That's going to be a big one."

"Well," I said, "when you get ready to go, don't forget you've got a good man here."

"Uh-huh," he said, and drove off.

Every garden has its snake; given my luck, there will be more than one. A straying carabao tripped one of my traps and was mortally wounded by the explosion. I fired four times before he stopped twitching. No one blamed me; but no one was very happy either. The *capitano* assembled the villagers in the schoolyard and explained to them that the carabao was a casualty of war; he should be thought of as a heroic beast who had fallen—indeed, who had sacrificed his life—so that the final victory might be assured. His hat held over his heart, the schoolmaster saluted me in the name of the barrio as an ambassador of the U.S. Army and of the great American people. In a short speech, which the *capitano* translated, I accepted their sentiments in the name of the U.S. Army and the American people, and in turn extended our massive greetings, and my own gratitude for their warmth and kindness. I told them that they had made me feel that I was their son and brother and hoped that this would herald a glorious new era in Philippine-U.S. and world relations. No enemy, no matter how cruel and formidable, I concluded, could possibly stand against this brotherhood, this new union of peoples forged in the crucible of war. There was some desultory applause. One boy started to sing what must have been an anthem, but after a few vigorous measures his lone voice faltered in the air and wavered to a breath, and then died trembling. No one offered me his hand, though the schoolmaster asked me to do him the honor of raising a cup of wine with him that evening.





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

That evening, however, I did not dine out. After releasing the traps, I crated the grenades, nailing the top far more securely than was really necessary. I left the lettered warnings, and the skulls and bones, where they were. Then I built a powerful fire, heated some C-rations, which I did not eat, and brewed some coffee to the full scope of its meager potential and had it along with some chocolate and biscuits. I drank much of a canteen cup full of wine and was about to drain the remains when the girl came through the cane field and into my clearing.

People were always dropping by, very often not to talk, merely to sit, as, more often than not, we had no common language. Not infrequently mothers would sit on my platform with nursing babies at their breasts, smoking my cigarettes with the lighted end always in their mouths, while the older children played nearby and farmers cut cane in the fields. The mothers would sit and smoke and smile, and, in the end, after much fanfare of refusal, make off with some small gift—a can of milk, perhaps, or some object from my extensive first-aid supplies. In the morning they would bring an egg, or some cooked rice, or some sweet made of the fruit of a coconut. This girl had been my guide to the *capitano* on that first day, and the carabao had been her father's.

She sat on a crate without speaking.

"Did your father send you?" I asked.

"My father is dead."

"Dead! He can't be dead. He was at the meeting today, looking fit—and angry."

"That was my husband. That man is my husband. My father died when I was a little girl."

She had seemed to me no more than sixteen—a tiny girl with great black eyes and gleaming black hair straight down to her waist. Sixteen, of course, is by far a marrying age for a girl in the barrios.

"Why did he send you?"

"He did not send me. He does not know I am here. If he finds out, he will beat me."

"Then you must leave. You must leave at once."

"No. He will beat me anyway. He beats me all the time, for no reason. I shall not go back. I shall never go back. I shall remain here."

I argued; I cajoled; I pleaded; I threatened; I reasoned; I lied; ignobly I spoke of the danger to myself—from the U.S. Army, which would take a dim view of her staying the night here, from her husband—all to no avail. She said that she would stay here, on my platform.

She had come at dusk and by now it was quite dark. I did not light my lamp. She curled up on the platform, prepared

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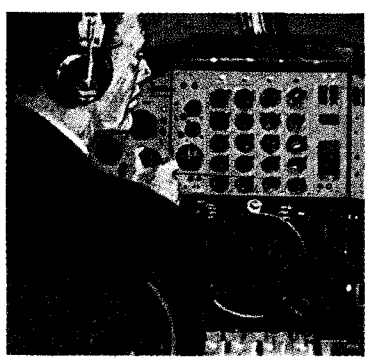

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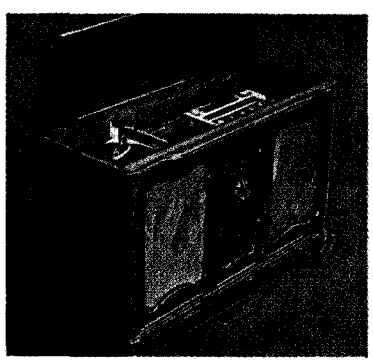

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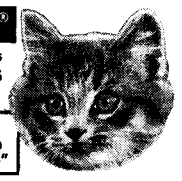

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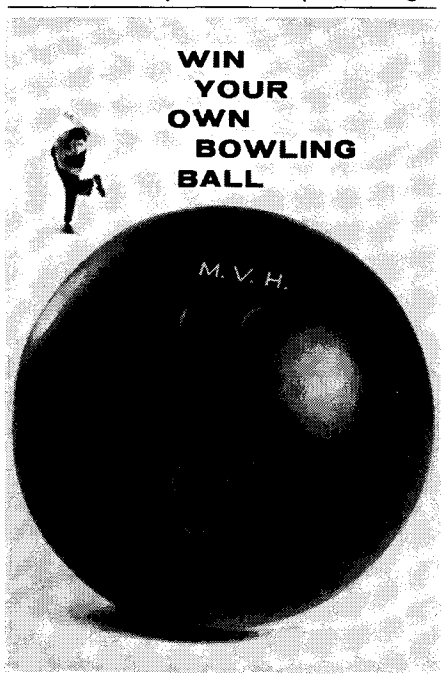

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CARABAO

to sleep. I insisted that she take the cot, as I did not plan to do much sleeping. After endless persuasion, she did. I spent a melancholy night sitting on the edge of the platform, the carbine in my hands, listening to the sounds of the night and peering into the blackness, now filled with portent. Toward dawn I covered the mosquito netting with two mattress covers, in the futile hope that I could conceal thereby the form that lay within. In the morning I insisted that she accompany me to the *capitano*, and I told the old man what had happened.

"You must return her to her husband," he said.

"See?" I said to the girl, "the *capitano* agrees. We will go back now."

She refused.

The *capitano* said, "You must force her, if necessary."

I asked him to offer her his protection. He said he would speak to the husband, but more than that he could not do. In his own home, after all, a man was king, and his woman must obey as God had commanded.

I brought the girl to the edge of the compound in which her hut stood, and watched while she walked toward it. Then I turned and went back to my platform.

At dusk she came back, as I had expected she would, looking the worse for wear. "Didn't the *capitano* speak to him?" I asked.

"Yes. It did no good. He said he would beat the old man too next time. And he will take the machete to you. You may kill me, if you wish. I shall never go back."

"No," I said. "You can stay here."

Yet it was clear that she could not simply stay here. Nor was I going to return her to her husband. I thought of firing three spaced shots into the air, of calling for my companion-in-arms, but dismissed the idea. He would, I was sure, either refuse to have anything to do with it or, worse, see it as a very good thing indeed. In any case, it was my problem.

"Here is what I will do," I said. "I will pay him for the carabao. I will pay him for *two* carabaos. I will give him whatever he wants, and in return he will promise me, on a Bible, before the priest and the *capitano* and the schoolmaster, never to beat you again. I am sure that it will be all right. That is more money than he has ever before seen in his life." I meant it, of course. As a noncommissioned officer drawing overseas combat pay, I was rich even by Manila standards, let alone those of a remote barrio. Indeed, I had intended at the proper time to pay the man the price of a carabao, whatever it came to.

"No," she said. "He says that you have dishonored him and his family. He will not accept money. He is a very strange man. He is ignorant and cruel."

"I will swear on a Bible that I have in no way dishonored him or his family. Surely he will be reasonable then."

"I already told him that you have. I told him that you have been my lover."

"Why did you lie to him?"

"I shall never go back."

"What will you do? You can't stay here. In fact, I can't stay here either."

"You will take me away. You will take me to the house of my auntie, in the south." She named a town I knew, a small coastal town—a fishing village, really—not far from my base, not far from San Fernando Bay.

"How can I take you away? In the first place, I have no vehicle. More important, I don't know what laws that will violate, but I'm certain it would be a crime. Remember that I'm a soldier and this is a war." I wondered if there was something like a Mann Act in Luzon, or some other statute that forbade transporting nubile girls—even if they were married women—for prima facie licentious purposes. I did not know much about kidnapping, but everyone knew that the Lindbergh Law made it a capital crime. Had the Philippines heard about it? I saw myself swinging from a gallows, blindfolded before a firing squad, or languishing forever in an island dungeon.

"You will find a way," she said.

She spent that night beneath the mattress covers, and much of the next day. I spent the night with my rifle, listening for footsteps, expecting the blade on the back of my neck. During the day I allowed myself to doze off a few times, but never for long. No one had come to see me. By nightfall I knew what I must do.

I let her sleep until four in the morning. Then I disassembled my rifle, wrapping the smaller parts in oiled cloth, and slipped some of the small, crucial mechanisms in my pocket. Armed with carbine and three grenades, a flashlight in my hand, I woke her and told her to follow me. We went down the carabao path, through the fields of cane, slipping and stumbling through the oozing mud. Each small sound crashed in my head.

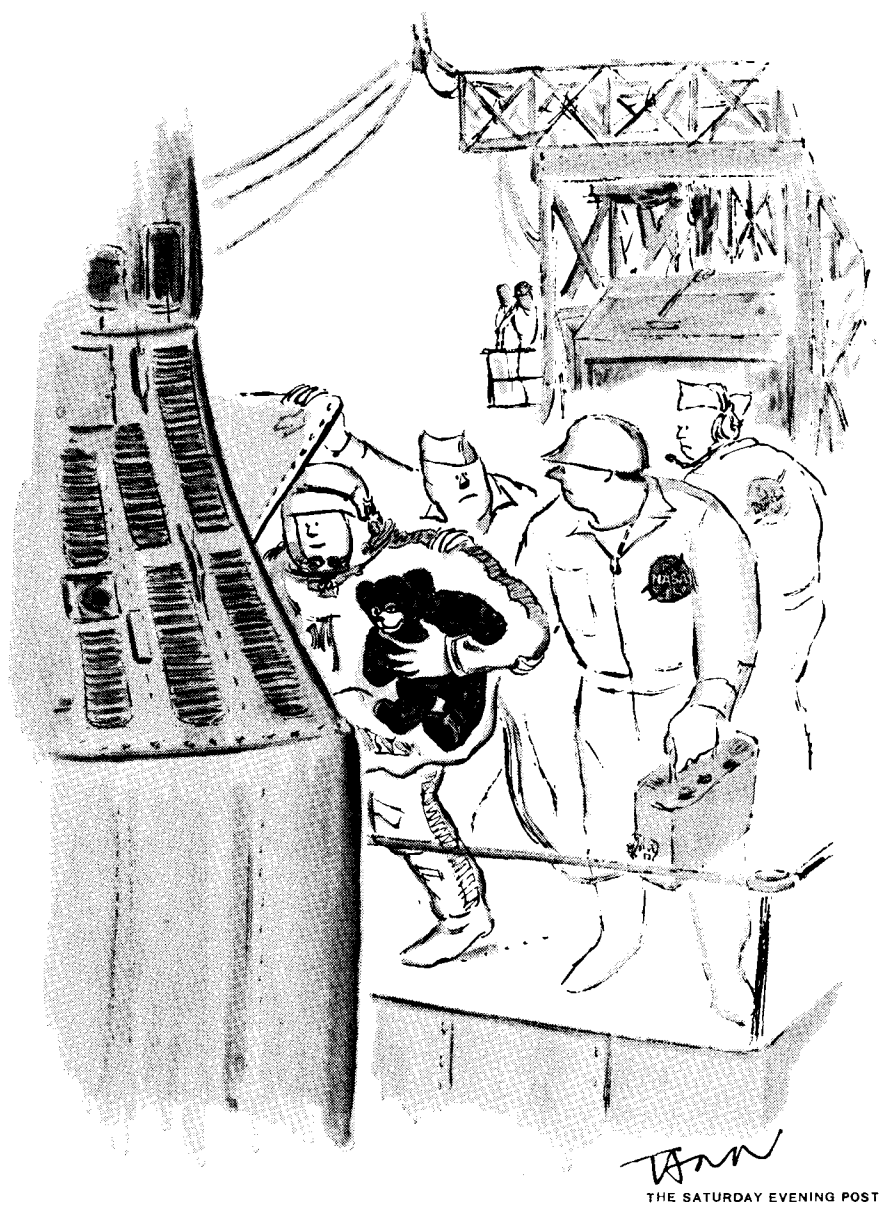
When we approached the other platform, I told her to wait for me, and moved silently past the sleeping form of my companion-in-arms. He did not stir. I left a note, which I had prepared before departing, in his helmet, which he used as a washbowl, as I did mine. I had written that I was going back to the base, that he would know why soon enough, and that he was to keep an eye on my post as best he could. Then I returned to the girl.

I never used the flashlight. We walked through the thick mud and dense undergrowth until the first dawn began to break. Now there were no nipa huts and no sugar cane, only thickets of bamboo, only rain forest. By morning we could glimpse the military road that was the main highway in that part of the island, the one our vehicles used to connect the gulf and base with the front line in the north and Manila in the south.

We stopped by the roadside for a breakfast of chocolate bars, waiting for anything going our way on wheels. Before long, though it seemed much longer, a two-and-a-half-ton truck carrying oil drums came down the road and drew to a stop alongside us. It was a Quartermaster truck, bound for Manila by way of the gulf. The driver eyed the girl, smiled at me, and told us to hop in front with him. The girl, he said, was to duck if we passed anyone, because no civilian hitchhikers were allowed. I made sure to get in first.

We reached the bay without incident, though the driver often reminded her that she must hide if we passed anyone, reaching across me to pat her thigh and knee in emphasis of his instructions. Each time she said that she understood perfectly, he need have no fear.

I asked that we be let off just before the gulf, and we walked the remaining dis-



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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tance—about two miles—to the house of her auntie in the fishing village on the coast. There was much shouting and embracing, sharp questions and firm answers, strident attempts at persuasion and persistent refusals—all conducted in Pangasinan, the provincial dialect, of which I knew only the universal words and phrases.

While her aunt glared at me, the girl said, "Auntie wants to know who is going to support me. They are very poor people, poor fishermen."

"Tell her I will."

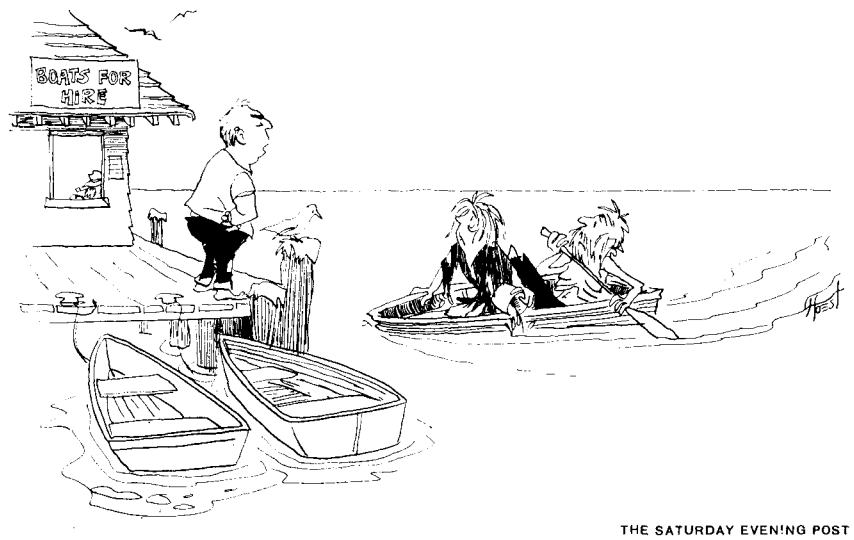
The girl reported the glad tidings, and her aunt smiled and offered me wine. I drank the wine and stayed for a lunch of rice and fish and said that I would return in the evening, if I hadn't been shot or jailed by that time, with provisions, if I could steal some.

About an hour later I reported to my company commander.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he demanded.

I told him that I had taken it upon myself to leave the outpost. All men had their breaking points, and I had reached mine. I was sick and wanted to report to the medical station. I was sure I was suffering a recurrence of malaria, or amoebic dysentery, or both. My leg was acting up again. I was no storekeeper; I was a soldier; I was afraid that they would go off to Japan, leaving me in that hole of an outpost. The Army had gone to great trouble and expense to make a soldier of me, and that was what I was going to be, if I had to be court-martialed for it. He let me go on and on, which I did, never once mentioning the girl.

At last he said, "You've had it, boy. I can see that you've had it. Well, I suppose being up with the Flips in the sticks for as long as you have will do it to any man. OK. We'll replace you on the outpost. From now on the tour of duty will be no longer than two weeks, maybe less."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's a little matter of two hundred and eighty-seven hours' overtime!"

That night I bought some stores from an easily corrupted mess sergeant, carried them past two wholly indifferent guards, and brought them to the little house in the fishing village. Auntie's husband was there, and he seemed delighted to meet me. Seeing them all together, one would have thought that she was nothing if not the daughter of this friendly, kindly, elderly fisherman and his good wife.

The girl had made *pansit* for the two of us—excellent *pansit* now that one had access to the waters of life. Our elders ate a hash of the rations I had brought; and we all drank my beer and the wine they had made. My feeling that this was in the way of being a ceremonial occasion was curiously confirmed as I was preparing to take my leave. The fisherman and his wife, beaming at us, raised cups of wine in what was evidently some sort of salute.

"They are toasting our union," the girl said. "The matrimonial chamber has been prepared." She nodded toward the inner room.

I raised my farewell cup and downed it in a gulp. "Tell them I'm very happy for us and grateful to them. Perhaps some other time. Right now I am Absent Without Leave, Confined to My Quarters, and awaiting the disposition of my case. Remember that I kidnapped you. I am an escaped jailbird and I may be dead by the end of the week."

Actually my company commander had said, "Well, we'll see what we're going to do with you. You realize that you deserted your post without authorization in time of war. That's a damn serious offense. Meanwhile, report for duty as usual and go about your business." So I went back to garbage disposal, and waited for the ax to fall.

Yet I went back every night laden with groceries, my pockets bulging ridiculously with cans of 3.2 beer. I was as much a member of that family as I had ever been of any family. Much of the time we sat and smiled at one another, exchanging words and phrases, and laughing very hard at the lunacy of our pleasure. I ate *pansit* till I thought I had invented the dish. The girl's cooking improved spectacularly. Sometimes we danced and sang.

Then, as I returned to the company area from the garbage dump late one morning, I was approached by two military policemen from divisional headquarters. I confessed that I was the soldier whose name they spoke, and they asked me to come along with them to my battalion headquarters. They said there was no need for me to change from my fatigues to dress uniform, as I offered to do. We went in their jeep. I did not bother to ask the reason for their interest in me.

My company commander was waiting for me. When I entered, an M.P. on either side of me, he said, "What the hell are you trying to do? Just exactly what do you think you're up to, anyway?"

I was standing at my kind of attention. "Sir?"

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"And don't give me any of your 'sir' crap. You know damn well what I'm talking about."

"I have a general idea, sir, but it would help if ——"

"Then look at this."

He handed me a square, thick sheet of parchment that looked very much like my high-school diploma, an award. Across the upper part, in a hemisphere of stately baroque lettering which I could not help but admire, the legend read: THE SUPREME COURT OF X—the name was that of the provincial capital. Below it there was an official seal bearing a Latin inscription. And below that I was informed that what I held in my hand was a warrant for my arrest on suspicion of abduction. There were other related charges; but I hardly glanced at those. The signatory was the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; and it was countersigned by the *capitano* and the girl's husband and a name I did not recognize. I knew the capital, a slumbering cathedral town in the plains. I could see the Chief Justice: a *capitano* on a somewhat larger scale, a decent and wise old man, a village elder with a taste for documents, conducting hearings into the facts of the case, and then, with regret, affixing his signature with a quill pen and a grand, sad flourish. Whatever the provocation and purpose, abduction, after all, was abduction.

"Well?" the captain asked.

"I see," I said.

"What do you have to say to the charges as stated?"

"I neither deny nor affirm them," I said.

"Look," he said, "I don't want any trouble from you. There's enough trouble already. This gets out and it could be an international incident. Don't think that because we're an Army and they're Flips, that this is a joke. They mean business and we mean business."

"I know," I said. "I don't think it's a joke."

"Where is she?"

I said nothing.

"Look," he said, "I don't think you understand. I've got Division on my tail, next comes GHQ, then the Inspector General's office and the War Department. Meanwhile, you've got this broad stashed away in a shack somewhere and you're playing house. Soldier, this is *war!*"

He looked at the warrant again, at the M.P.'s who stood impassively by, and back to me. I said nothing.

"OK, boy. You've got till morning to produce the body. Come across and I'm pretty sure we can fix this thing up. Be strong and silent and God-fearing and it'll mean your hide. Remember, soldier, your soul belongs to Jesus but your hide belongs to me. Meanwhile, think it over in the guardhouse and let me know when you've got something to say."

By late afternoon I asked the guard to tell the captain that I wanted to see him. He appeared at the guardhouse minutes later. "Have you seen the light?" he asked.

"I want the evening out. I don't want to be followed and I don't want to say where I'm going. I'll report back to the guardhouse."

He went through the motions of outrage, then assented and issued orders. When it was dark, I left the guardhouse and the base with a "Class A" pass, and walked carefully to the village, stopping often and listening to the sounds of the night. I was not being followed.

Like any other family man coming back to the suburbs after a day in the city, I had always arrived at suppertime. The *pansit* was simmering on the range, and the girl asked if anything was wrong. I told her.

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked.

"That is for you to decide. If you will not go back, I will not make you go. That will be the end of me. And once they start searching for you, they will find you. There is no doubt of it."

"They will not find me," she said. "I will go to Manila and you will take me there. They will not find us there. I have relatives in Manila."

"They may not find you there, but they will find me."

"Yes," she said, "they will find you there. If I go to Manila, what will happen to you?"

"I don't know. I don't know what the law is or how it works. I suppose that I would be convicted."

"What do you wish me to do?" she asked again.

"That is for you to decide. If you will not go back, I will not make you go. I will take my chances with the court and with the Army."

She filled two plates and poured two cups of wine. "I will go back," she said. "You may tell them where they may find me."

We drank the wine, and then two more cups. We did not eat the *pansit*. In the morning I called for the captain.

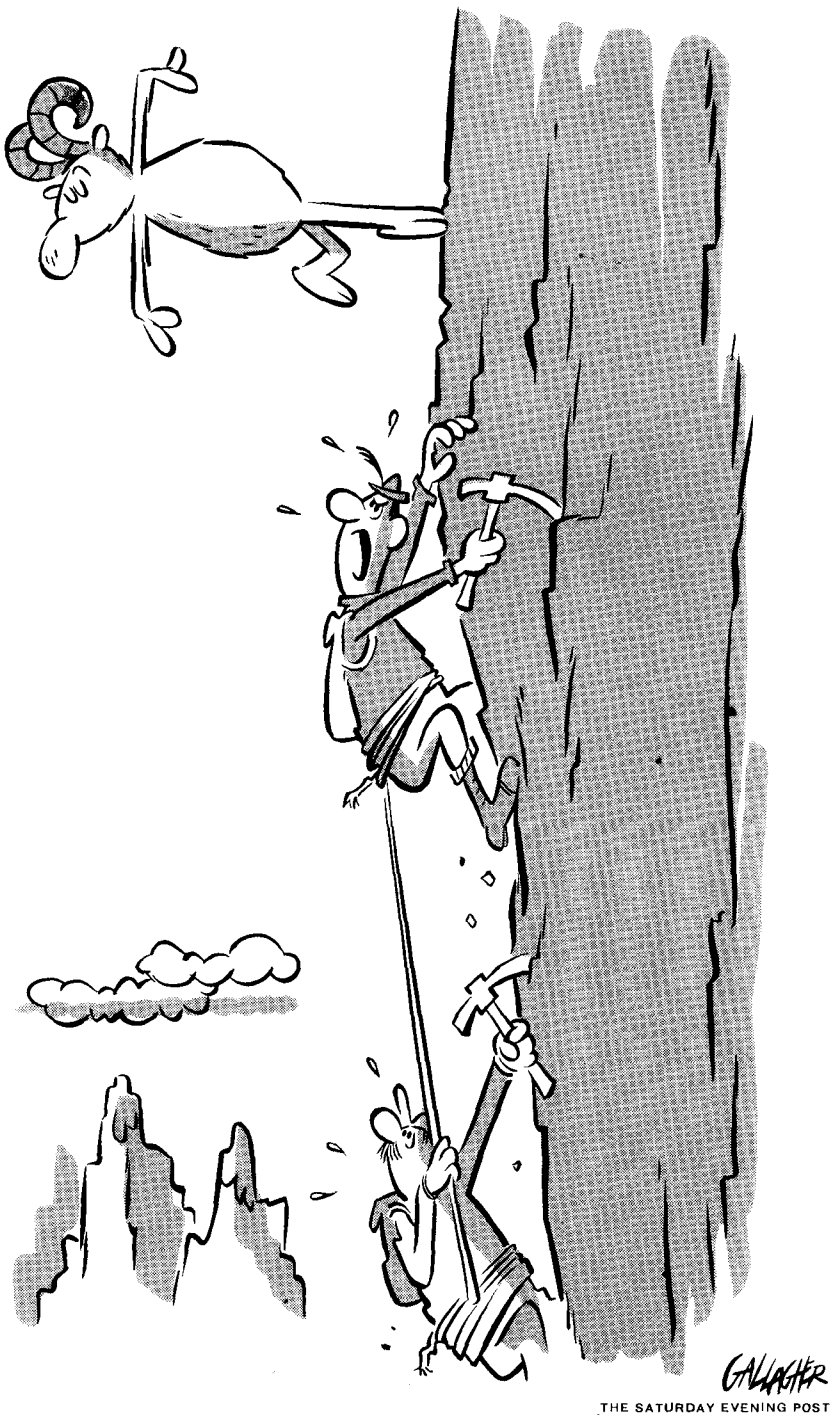
"What's new?" he asked.

I told him that I wanted a vehicle so that I could bring her back to the barrio that day.

"Nothing doing," he said. "She goes back with the M.P.'s and you stay right here. They may be through with you if she's delivered, but we're not."

In that case, I said, they could find her themselves. I suggested that Luzon was a pretty big island, and that all pretty girls look alike.

He reminded me what kind of rap this was. He said that for *them* it was abduction; for *us* it was desertion and whatever else a general court-martial could think up for me. He said they'd hang me *and* shoot me. He requisitioned a jeep for me and told me to get the hell up there and back as fast as I could move.



"Big deal!"

I drove to the village. She was in front of the house, and when she saw me she went inside and came out again a moment later with a small bundle of her things. She climbed in beside me, hugging the bundle on her lap. We had not exchanged greetings.

The drive was as long as it had been the first time I made it. The day was marvelous and the road was clear and dry. Even the mud was fine, caked hard. I picked up a few kids along the way and drove them to the next village. One of them gave me some flowers and another gave me a bunch of berries and a banana. I gave them cigarettes and told them sternly to take them home to their parents. They nodded excessively. All the way the girl and I did not speak.

First I stopped at the house of the *capitano*, who shook my hand and told me that I had done a wise and charitable thing. We gathered up the schoolmaster, who looked at me reproachfully; and then we went for the husband. He changed to his Sunday hat and got in back with the *capitano* and the schoolmaster; and I drove to the capital. There we went to the study of the priest and he squeezed in beside the girl. Though crowded, she managed to keep her distance from me. The gear stick was free and clear.

I drove to the office of the Chief Justice, who was also the postmaster. He was an old man with a sweet face.

"Oh yes," he said. "You are the American soldier and this is the young woman. I am glad you have come."

I said that I had come so that the husband could swear on a Bible that he would never again beat the girl. I demanded that he swear it before all present: the Chief Justice, the priest, the *capitano*, the schoolmaster, to whose collective guardianship I was herewith entrusting her.

The guardians all started to speak at once; then, generously, they stopped. Without a word, the girl left the room. Very solemnly we conducted my ritual. Both the Chief Justice and the priest held the Bible and swore the husband to my demand in the name of the state and the church, before the Philippine people and God. He kept nodding his head. The Chief Justice refused payment, but the priest accepted it as a donation to his church.

I dropped the priest at his study and drove the others back to the barrio. First we stopped at the nipa hut. The husband jumped out and walked straight to the hut. Holding the bundle tightly against her bosom with both arms, the betrayed girl climbed out slowly, and without looking back, followed in his path. In front of the schoolhouse the schoolmaster shook my hand ceremoniously and told me that the unfortunate aspects of the incident would be forgotten and would, in the long run, act to further Philippine-U.S. relations. In the end, he said, I had done a statesmanlike thing. From the *capitano* I learned the price of a carabao and arranged to send it to him through the Chief Justice.

We agreed that a little more than the price would not be amiss in the circumstances. Perhaps his wife could buy the girl some pretty dresses and blouses. There was no need for the girl to know their source.

By the time I got to the fishing village it was late. Auntie and her husband had retired for the night, but they let me come in. There was nothing to say and we did not exchange words and phrases beyond greeting. They did not offer me a cup of wine. THE END

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By H. E. F. Donohue

FAREWELL! FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

How would they say good-bye on that hot Sunday in May?

The English teacher said it on the westbound platform of the railroad station that Sunday in 1942. She said it to Mark Logan, who was leaving school before graduation because he was a few months older than the rest of them and so he could go off to the war sooner than they could. Michael Gahagan, who was a few months younger than the rest, heard the English teacher say it and so did everybody else because she said it quite loudly. It sounded funny. A few of the girls had laughed.

Soon the whole high school would hear about it, about how the tall, thin, sharp English teacher suddenly had called out the word Farewell, as the train had approached and Mark Logan had started to shake hands.

Everybody was there to see what Mark would do to Margie, his girl, when he had to get on the train. Michael Gahagan knew what Mark would do. Mark would sweep Margie up into his arms and say something like *Wait for me, for I shall come back*, or something like *I shall come back, for the tide is turning*.

Everybody had appeared from nowhere to stand around together on that Sunday afternoon—the close friends of Mark Logan, the secretary of the Trenton Central senior class of 1942. How had they all come there? Who had told them? No one. Michael himself had helped Mark pack, and Don Murphy had been there, too, watching Professor Logan hurry around the house while Mrs. Logan stayed in her room. Seymour had arrived at the house for the ride to the station, during which he talked about tennis too much, Michael thought, until he realized that if Seymour had not talked about tennis too much Don Murphy would have talked about girls too much, and, Michael knew, if neither of them had talked too much about anything, then Michael would have had to talk about something too much. About what? Nothing. Certainly not about tennis, which he did not play, and not about girls.

Michael once had talked about girls with Mark Logan, but they had not talked much because Mark had asked Michael what girls he liked a lot, other, that is, than Don Murphy's kid sister, and Michael knew that if he answered the question he would have to talk about Margie Anne Donadio, whom he loved, and who was Mark Logan's girl.

Seymour's tennis talk had ended when they got to the station, where it was a very hot Trenton on that Sunday in May, so the girls were there in their bright swirling summer dresses. Margie was the only one wearing something quiet and dark. I love you, Michael silently said to her when he first saw her standing at the station as he had silently said I love you to her each day he had seen her from the first day he had seen her three years before. I love you, Margaret Anne Donadio.

She nodded Hello to everyone as she usually did, making no sound, but forming the word, smiling a little, shaking hands with the professor, not yet speaking to her boyfriend, Mark Logan, while everyone watched them there together. Everybody always watched them together. It was one of the reasons, Michael supposed, that he loved her. She would never make any guy feel silly. And it was one of the reasons Michael was glad Mark Logan was his best friend. Mark had the best girl. So when the woman English teacher had said the silly words while the train was coming—Farewell, farewell, she had said—Michael had become very angry. Now the laughter will grow, he told himself. Now, when Mark kisses Margie good-bye, everyone will laugh at them. This is not a time to laugh. Someone is going away to war. A guy is leaving his girl. This, Friends, Romans, Countrymen, is a departure.

Oh why had the woman English teacher even bothered to come? Farewell, she had said. What a silly word. This is no way to say good-bye to someone like Mark Logan. It should be done silently, like a graduation or a formal funeral. But now the girls had started the laughter. They were laughing as the train pulled in, as the English teacher disappeared up the platform stairs and away, as everyone began saying Good-bye, Good-bye, all trying to shake hands with Mark Logan, who waved a little at the English teacher leaving and then started to shake hands.

He shook hands with everybody. He slapped Seymour on the can. He shook hands with Don Murphy, who drew his head close and whispered something to make him laugh. Then Mark shook hands with Michael, saying, "Keep in there punching, Mike." Then he shook hands with his father and then he turned to Margie to say good-bye to her. His turn to her caused everybody in the small crowd to try to take half a step back, as if to see and sense better, as if to give something more room. All of them watched and waited silently as the rest of the city and the railroad made all the noise in the world. A trainman shouted at them. Mark stepped forward half a step as if in a practiced play and he put his hand out. Margie seemed ready for him. Sweeping away the one side, the right side, of half-curled black hair that always fell onto her face, Margie put one foot forward, too. Then Margie and Mark shook one quick set of hands.

"Good-bye, Margie," Mark said, as if he were saying good-bye to some old aunt.

"Good-bye, Mark," she cheerfully said.

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"Take care of yourself," he said.

"You too," she said.

Then the train started to move, and Mark shook hands with his father again and stepped onto the train. Then the train, with everybody but Margie waving at it, was gone and Professor Logan was asking Margie if she would like a ride home, and she said, "Thank you, no." And the others had begun to go.

Seymour and Don Murphy each took turns saying something quiet to Margie. Don had dated her before she met Mark Logan. She said something quietly to each one, and Don and Seymour went away to play tennis. Mervin the clown was saying something to Michael. "No," Michael told him, not knowing what Mervin had said. By the time they were up on the main part of the station the others had moved away one by one, and soon, walking out of the station the back way through the small wooden tunnel over the tracks, Michael saw Margie up ahead walking alone. He stopped when he saw her, surprised to see her alone.

His movement must have made a noise because Margie stopped, too, and turned around. Michael walked to her while she waited for him, and they walked to her home through the tree-lined streets in her neighborhood near the high school, coming up to her house through the back yard full of green grass and Mrs. Donadio's flowers. They had not said much on the walk to Margie's home. "Hi," they had said. And Michael had said, "Are you going home?" And Margie had said "Yes," so they had started walking. When they came to the yard gate, Michael opened it while Margie walked through and up to the house without stopping or looking around while Michael stood waiting at the open gate. When she got to the top steps of the back porch, Margie turned around and looked back at Michael until he walked up the path to the porch.

POST FICTION

Born in Trenton, New Jersey, Harold Edward Francis Donohue, 39, will have his first novel, "The Higher Animals," published by The Viking Press this fall, to be followed by the publication of a collection of short stories called "Life in the Movies." The story presented on these pages will be part of that collection. His stories and articles also have appeared in "Harper's," "Esquire," and other magazines. He is a senior editor of the Post.

Illustration by David Passalacqua

He sat on the back porch alone until she came out with the iced tea and then they talked a little about how they did and did not like iced tea, soon not saying anything, watching the back-yard shadows and colors in the sky grow darker. When everything was almost dark, Margie touched Michael on the arm and said, "I'm sorry, Michael, I am very sorry, good night, good night." She was up and away, inside the big house before he could even put down his glass.

He finished his tea. Then he walked out of the yard through the back gate, down the street across the city to his house beyond the large high school, the school which in about one month he would leave forever. They all said that he had time for one year of college. Then off to the war. He looked along the two-block length of high school which had been made to look like a long, low, colonial home. He walked along the front of the school, continuing on toward his home, walking up over one of the high concrete bridges that went over the Pennsy's railroad tracks.

He stopped to look at the tracks. They were lighted by the lights of moving trains which were moving, he knew, long lines of sailors and soldiers. Everybody was right. The war was changing the world, the country, the town. Well, he told himself, nothing would, nothing could ever change Margie. Or Mark. Or that old fool of a female English teacher. Her image brought a smile to Michael's face. He remembered what she had said. He felt the smile leave his face. It left his face feeling weighted down. His eyes began to burn.

He turned away, refusing to look any longer at the glistening, singing railroad tracks, hurrying home, running, hearing, feeling in his ears, the teacher's knowing cry: Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! THE END

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BRIAN GLANVILLE, at age 32, is a prolific writer of fiction (two short-story collections, seven novels), a sports columnist (for the London Sunday Times), a TV writer and the scriptwriter for a documentary film on modern Italy (first-prize winner, Berlin Film Festival, 1963). "Diamond," his latest novel to appear in this country, won rave reviews in 1962: An "immensely moving book," wrote the Saturday Review critic. Glanville, a Londoner, will come here next month to cover the Clay-Liston fight.

"We'd never boxed competitive, not even at school. . ."

The Twins

It happened in the sixth. He kneeled there sort of dazed, and people thought he was deliberately staying down.

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By Brian Glanville

As you say, I mean, it's very unusual, you don't get *twins* boxing professional. Brothers, yes, but not twins. The only twins I can think of in the British Isles, apart from ourselves, of course, are the Coopers, but they're heavyweights, and Tom and myself are middles. Most people couldn't tell us apart, not until I got me nose broken, boxing amateur in the Air Force. The doctor set it but he didn't do it well, it's still bent.

Tom was in the R.A.F. as well, and we was always together. We got through twice into the championship finals, and once into the service finals, lightweights then, and we wouldn't fight each other. We had to toss for it, and Tom won every time. He wanted to give it to me the second and third time, but I wouldn't take it, I said to him, "It don't make no difference to *me*, I'd just as soon you won it as what *I* did."

We'd never boxed competitive, not even at school. We'd spar, yes, but that was another matter, sparring. We must have boxed hundreds and hundreds of rounds together, in fact we was sparring till only last year when our manager stopped us.

The year we came out of the Forces, Tom was in the final of the national amateurs, and I went out in the semifinal. I was glad in a way, because it meant Tom could go on and win it fair and square. Quite honestly, I think he was a better boxer than what I was, then he developed quicker, and when we turned pro together it was the same—he was still ahead of me for the first few years, until he won the title, and of course, that was that, as long as he held it, I couldn't fight for it.

A lot of people would come up and ask me, "Does it upset you?" and I'd say, "No, it don't upset me. To me, if Tom holds the title, it's as good as me holding it," which was true. Because we'd always stood up for one another, even at school. We'd always been glad when the other one done something good, whether it was boxing or examinations or girls, whatever it was. And when one of us fought, the other one always worried, it was worse for him than what it was for the other.

It was just the same when Tom was in for the title, and I was still boxing six-round preliminaries—he'd get in a terrible state. He'd be walking up and down the dressing room, up and down, and Ted Seymour, that was our manager, used to say to him, "He's all right, Tom, stop walking about or you'll drive him to crackers." Then Tom would come up to me and say, "You know it's his left hook you've got to watch," and Ted would say, "*He* knows; leave him be!" and Tom said, "Yes, but he's got this habit sometimes of dropping his guard when he comes in, Joe has. It leaves him open."

Mind you, I was just the same. I mean, I remember the night before he first fought for the title, I never got no sleep at all. In the end I went downstairs, I put on me jersey, and I went for a run. They had to hold me back at the ringside at Harringay, because he did Tom with his nut, the other fellow, he cut him in the third round, it was diabolical. I went mad, I didn't know what I was doing, they told me afterwards I was shouting, "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" But there was me Dad there; he hung on to me, he said, "Easy son," and in the end, as you know, Tom won on points.

Soon after that I broke me arm. It was silly, really, the way I done it, one of those silly things that happen. I was throwing the medicine ball to Tom and I slipped, the whole weight come down on me arm. That was the sort of thing that kept happening to me then, injuries and illnesses, one after the other. I used to think I only had to step outside the house and something was going to go wrong, so of course I wasn't *getting* anywhere.

Tom used to say to me, "You don't want to worry, Joe, you're as good as I am, I've had the luck, that's all," and Ted Seymour would say, "Joe is just unlucky," but I mean, what was the good of that? If you was unlucky, it didn't matter *how* good you were, you couldn't do nothing with it. In fact, in a way it was worse than being no good, because then you'd got only yourself to blame, if you see what I mean.

After the arm, it started with the nosebleeds. The first fight I had when I got right again, I was well ahead on points, well ahead, then the other bloke caught me on the nose, not very hard, and you'd have thought the blood would never stop coming. They plugged it for one round, my corner, but the next round I had to retire.

The second time it happened wasn't even in a fight, it was sparring with Tom. He got me with a right—just an ordinary punch, we always pulled our punches, me and Tom—but the blood came pouring out again like me nose was broken, and Tom was more upset than I was. He kept saying, "Sorry, Joe, sorry, Joe," and I was lying there on the floor in the dressing room, I said, "It isn't *your* fault, Tom."

The end of it was I see this specialist, and he says, "Hemorrhage. You'll have to have an operation." He said it was probably from that time I'd broke it, in the Air Force. Well, that was another three months, and when I got back, a lot of me confidence had gone, because although I'd *had* the operation, you have this thing in the back of your mind, what's happened once can happen again. The only *good* thing that might have come out of it was I'd put on a lot of weight and Ted and I thought maybe I could fight as a cruiser, what you call in America a light heavyweight, which of course would put me clear of Tom.

In fact, I did *have* a fight as a light heavy, but I was slow, I didn't need that weight. I was a natural middle, just like Tom was.

Later on that year Tom went over to Boston to fight for the world title and I went with him as sparring partner. I don't think none of us enjoyed it much, they're very loud, the American reporters, very aggressive, and of course, you know about Boston, they say you've got to knock the bloke out to get a draw.

The night of the fight was terrible, worse even than when he fought for the British title, because at least then he was at home. I sat there in the dressing room and tried to keep from moving about in case it might upset him. He knew what was going on because he come up to me and put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Joe, why don't you relax?" He knew it was worse for me than what it was for him, just like when I fought it was worse for *him*, because at least when you're fighting, you're doing something.

Anyway, the fight was terrible. The other fellow lay all over him, holding and clinging on to him, and the referee never warned him, not once in the whole fight. I said to Ted, "I reckon the referee's that fellow's uncle." The end of it was Tom lost on points and I honestly admit it, I felt like crying.

That was three years ago, and in that time, a lot of things have happened. Tom's still the champion, of course, the British champion, *that* ain't changed, but both of us got married, Tom first and then meself, a

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

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few months later. Maybe it was Tom getting married made up me mind to do the same thing because I'd been sort of thinking, should I, shouldn't I, should I, shouldn't I. I'd known *my* wife much longer than Tom knew his, before he married her. Then when he moved out of the house, it seemed to decide me. To tell the truth I couldn't get used to it, him not being there, and doing things together.

Then it went better for me. I started to improve, partly because I stopped getting these injuries and illnesses, and partly I suppose it was experience. I mean, I'm a late developer, I can see that now—just because you're twins don't necessarily mean you come along at the same pace.

I fought a few continentals, German and French, then Ted got me this American, Hank Atkins. Tom had beaten him on points, and I knocked him out in five. Mind you, he'd taken a hiding from Fullmer in between.

After that, they was rating me fourth and then, inside the year, I was number-one contender to Tom. I'd never been boxing so well, I knew that. I was moving quicker, seeing openings quicker, and I was a lot stronger inside, you couldn't push me about no more. But of course, as far as the British title was concerned, that was Tom's, so I couldn't fight for it, and the European title was a waste of time. If a German didn't have it, an Italian had it, and fighting in either of them countries was worse than fighting in Boston—you'd only do yourself harm.

One day down at the gym Ted Seymour, our manager, said to us, "There's too much needle in the sparring," and we was both surprised, because *we* hadn't noticed nothing, we was still the best of friends, Tom and me.

The only thing was, I suppose with me improving, Tom had to pull out that little bit more. Mind you, there'd never been *that* much between us, sparring, because I knew *his* moves, just like he knew mine. With Tom, it was his right you'd got to look out for, he'd got a fair left jab, but it didn't hurt you, what it did was it set you up for the right, so naturally you kept moving to his left.

A few days after Ted had spoke to me, I caught him with a left hook and I knocked him down. There weren't no hard feelings, he was up again in a few seconds and of course he come after me, it was natural, but at the end of the round Ted said, "That's *it*, that's enough for this morning," and *we* both said to him, "Why, Ted? We're enjoying it," and he said, "Maybe you are, maybe you *are* enjoying it, but I'm not seeing you knock each other about like this for nothing, it's bad enough when it matters."

Then later on when Tom wasn't there he said to me, "What are you trying to prove to him?" and I said, "I ain't trying to prove nothing," and he said, "*I* know you're fighting better, *he* knows you're fighting better, you don't have to prove nothing to *us*."

Then not long after that it happened again, only this time it was Tom knocked *me* down. He done it with a right cross, and I got up and come back at *him*, and Ted stopped it right away, he said, "That's the finish, you two don't spar no more."

It was a funny feeling that, after all them years. I'd come down to the gym and it was like something was missing. Tom, he felt the same, but we weren't going to argue with Ted. I mean, what he said we'd always *gone* by, and maybe there was something in it we couldn't see.

Then I got into the world ratings. Tom had been there three or four years, he was usually round number six or seven, and I got in at number ten. I'd beat a couple more Americans. Tom was hoping for another go at the world title, and Ted had promised me that after that, if Tom was beat again and I kept on like I did, he'd try for me, as well. In England there wasn't a lot for Tom to fight, only this Ronnie Brown, a northern boy, and I didn't rate him much meself, I'd boxed a draw with him a year ago and in my opinion he was dead lucky. I thought he was wide open.

Still, Tom had to defend sometime, and they made him defend against Brown. It was top of the bill at Wembley Pool, and I was on it too. I fought the supporting fight against an American, Townsend.

It was a funny thing, maybe I had a feeling or something, but although everyone thought it's going to be dead easy for Tom—all the writers and Ted as well, they was all confident—I'd never been so worried.

That morning, down at the gym, Tom noticed. He said to me, "Don't *worry*, Joe, you'll spoil your *own* fight," and again, in the dressing room, before I went into the ring, "Forget about me, Joe, just win *your* fight."

As a matter of fact, I did win it, I won it very easy, I stopped him in three. But when I got back in the dressing room, it was like I'd lost, I got so worried again, till in the end Ted said to me, "You'd better get out of here, Joe. Tom ain't thinking about the fight, he's worrying about *you*."

When they come down to the ring, with the trumpets and all, I couldn't look, I didn't look at all till the first bell went, and my wife was one side of me and Tom's wife the other and they was saying, "What is it, Joe? What's the matter?" and *my* wife said, "Did you get hurt, or something?"

Well, the first five rounds I relaxed, because Tom was playing with him, he was catching him when he liked, making him look like an amateur, I never thought it would go the distance. In fact, at the end of the third Tom had him down for six when the bell went, and I reckon if he'd of had to get up he'd have been in real trouble.

Then just at the end of the sixth it happened, wham! Right out of the blue, this Brown caught Tom with a right to the chin, it only traveled a few inches, and he was down. I couldn't believe it. He was sitting up at six, he was on one knee at eight, and I was yelling at him, "Get up, Tom, get up!" I was on me feet, I was *willing* him to get up.

Them two seconds were the longest in my life, they seemed like years. I thought he was going to do it but he just stayed there, sort of smiling, you know how it is when you're dazed, and people think you're deliberately staying down, but of course you can't do nothing about it. Then the referee was waving his arms, it was all over, and the next thing that happened was I passed out.

They told me I wasn't out long, only a minute, and it was Ted brought me round, he come over from Tom's corner with the sponge. Then he helped me down to the dressing room, all the crowd was shouting at me but I couldn't hardly hear, and Tom was there on the table, he sat up as soon as I come in and he said, "Are you all right, Joe, are you all right?"

And I said, "Yeah, I'm all right, Tom, I'm sorry, Tom." Then I sat down there on the bench with me head in me hands and all I could think of was, "He ain't the champ no more, he ain't the champ."

There wasn't no return clause in their contract—Ted wouldn't ever have none in, he said it wasn't fair to me, because then it could go on forever, Tom fighting for the title and me waiting. So I got me chance against Brown that November. I knew I could beat him, in fact *Tom* could beat him, because it was only a lucky punch put him down, it could of happened to anybody.

So all during the training I felt worried about it, in fact one day I said to Tom when he came down the gym, I said, "Tom, it ought to be you, he never ought to have beaten you," but he said, "Don't you worry about that, Joe, you just knock him out, do it for both of us."

The night of the fight, I never give Brown a thought, all that worried me was, am I entitled to be fighting? Tom was in the dressing room like he always was—it was Wembley again—and when it come to going down to the ring, he said, "Good luck then, Joe," and put his hand on me shoulder, and for a minute, I wanted to apologize.

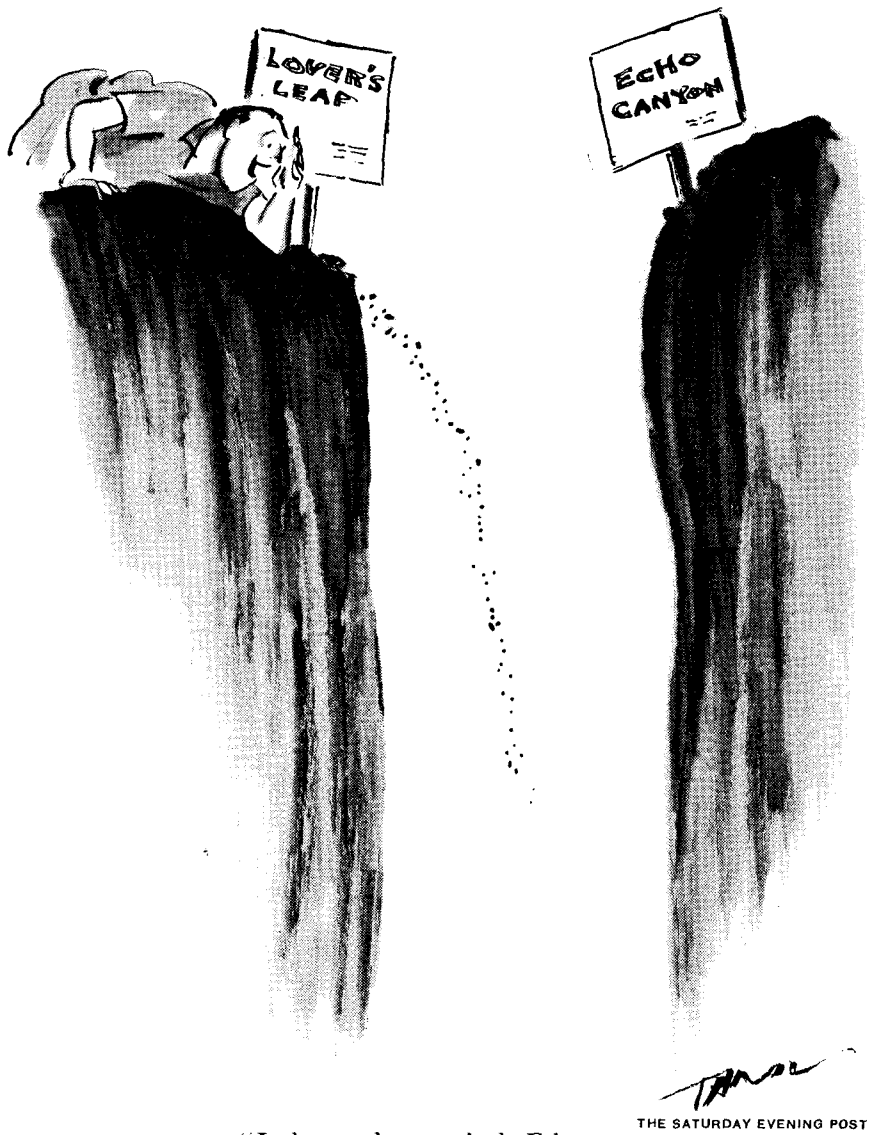
I did knock him out, I knocked him out in seven. I was well ahead after the fifth, and then he caught me with his nut, he'd always been too keen with his nut, and me eye started to bleed. They was working away at it in the corner, Ted and Johnny, the trainer, but as fast as they patched it up, it opened up again, and it was affecting me vision, the blood was coming down over me eye. I knew I had to finish it quick or the referee would stop it.

But then again, between rounds, it wasn't me eye that worried me, I was thinking of Tom there, down by the side of the ring—relations ain't allowed in your corner—and wondering what he was feeling. Because if it had been me and he'd been fighting and got cut . . . well, I didn't know no more, I didn't know what'd be going through me head.

Then this Brown come in with a right and I slipped it and I caught him with a good left hook, then I got him with a right as he was going down, and that was it. I was champion.

The thing is, though, I don't enjoy it, because you couldn't *get* no closer than what we was, me and Tom—not just brothers but twins as well. And now that's gone, it just ain't there no more. I mean, we don't *quarrel*, we're *polite* and that, but it ain't the same. Personally, meself, I blame the sparring, when Ted stopped it, I think it was that, I don't think it's the championship at all. I'm defending next month against this Welshman, Davies, and I'd hate to lose to him.

Still, if it meant things going back to what they were, maybe I wouldn't mind. I mean, boxing ain't your *life*. It ain't everything. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I changed my mind, Edna . . .
I changed my mind, Edna . . .
I changed my mind, Ednaa . . .
I changed my mind, Ednaaa . . .
I changed my mind, Ednaaaaaa . . .!"

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"Is there anything bad about borrowing money?"

Ask somebody if there is anything "bad" about borrowing money and he'll probably quip, "You have to pay it back." Fine, but that's more amusing than accurate.

Financially *successful* families know from experience that the only really bad thing about borrowing money is paying more interest than you should. These families keep the cost of credit down by doing all their borrowing from a "Full Service" bank. Why? The answer is obvious.

"Full Service" banks traditionally lend money at lower rates. And these banks are the only financial institutions empowered to make all kinds of loans: home loans, personal loans, auto loans—loans for practically any legitimate purpose you can name.

The best place to borrow is a "Full Service" bank

Most families *borrow* far more money in a lifetime than they're able to save. (Often as much as $50,000 total.) If they had to rely on their savings alone, they'd have to wait years to own their own homes or the furniture that's in them. They couldn't trade in their cars as often, or take a well-deserved vacation, or send more than one child to college at a time. (Going into business for themselves or buying a piece of income property would be out of the question.)

In short, even though these people earn a reasonably good income, they would be financially frustrated in trying to raise their standard of living without borrowing money.

How do you get started with a "Full Service" bank?

The easiest way to get on a borrowing basis with a "Full Service" bank is to give it all your banking business. If you already have a checking account, it's at a "Full Service" bank. It has to be. So put your savings there, too. Maybe even take advantage of their safe deposit boxes, credit references and 101 other banking services.

Then, do a little snooping and find out how little these banks charge on loans. You'll discover, for example, that it's possible to save as much as $100 on a $2,000 loan. Stop in today and find out for yourself.

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Your Full Service Commercial Bank

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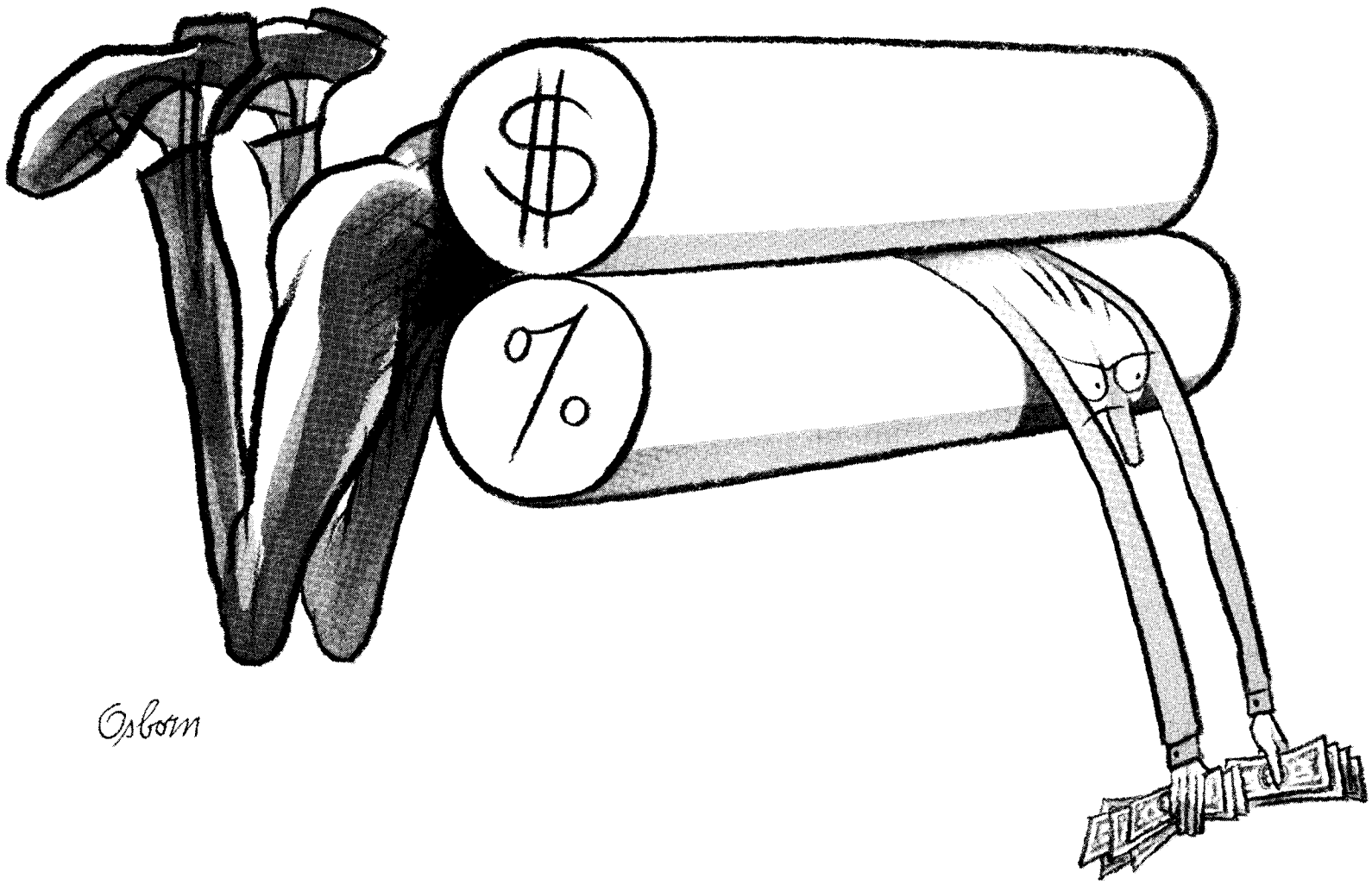

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"THIS IS WAR"

Heading a motley army of housewives, priests and businessmen, a rebel named Saul Alinsky proves that you can fight City Hall—and win.

By HILLEL BLACK

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

Saul David Alinsky has been branded a tool of the Catholic Church, an atheist, a secret agent in the pay of the Protestants, a Marxist, a gangster and a fascist. Alinsky, who happens to be Jewish, and who looks about as sinister as the average middle-aged college professor, views these criticisms with considerable amusement. "That makes me quite a switch-hitter, doesn't it?" he says.

He has achieved this controversial position because of his activities as founder and director of the Industrial Areas Foundation, a Chicago-based organization devoted to attacking social problems. It is not I.A.F.'s aims which arouse such bitterness, but the methods with which it tries to achieve them. A social worker dealing with a rent-gouging slum landlord might try to appeal to his better nature; in the same situation Alinsky declares war. I.A.F. will call for mass picketing of the slumlord's business office and home, then will distribute to his suburban neighbors leaflets branding him as a community pariah. The organization will bring him before a tribunal of enraged citizens who berate him in public. Alinsky also enlists ministers and priests to lead mass sit-ins on the theory that no politician in his right mind will "knock a man of God." And he is not above suggesting that these same leaders should, if the occasion demands it, break the law. "The haves made the laws," says Alinsky. "The have-nots must appeal to a higher law.

"This is a war against poverty, misery, delinquency, disease and injustice," he declares. "The obstacles that must be moved are strong—the 'respectable' interests that get their income from the deprived and defenseless; employers who want cheap labor; 'nice' people who don't want to be bothered. They play rough, and you have to play rough against them."

His critics answer by saying that Alinsky is a Machiavellian demagogue who undermines the democratic process. "What you are apt to end up with is a Frankenstein monster that disrupts the government of an entire city," declares Dr. Walter Kloetzli, secretary of Urban Church Planning for the National Lutheran Council. Says Dr. Harold Fey, editor of the liberal Protestant *Christian Century*, "I believe his orientation is basically Marxist."

Despite the barrage of criticism, Alinsky is not without admirers. Among them are Michigan's Gov. George Romney, former Metropolitan Life Insurance Company president Cecil North and Catholic philosopher Jacques Maritain, who left his post as French ambassador to the Vatican and flew to Chicago to be with Alinsky following the death of Alinsky's first wife.

Moreover, since its founding 24 years ago, I.A.F. has received donations totaling $1,750,000 from industrialists, merchants, labor leaders and the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches.

The main function of I.A.F. is to supply Alinsky's know-how and Alinsky-trained organizers to communities where the citizens seek to better their lot. Over the years the foundation has helped organize two million Americans in 50 communities—among them impoverished migrants in Kansas City, Kans., unemployed copper miners in Butte, Mont., Negro slum dwellers in Chicago and Mexican-Americans in California.

The headquarters of I.A.F. is an unpretentious Chicago office overlooking Lake Michigan. The office consists of three small rooms, a secretary, a blackboard, an asthmatic air conditioner and Alinsky. The son of a sweatshop operator, Saul Alinsky began his career as a criminologist working among the condemned at Joliet State Prison. In the late 1930's he turned to social action, organizing Chicago's meat slaughterers into the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council which attacked unsanitary and dilapidated housing, juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination. The council proved so successful that Alinsky formed I.A.F. so that he could be a full-time hell raiser. Now pushing 55, he scuds around the country like a jovial Robespierre, fostering Alinsky-style revolutions.

"I hate conditions, not people," Alinsky says in explanation of his own intense emotions and philosophy. "I hate bigotry. And I hate the kind of poverty where a human being sees himself facing a life without hope.

"The problem," he continues, "is that the underprivileged have no power over their lives, and they know it. They want bread and opportunity; instead they're offered 'consolation,' 'adjustment,' arts and crafts, fun and games. No wonder they fail to respond. That's like prescribing aspirin to cure cancer. Show them how to get the power to achieve what *they* want, not what somebody else thinks is sufficient for them, and they'll uplift their community themselves."

Alinsky years ago came to the conclusion that the most effective way to move men is to play on their own self-interest. "Most of the churches today," he declares, "want to integrate their communities. One reason is the moral imperative of their own Judaic-Christian faith. But there is another reason. Integration today is the time span between the first Negro family moving into a white neighborhood and the last white family moving out. Most churches can't afford this. While the drugstores, banks and funeral parlors can follow the white community, the churches are tied to their real estate. So the ministers or priests, who also want to live by their religious ethic, ask me what I can do to help work out an integrated community."

When a community comes to Alinsky with a problem, he usually sends in his people to help. He generally remains in the office, and his organizers send him daily reports. Alinsky himself rarely offers any comments or advice except when he is asked to do so by the I.A.F. men in the field or the community's leaders. Sometimes he will let the citizens' organizations make tactical blunders. "I am more concerned with teaching people," he says, "than winning any particular issue. I want to build an organization that will carry on without me ten years from now."

Battlefront in Chicago

Currently I.A.F. and Alinsky-trained organizers are working in California with Mexican-Americans and in three Chicago communities: a white neighborhood that is becoming integrated, a Negro neighborhood fighting slum blight and an old-world neighborhood that is trying to preserve itself against exploitation by absentee landlords, against arbitrary rezoning and against a city-inspired steamroller known as urban renewal. It is in this aging community that Alinsky and his organizers are waging one of their most notable battles.

Located about three miles northwest of the city's bustling Loop, the area is primarily a working-class district. Most of the 160,000 people in the area are Catholic. Many are also homeowners, living in two- or three-story houses that have been passed down by their fathers and their fathers before them. The old-world quality comes from their backgrounds: Polish, Italian, Lithuanian, Ukrainian and German, with a sprinkling of Negroes and Puerto Ricans. In such a world the roots sink deep even if the soil is asphalt.

Then, in 1957, the community nightmare began. That was the year the city council declared that 51 percent of the area was dilapidated, a claim which the citizens disputed. The decision was the basis for a projected urban-renewal program that would bring millions of dollars in federal money into Chicago. It would also result in the razing of hundreds of houses and the scattering of thousands of people who had known no other home.

Repeated attempts by priests and ministers to learn the city's plans proved unsuccessful. Finally, in 1961, 22 Catholic priests met with Alinsky, hoping he could help them build an organization that could preserve the community.

The first thing Alinsky did was talk tough. "If you want to do something," he told the priests, "you will have to pay the freight. If you are not interested in paying every nickel, then you are not interested in doing the job. After you get the money, you will have to spend time getting to know your own people. Up to now you've mouthed the democratic process. Now you are going to have to live it."

Most of the priests had never been talked to that way before. But they listened and accepted. By the end of the first year they were supposed to raise $54,000 to get the campaign organized. The goal was reached within two months. Though all the money came from the Catholic churches, the priests agreed that each group that wished to join would have equal voice in running the Northwest Community Organization, as they called their new citizens' association. Members now include businessmen, settlement houses and Protestant churches.

Meanwhile, Alinsky assigned Tom Gaudette, a square-jawed, slightly graying former Air Force officer, as N.C.O. organizer. Gaudette is a typical I.A.F. man. Calm, wise, tough—he was an amateur boxer—he does not panic under fire. As a bomber pilot over Europe during World War II, he flew 40 missions and managed to survive the bloody Ploesti oil-field raids. Then in 1944, while returning from a mission over Prague, his B-24 was shot down. He landed the bomber in a field in the Austrian Alps without injury to the 11-member crew. A band of Tito's partisans found them and brought the crew out of enemy territory, for a price—$1,000 a head. Though Gaudette did not know it at the time, it was his first experience with the Alinsky theory that people act out of self-interest.

After the war years Tom Gaudette returned to the prosaic world of school, work and family. He studied business

Alinsky tours Chicago community: "I hate the kind of poverty where a person faces life without hope."

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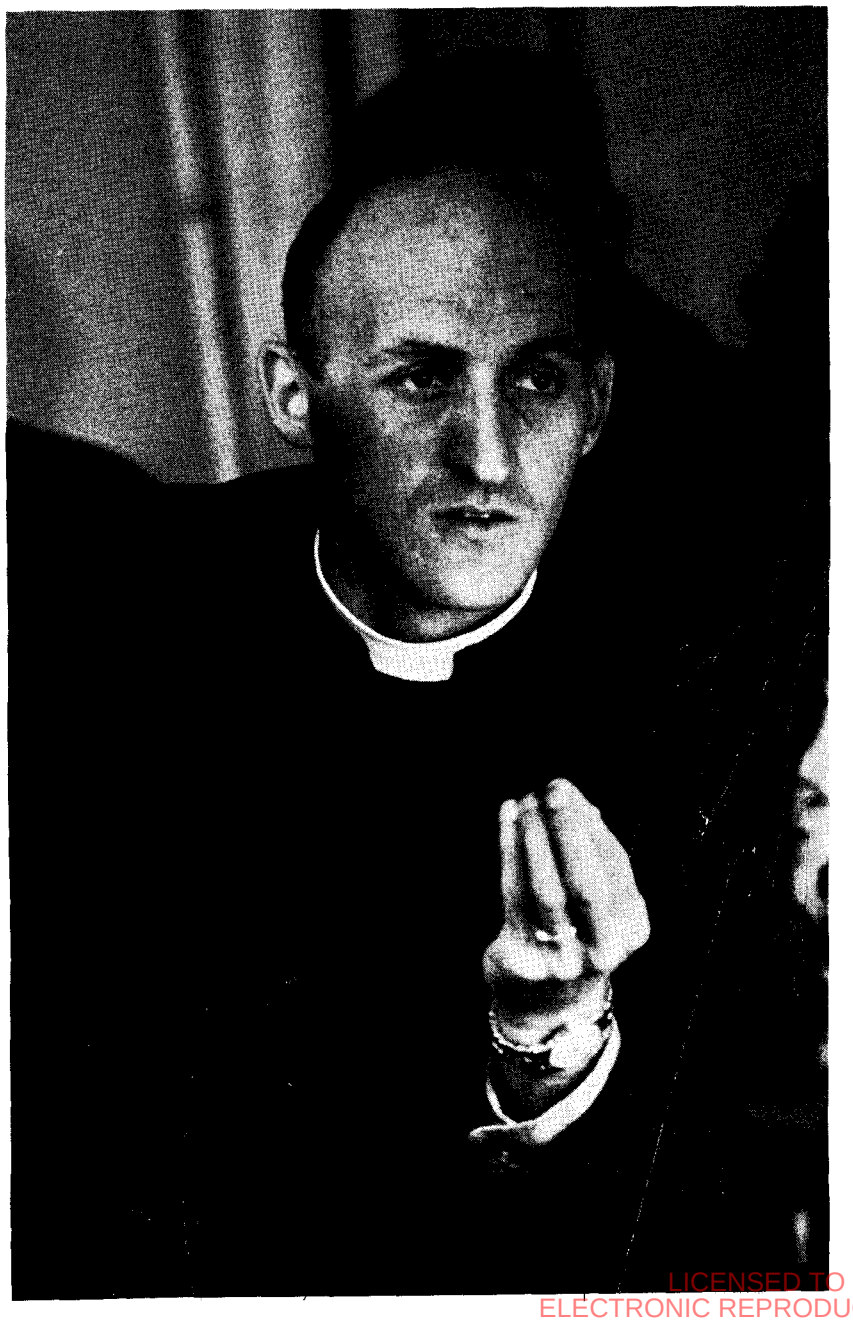
Tom Gaudette, Alinsky's aide in one area, proved shock tactics work.

"Begin with guerrilla tactics. Your job is to organize an army, not to score victories."



Rev. Richard Prosser collected garbage to dramatize Chicago's neglect of its streets.

administration, got a job with an airline, then moved to Chicago, where he became director of transportation for Admiral Corporation. Then something happened to Gaudette's world: It blew up.

A neighborhood where he once lived was invaded by blockbusters—unscrupulous real-estate operators who frighten white homeowners into selling their homes cheaply, then charge high prices to Negro buyers. For the first time Gaudette became deeply involved in community affairs. "I found out about patronage," he recalls, "and how real-estate syndicates created racial hatred. And I became a nut on blockbusters."

Alinsky heard about Gaudette and offered him an I.A.F. job. "I want people," Alinsky says, "who can burn against injustice with a hot anger, but who can bridle their anger so that it becomes cold and hard. This way they can act with calculation." For Gaudette the anger had already come. But as an I.A.F. organizer, he would have to take a cut in salary from $11,000 to $8,500. He also happened to be the father of seven children. His wife, whose family had lived in Chicago for three generations, finally persuaded him. "How long," she asked, "are we going to sit by and let this happen? Are you just going to be like the rest of the men? If you have the guts, I'm willing to work with you."

Then began the period of intensive training that had turned other organization men into practicing I.A.F. revolutionaries. Gaudette's first assignment consisted of reading passages from or about Moses, St. Paul, Lenin, Robespierre, John Adams and Tom Pendergast, the Missouri machine boss who made Harry Truman famous. Alinsky would call Gaudette into his office and, with the air conditioner wheezing away, discuss organizational tactics as used by Moses in the Israelite trek through the desert and the principle of self-interest as applied by Tom Pendergast. After four months' training, which included work in other I.A.F. projects, Gaudette seemed ready to organize a section of northwest Chicago.

"Begin with guerrilla tactics," Alinsky told Gaudette. "Your job is to organize an army, not to score victories."

For the next two months Gaudette walked the streets, rang doorbells, talked to housewives, businessmen, priests, ministers. He never lectured. Instead he asked again and again: What do you fear, what problems trouble you the most? And as he listened, he searched for the one issue that would unite the people in anger. It came when he picked up the phone and called the local ward office.

The man Gaudette had phoned was the area's all-powerful main ward committeeman, Matt Bieszcat, who had been elected by the Democratic precinct captains. When Gaudette asked him to come to a meeting and help form a people's organization, the people's representative put it simply: "Look, sonny, I own this area. Just keep your two cents out of it. I decide what's going to happen." When he was invited again to the meeting, he bluntly told the Air Force veteran, who was backed by 22 Catholic priests an nearly as many Protestant ministers: ". don't want to talk to you damn Commies."

Gaudette was overjoyed; the ward committeeman had given the organizer the issue he sought. In February, 1962, the community held its first meeting with about 400 people in attendance. Gaudette proceeded to repeat what Bieszcat had said. Several people angrily demanded that the politician be brought to the meeting for an accounting. A citizens' calling committee, which included the vice president of a local bank, the head of a church organization and a priest, went to meet Bieszcat. When they returned with the ward committeeman, those at the meeting were waiting for him. "Why don't you work with the people?" they asked him. "Why do we only see you at election time?" He responded by condemning the citizens' organization and stalking out.

"People used to say you can't fight the politicians," recalls Gaudette. "They had no hope that anything could be done. When the ward committeeman left, they knew they could fight."

And they did. They fought at City Hall when over 1,000 men, women and children, including housewives in babushkas and nuns in their coifs, jammed in to tell the City Council Committee on Housing and Planning that they did not want their houses replaced by factories. They wanted their own homes rehabilitated. The committee members looked at the silent, waiting faces, and declared that the area would be zoned just the way the people wanted it.

The people also fought the politicians in the street. N.C.O. representatives had asked a local ward alderman to have the city sanitation department increase the number of garbage collections and clean up the refuse that spilled over the sidewalks, the alleys and the gutters. When they got no action, Rev. Richard Prosser, a crusading young Presbyterian minister, led a broom brigade of 100 residents who lived on West Walton Street.

A ton of Chicago filth

Together they swept up beer cans, cigarette butts, dirty rags and dog droppings and piled the debris into a rented autotrailer. With the minister in the lead car and the filth trailing behind, they formed a procession of cars and drove to a tavern owned by the alderman's wife. They then deposited their calling card—a ton of Chicago filth—on the tavern driveway. The sanitation department now comes twice a week to sweep the streets.

"Before I.A.F.," said Prosser, "there would have been a four-week conference on cleaning West Walton Street followed by a fifteen-hour committee meeting. But this time we had a block meeting the night before, decided it was our responsibility to do something, and began the next morning."

The inhabitants of the district also battled the slum landlords by picketing their businesses and homes. Once, they occupied part of a bank which refused to divulge the name of a slum landlord. The leader of this sit-in was Father Tony Janiak, president of N.C.O. and assistant

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pastor of Holy Innocents Church. A gentle man, Father Tony had served as a priest for 20 years—peacefully. Then Saul Alinsky sent Tom Gaudette into Father Tony's area. "The people always talk about you," Gaudette told him. "They say you understand." Gaudette finally talked Father Tony into attending a community meeting. And it wasn't long before the priest who had never walked a picket line was raising hell, Alinsky-style.

"There were 40 of us at the bank-sit," Father Tony recalled. "Mostly women. We sat outside the bank's executive offices for three hours, but no one would see us. Then lunchtime came, and someone accidentally spilled a bottle of milk all over the big beautiful rug. The bank people couldn't stand it any longer. They called us into the boardroom, and we told the bank president what we wanted. And this official, who had not even deigned to answer our letter, said, 'Is that all?' He motioned to an assistant and the assistant brought the papers, and he signed them. Now we could get at the slum owner.

"Then the bank president turned to me—his voice sounded so shocked—and he said, 'I can understand the others doing this. But you—a man of the cloth.' Then he said something derogatory about the people. I replied, 'These are not bad people, but good people. And if I do not stand up for them, who will?'"

Father Tony paused, his hands folded. "The people used to come to me," he said, "but there was nothing I could really do. Now with N.C.O. I have a club. For all the years I have been a priest I am just beginning to understand the dignity of people. Does this shock you?"

And the victories continue to come. Like the big one, in January, 1963, when Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago named the first Conservation Commission for the northwest section of the city. The commission has 15 members, 11 of whom belong to N.C.O. Since the commission must pass on all urban redevelopment plans for the area, nothing can be done without community approval.

But for Tom Gaudette, the Reverend Mr. Prosser and Father Tony, the real victory is not one that can be measured in terms of lifeless statistics. "I don't know how many houses have been rehabilitated," says Gaudette. "But I can tell you about individuals, how they've changed. Once they were fearful, scared, hesitant. It was impossible to do anything. The people were apathetic, without hope. Then all of a sudden they were not afraid, not fearful. By God, they say, we *can* whip the enemy."

For Saul Alinsky, the enemy will stay whipped only if the people have the organization that gives them the opportunity to fight for their rights. Once a priest and member of the Christopher Movement explained his group's program for improving the world through individual good deeds. He then offered Alinsky the group's slogan: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

"Light the candle by all means, Father," Alinsky replied. "But don't hold it up in the darkness. Apply it to a certain sensitive part of the human anatomy. You'll get better results." THE END

With Chicago residents who have asked his help to save their community, Alinsky (right) views one of the dilapidated buildings.

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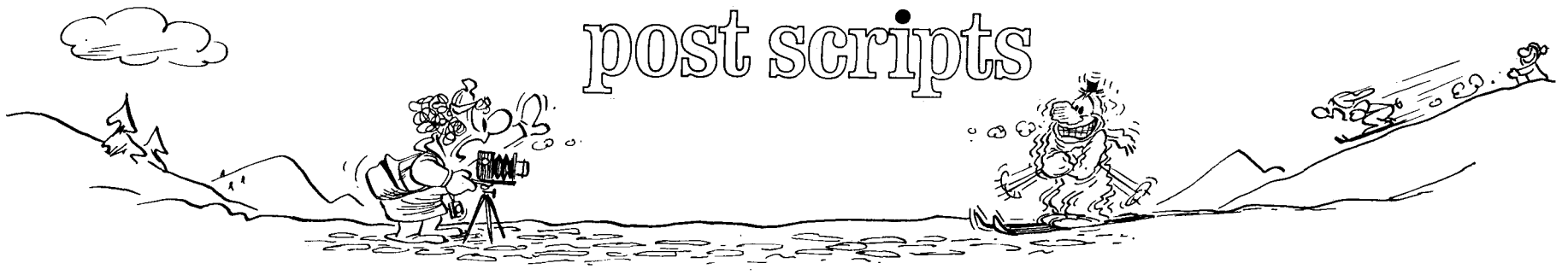
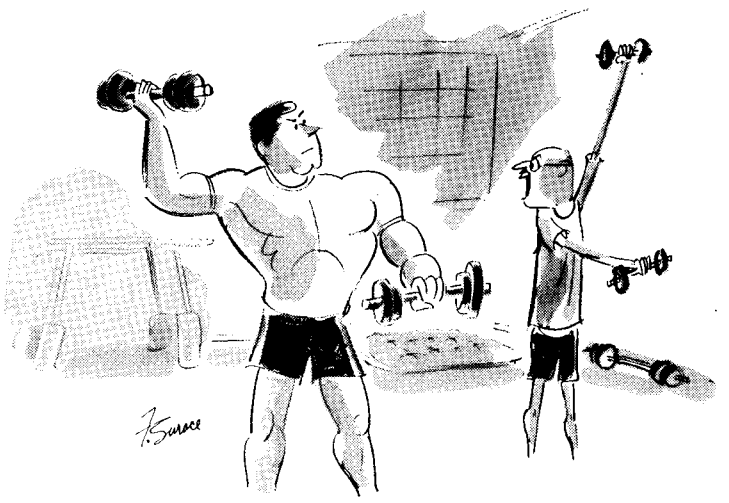
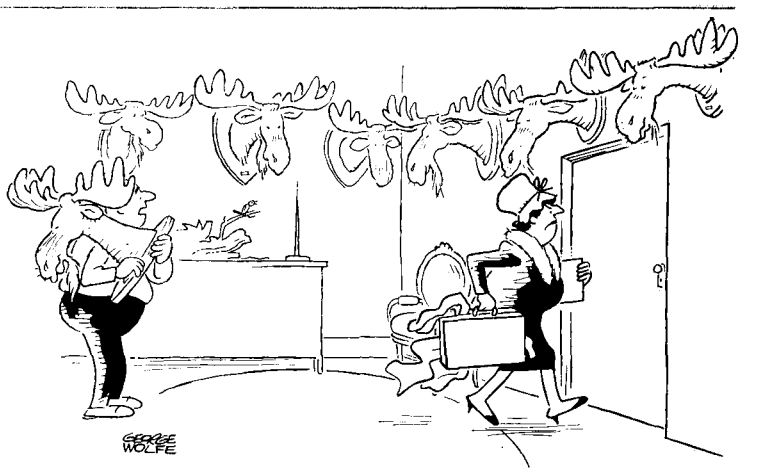
post scripts

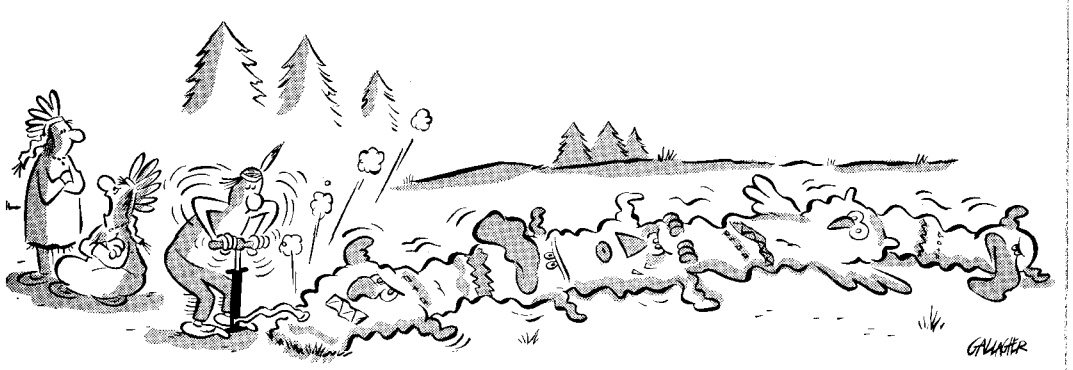




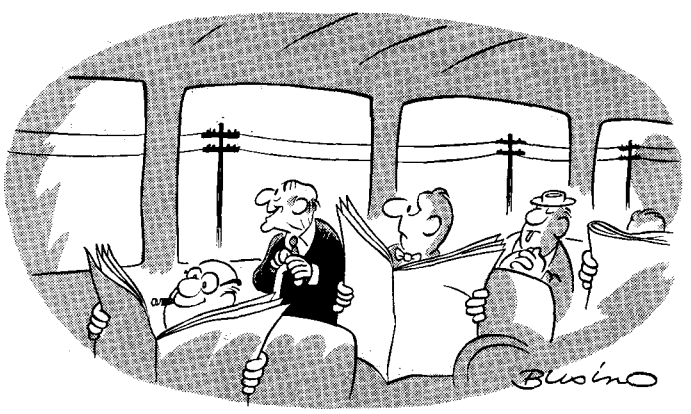
"What's the square root of 324?"



"Evelyn, honey—is it something I said?"



"Plastic!"



". . . six million, four hundred and thirty-one . . . six million, four hundred and thirty-two . . . six million . . ."

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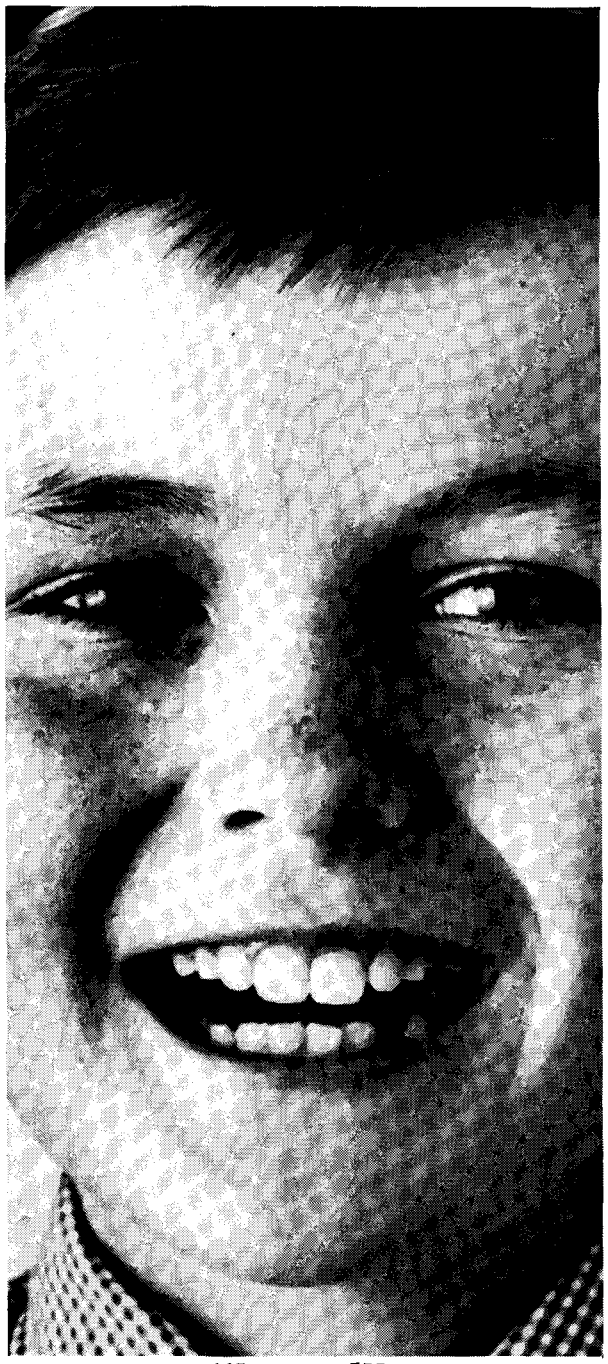
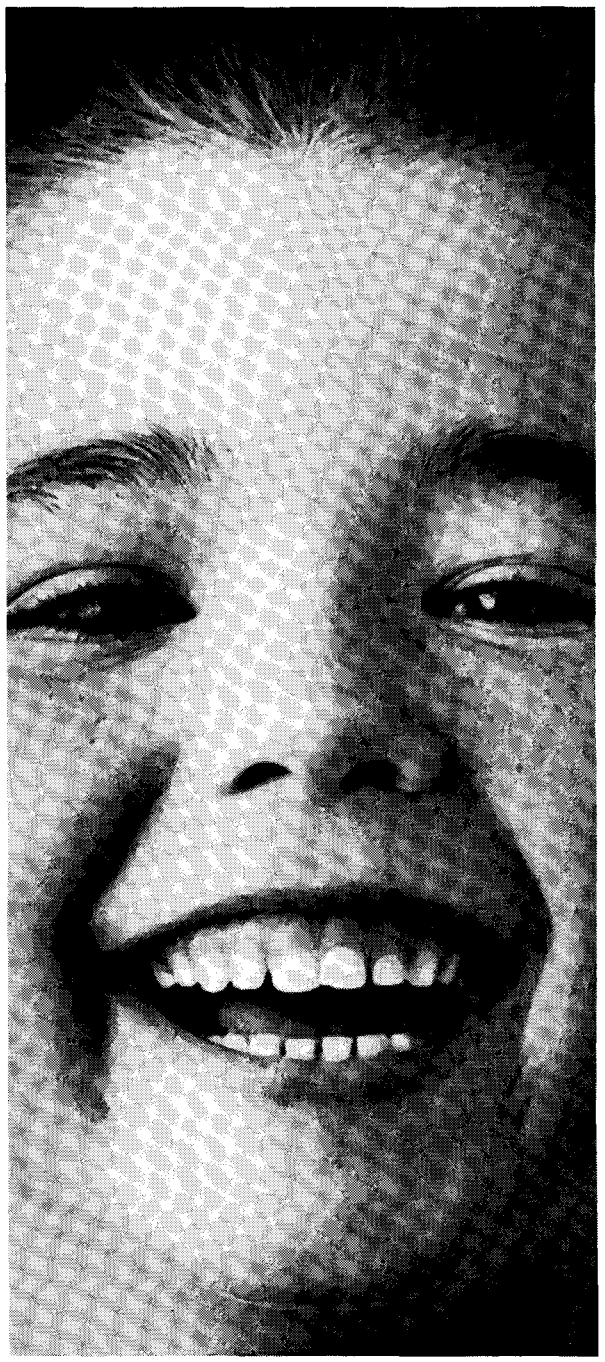
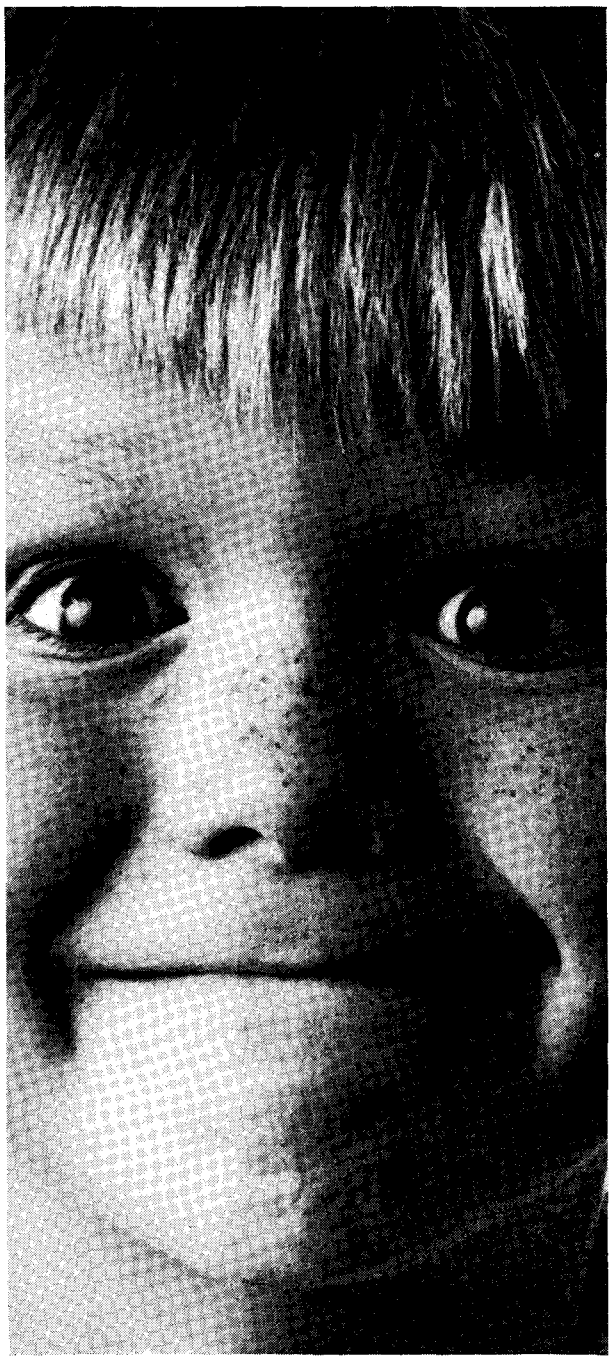


"I won!"



"I won!"



"I won!"

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This newest clinical study on tooth decay took place under university supervision.* Results of over half a million brushings by children were analyzed by an impartial electronic computer. Compared with the well-known stannous fluoride brand, **Colgate's Gardol formula is unsurpassed in reducing new cavities,** even among children at the most cavity-prone age!

This clinical fact is wonderful reassurance—particularly for mothers. Now even your youngest child can use Colgate Dental Cream in the complete program of regular care your dentist recommends. Follow his advice on diet, as well as how and when to brush. And notice the way Colgate with Gardol freshens your breath (stops mouth odor instantly for most people).

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*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963, pp. 17-25

Colgate with Gardol—a leader in reducing new cavities

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Can diet prevent heart attacks?

Across the country 1,500 men are eating strange foods in an effort to settle, once and for all, the controversy over cholesterol.

By ALTON L. BLAKESLEE

On a typical winter evening, Stanley Drigot sits down to a juicy steak, complete with mashed potatoes, and tops it off with cake or ice cream. But most of these items are not what they seem. The steak, for instance, is an ultra-lean tenderized cut. The cake is made with polyunsaturated fats, and the ice cream consists chiefly of skim milk and vegetable oil.

This is not a weight-shedding diet, although that may be an incidental benefit. Its purpose is more far-reaching, and it might eventually set a pattern for the eating habits of most civilized people. For Drigot, a 48-year-old chemist, is one of 1,500 healthy American males from 45 to 54 years of age who are participating in a National Diet-Heart Study aimed at answering some of the most worrisome medical questions of our time:

Can heart attacks be prevented by dietary means?

Will lives be saved by reducing our intake of "hard fats" and cholesterol?

No issue in modern medicine, with the exception of cigarettes and lung cancer, has stirred up more controversy. Coronary heart attacks now cause one out of every three deaths in the United States, a toll far higher than from cancer—or any other disease. Many doctors and thousands of laymen are at least partly convinced that fatty foods—especially those containing cholesterol and "hard fats," technically known as saturated fats—are a cause of artery thickening and coronary heart disease.

In the public mind, the chief villain is the whitish, waxy substance known as cholesterol. It is found in animal foods—notably meats, poultry, fish, eggs and dairy products—but is absent in pure vegetable oils. Cholesterol contributes to heart disease by lodging, along with the fats, in the walls of blood vessels, causing them to thicken, eventually clogging them and slowing or stopping the normal flow of blood.

Doctors studying the effect of cholesterol and saturated fats on the heart have found much information to support the theory that these substances are a major cause of heart disease. There has been a growing mass of reports from research laboratories and from field studies of population groups around the world—Americans, Japanese, Hawaiians, the Bantus of Africa, Irish and Italians in their native countries and their Americanized cousins in Boston. Some of these people eat a lot of fat, others eat very little. In most cases their blood levels of cholesterol correspond to their fat intake, and in many instances the heart-disease rates vary proportionately.

But the crucial question has still not been settled: Will the reduction of a high blood-cholesterol level prevent coronary heart disease?

The public's uncertainty about the whole issue has been heightened by the apparently contradictory positions taken by such organizations as the American Medical Association and the U.S. Army.

A.M.A. in the middle

The A.M.A.'s Council on Foods and Nutrition issued a report in August, 1962, "as a guide . . . to the physician who wishes to advise the regulation of dietary fat on the basis that it may be beneficial." Although the council said this was "not a recommendation for the general public," it was interpreted as such and vegetable-oil companies exploited it to promote their products.

Two months later the A.M.A. got out another statement criticizing the "new food fad among do-it-yourself Americans" and warning that "the antifat, anticholesterol fad is not just foolish and futile . . . it also carries some risk."

Immediately the dairy industry interpreted this second A.M.A. statement as a plug for animal fats, and the doctors' organization suddenly found itself being quoted by both sides in the controversy. The A.M.A. promptly explained that the second statement had been a news release and was not an official pronouncement from the Council on Foods and Nutrition. This only added to the atmosphere of confusion.

At about the same time, Army doctors recommended that various dairy products and meats which are high in saturated fats be trimmed from the GI diet. Then a few days later the Army said it would *not* change the GI diet, because the evidence was inconclusive.

Amid the chaos there were a few hard facts to be found. Many studies had strongly suggested that dietary reduction of blood-cholesterol levels by 15 to 20 percent could cut heart attacks among middle-aged men by 25 to 50 percent. (Women are much less susceptible to coronary heart attacks until they reach the menopause, around 50. This is presumably because the female sex hormones have some protective effect.)

The "Anti-Coronary Club" in New York City, a group composed of several hundred middle-aged men, adopted a special low-fat diet back in 1957. They have since had a remarkably low rate of heart attacks—3.4 per 1,000 per year. This compares very favorably with a study on a similar age group in Framingham, Mass.; these men, on ordinary diets, suffered 14.5 heart attacks per thousand, a rate comparable to the national average.

In Cleveland a pilot study directed by Drs. Jerome Green and Helen Brown, of the Cleveland Clinic, offered further evidence regarding low-fat diets. For 10 months 25 medical students and their wives followed a diet incorporating some foods in which the amounts of saturated fats had been reduced. Their blood-cholesterol levels soon dropped an average of 14 to 15 percent.

Furthermore, there were few complaints about taste. When ordinary foods were secretly substituted for the fat-controlled items, 75 percent of the dieters never noticed the difference.

It was against this background of evidence that a group of heart-research scientists began four years ago to plan the mass experiment now under way. Dr. Irvine H. Page, director of research at the Cleveland Clinic, headed a committee to work out details; committee members represented the American Heart Association, the American Medical Association, the National Heart Institute and the Nutrition Foundation.

Stanley Drigot, one of the participan

The National Diet-Heart Study, financed by $750,000 from the Federal Government's National Heart Institute, began by enrolling 500 men in Minneapolis and 250 in each of the four cities of Baltimore, Boston, Chicago and Oakland, Calif. This study, in which Mr. Drigot and 1,499 others are cooperating, will provide what the earlier investigations lacked—specific information on the impact of controlled diets on a large number of apparently healthy men living otherwise unrestricted lives.

Volunteers were chosen from lists prepared with the help of the Census Bureau and several Baltimore life-insurance companies. They represent a good cross-section of men of the most susceptible age for heart attacks. No more volunteers are being accepted, and only participants may obtain the special fat-controlled foods.

Meat packers, canners, baking companies and other food processors have produced the special foods for the diet. There are actually many different diets—with different fat and cholesterol levels in each one—but no volunteer will know which he is following until the test is over. The participants in the experiment buy

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n the Diet-Heart test, looks over some of the specially processed foods which he is eating as part of massive heart-disease study. His family is in background.

their groceries by mail from special food centers, where each order is filled according to a code number.

In addition to these specially prepared foods, all dieters have some things in common. They can eat ordinary fruit and vegetables, are restricted to two whole eggs or egg yolks a week, and avoid butter, cream, fat meats, rich pastries and conventional gravies and cream soups. (Special low-fat and low-cholesterol soups and gravies are available on the D-H—Diet-Heart—list.)

All of the diets are expected to reduce blood-cholesterol levels. But even if this works as expected, there will have to be further tests. If the 1,500 find the diets palatable enough to stick to them for a full year—they are now nearing the midpoint of their first year—about 100,000 men may go on the diets for four or five years. From these may come a guide statistically sound enough to provide the definitive answer.

Although all the volunteers are without signs of heart disease, they are sharply aware of the threat it poses. "I volunteered," says Stanley Drigot, "because I'd been concerned for several years about this whole diet and fats and cholesterol question. I saw some of my friends drop dead from heart attacks, and they were only in their forties. They had seemed perfectly healthy."

The basic killer is coronary atherosclerosis, the hardening, thickening, clogging and narrowing of arteries carrying blood to the heart muscle. Most authorities agree there is no one single cause for this dangerous or lethal "rusting of the pipes." Rather, they believe it is due to a number of causes: (1) high blood pressure, (2) high levels of cholesterol in the bloodstream, (3) overweight, (4) excessive eating, (5) too little physical activity, (6) diabetes, (7) excessive cigarette smoking, (8) tensions and stresses, and (9) heredity.

If a man bears any one of these risk factors, his chances of suffering a premature heart attack before age 65 are two to six times as high as the man free from them all. He has only a 50 percent chance of avoiding a heart attack if he is burdened by two or three of these factors.

But the great hope and challenge lie in the fact that any man can control virtually all of these risks by controlling his living habits. There is no guarantee that by reducing each risk he can escape or postpone a heart attack, but there is a mounting mass of evidence that he can build some protection. Controlling even one of these hazards should boost the chances for longer life. Control them all, and your heart, in a sense, gets nine lives.

Researchers studying diets and heart disease in various parts of the world have found that coronary disease is far less common where the total fat in the diet is low. (It runs high in the typical American diet where it supplies 35 to 45 percent of the calories.) The incidence of heart disease is also lower when a high proportion of the fat consumed is of the polyunsaturated type. These are usually pure fats of vegetable origin that tend to remain liquid at room temperatures, as contrasted to animal fats, which tend to harden.

Should the current study eventually prove that heart attacks can be controlled by diet, further problems will arise. Changing the eating habits of our entire population will not be easy. Major shifts would have to take place in the food industry, which has already experienced a revolution in the fats-and-oils division, with the new emphasis on the polyunsaturates. Many of the experimental foods in the National Diet Study would probably go on general sale. In some cities the dairy industry is already distributing a low-fat, high-protein milk. We could also expect intensified research to breed leaner pigs and beef cattle.

If the men now on the diet are any guide, the new foods would cause no great distress. Daniel M. Moran, a Chicago salesman, declares his diet disproves the old adage that "anything good for you must taste bad, like cod-liver oil." Some of the men even seem rather disappointed because their foods taste much like the foods they are used to. "I don't feel like I'm on a diet at all," says pharmacist Felix Herbstman of Chicago. "I'm disappointed. I wanted to have to sacrifice, to be a pioneer."

These men, of course, know they are not going to provide a quick answer—much less a complete one—to the massive problem of preventing heart attacks. But they are engaged in highly significant research, motivated by more than concern with their own hearts. And they may be remembered for a contribution as great as that of the youngsters who first took the Salk polio vaccine, or the soldiers under Walter Reed who exposed themselves to lethal mosquitoes in the search for the cause of yellow fever. In terms of lives saved, their contribution may be even more important. THE END

(Adapted from "Your Heart Has Nine Lives; Nine Steps to Heart Health," by Alton L. Blakeslee and Dr. Jeremiah Stamler; Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

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Griffith, owner of a 53-acre tract at Manteo, N.C., disks the soil at his vacation home to prepare for the planting of a stand of cedar trees.

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I think I'm gaining on myself

On television Andy Griffith portrays a relaxed, self-assured son of the soil, but offscreen he is a loner, worrier and door-puncher.

By Donald Freeman

Shortly before the start of the current television season a cluster of stars assembled in CBS's Hollywood studios to rehearse a TV special puffing their shows. The performers included Lucille Ball, Danny Thomas, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers and a tall, Tom Sawyer-faced actor who can present either a sunshine smile or a savage glower, a loping enigma named Andy Griffith.

At a lunch break, as Griffith munched a sandwich and brooded over his script, Lucy Ball approached and asked, "You play golf, Andy?" Griffith shook his head. "You should," she advised. "It would do you good." Then the redheaded comedienne eyed Griffith more closely and added, "But you don't do anything you don't do well, do you?" And then Lucy wandered off, leaving Griffith with his script, his sandwich and a few moments of unsettling introspection.

Recalling the incident, Griffith said later in a drawl once described as sounding like six miles out in a Carolina swamp, "It's true—Lucy knew what I've just found out about myself. All my life I've been thrown into situations I couldn't always master—riding a horse, teaching school, getting adjusted to new places, new situations. It's a long way from North Carolina to Hollywood. And mostly, if I couldn't do something right, I'd quit to save myself embarrassment. It drives me crazy not to be able to do something well. And I drive people around me crazy, trying so hard, being so intense. Sometimes I like to give my wife fits with this rebellion I've got going on inside. The only good thing is, I think I'm gaining on myself."

What Griffith does best is occupy center stage on *The Andy Griffith Show*, where he plays Sheriff Andy Taylor, a widower with a small son who lives in a make-believe mountain town called Mayberry. Inhabited by a group of happy eccentrics, Mayberry is modeled loosely after Griffith's own hometown of Mt. Airy, N.C. The half-hour show, a curious combination of hip and homespun, not only commands a weekly audience of 35 million, but it also lays claim to occupying a place on TV's top-10 list almost since its launching in 1960.

Generally, critics and public assume that Griffith's characterization of Sheriff Taylor, a relaxed, highly competent son of the soil, is largely a self-projection, that Griffith is playing himself, complete with drawl and git-tar. Closer inspection, however, reveals there is much more to Andy Griffith than meets the CBS eye.

Where Sheriff Taylor is gregarious, Griffith, something of a loner, holds to an unconscionably suspicious nature. "It takes Andy eight months to decide if he likes you," says a former associate on the show. Set against Taylor's benign self-assurance, Griffith is a fearsome worrier, so petrified by social situations that he avoids most big Hollywood functions. "I feel I just might not be able to cope," says Griffith. "I wish I could be like Andy Taylor. He's nicer than I am—more outgoing and easygoing. I get awful mad awful easy."

Griffith does harbor one of the most ferocious tempers extant, his low boiling point—along with his otherwise gracious manners—being parcel to the tradition of the hot-blooded Southerner. "Andy," a producer sums up, "is a door-puncher." Two years ago, in a burst of anger at himself, Griffith pounded his fist through a door, suffering several broken bones. The cast he was forced to wear for three weeks was explained away on the show as a "fishing accident."

When Andy is depressed or frustrated, he becomes an ear-tweaker, a nose-rubber and a hair-musser, and his blue eyes take on a tormented glint. "I keep demanding more of myself," Andy says. "Even when I know deep down that I can't expect more of myself than there is." To which Bob Sweeney, a former director of the Griffith show, adds, "There's an awful lot of turmoil churning inside this man." Griffith freely admits to what seem to him monumental shortcomings, among them a tendency to keep public emotion at arm's length. "It's the way we mountain people are," he tries to explain. "My own grandpappy never showed big emotion but once in his life. Lying on his deathbed, he suddenly got up and kissed my grandma gently on the cheek—he'd never been seen before even to touch her! Then he took back to his bed and died. One emotional act in his whole life, but no one ever forgot it."

There are some Hollywood observers, notably Danny Thomas, head of the company which packages the Griffith show, who still see Griffith as a corn-fed boy. "Andy is just a normal hillbilly," says Thomas. Nevertheless Griffith, at 37, reshaped by show business and Southern California, seems to belie that description. He knows now what room service is. He has learned to yell "*Ole!*" with the bullfight crowd in Mexico. He

Trailed by dog Jeff, Andy and Barbara stroll along sands of Manteo retreat.

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enjoys concerts and opera and talks knowledgeably of music, from Mozart to Monk. He tips well. He can read a wine list. He has developed a taste for fettucini and enchiladas, and he knows a little delicatessen where, he says, "They fix the most dee-licious knishes"—which is a long way from grits.

"Thing is, I like Hollywood," Andy says defensively. "Los Angeles is so spread out that each individual area in it feels like a small town." This, of course, is only partly true. Few small towns, for one thing, can boast an eating place as posh as Hollywood's Villa Capri, a restaurant frequented by Frank Sinatra and his Merry Men. Introduced to the Villa by his manager, a gregarious New Yorker named Dick Linke, Andy now and then drops in for dinner. However, despite his patina of urbanity, the rustic side of Andy Griffith is never far off.

One night last spring Andy and his wife, Barbara, a tall, attractive brunette, were dining at the Villa Capri when they spotted Sinatra. "Sure like to meet that fella," Andy whispered. Finally he shuffled to his feet. "Come on," he said, taking Barbara by the hand. When they reached Sinatra's table, Andy swallowed deeply. "Mr. Sinatra," he blurted, "I'm Andy Griffith—Dick Linke's friend. . . ."

There is, without a doubt, a strong residue of the backwoods Tarheel in Andy. Mixing a Martini, for example, still strikes him not only as an unwelcome chore but also as a baffling one. Unlike the star set that follows the Dodgers with chic intensity, Griffith has visited Dodger Stadium only once. He never has been to Santa Anita or Hollywood Park or, for that matter, to Hollywood's favorite spa, Palm Springs. He harbors no desire to take the wheel of a Mercedes 300 SL or an Alfa Romeo, and instead drives a Ford station wagon. Andy still cannot dance, and when the twist was all the rage, he was a sidelines spectator. Dwelling in a community of sleekly barbered males, Griffith still disdains such niceties as after-shave lotion and after-shave powder, and no hair oil ever seeps into his thickish forest of rust-brown hair.

He rarely ventures onto a golf course, and typically, when he recently met a friend for tennis—at a public court—Andy played in a dark shirt and khaki work pants. Quite possibly the Griffith wardrobe is the smallest owned by any major name in show business. He still buys his suits off the rack, and with his tie usually worn at half-mast, Andy is a walking example of the rumpled look.

In short, it is a contradictory picture that Andy Griffith presents. Jim Fritzell, who with his partner, Everett Greenbaum, writes many of the Griffith-show scripts, points out, "Like so many country people, Andy doesn't want to outgrow his past. He'd like to remain earthy, but his education and his awareness of the world keep sneaking in." The elegantly dressed Sheldon Leonard, executive producer of the series, takes a more pungent view. "It hurts Andy not to adjust more to Hollywood, so he overcompensates with those sloppy clothes. At least he could learn to tie a tie. Andy still tries to get you to underrate him as a rube, with this impression of excessive simplicity. He'll be happier when he accepts the natural changes in himself as inevitable." Andy's wife, Barbara, adds, "The groping, small-town boy I married has grown into a man who seems more and more at home with the world. What he wants and needs now is the appreciation of the big city."

One observer of the Griffith scene theorizes that his TV series, with its idyllic Carolina setting, permits Andy an illusory return to innocence, to a time and place slipped forever out of reach. Although the time period has been left indeterminate, viewers can sense an atmosphere of the 1930's—children play with World War I toy soldiers, families gather around the radio. With its fishing holes, likable characters and small-town problems, Mayberry ambles along, week after week, as a shiny TV idealization of Andy's own not altogether happy youth.

Andy Sam Griffith was born June 1, 1926, the only child of Carl Lee and Geneva Nann Nunn Griffith, both of Welsh-English stock. His father, a storyteller in the Carolina upland tradition, was a foreman at the local furniture factory. When Andy looks back on his childhood, he sometimes assumes a prismatic double vision. One moment he recalls "the fun we kids had in the summer kickin' rocks and lyin' to each other in that wonderful slowed-down time between dusk and dark." In the next he speaks of himself as a skinny, gawky, rejected, unathletic kid hurt by his nickname of "Andy Gump" and remembers that once, when he was 11, someone called him "white trash."

It was in his teens that Andy discovered show business. He saw Jack Teagarden in the movie *Birth of the Blues*, and promptly bought a secondhand trombone. Then he wheedled lessons out of a local pastor who later recommended Andy for a scholarship to the University of North Carolina. There Andy won a degree in music and, in his junior year, married Barbara Edwards, the crisply intelligent daughter of a Troy, N.C., school superintendent. He also acted in his first play. "Right there I found something I could do well," Andy says. "When people turned into an audience, my shyness just disappeared."

For three frustrating years at Goldsboro, N.C., High School Andy taught music and, of all things, phonetics. "I was a right terrible teacher," he remembers. "First day I'd tell the class all I knew, and there was nothin' left to say the rest o' the semester."

In their spare moments, the Griffiths devised an act and entertained at civic clubs. In '53 Andy recorded a waggish tale, *What It Was, Was Football*, and the obscure record became a runaway hit. Dick Linke, then with Capitol Records, scurried from New York to acquire the master for his company and also to sign Griffith. True to his mountain nature, Andy could not conceal his suspicion when the well-dressed New Yorker arrived, speaking fast northern talk. "His teeth are too close together," Griffith whispered to a friend.

"Like a Hollywood gangster, like Cagney," Linke explains today. "That's how he saw me. Andy still thinks I was born at Forty-second and Broadway."

Thereafter Linke engineered Andy's career through the shoals of TV and nightclubs and, in '55, the Broadway stage where Griffith starred in *No Time for Sergeants*. Don Knotts, now a regular cast member of the Griffith show, also played in *Sergeants* and recalls the second-night tryout in New Haven. The first act hadn't jelled, and Andy fumed backstage. "You can't get 'em every time," Knotts said. "No," Andy snapped back, "but you kin dang well try." Says Knotts, "Right then I knew this was no happy-go-lucky southern boy."

The first of Griffith's four movies was *A Face in the Crowd*, in which director Elia Kazan transformed Andy into a howling, lusty megalomaniac named Lonesome Rhodes, a grim caricature of a TV personality. To wrench such an emotional performance out of Griffith demanded a special Kazanian tack. Before one drunk scene Kazan eased Griffith into the mood with a snootful of Tennessee whiskey. "We called it our Jack Daniels Method," says Kazan. "But never mind our methods, this Griffith boy is a natural actor." Andy himself admits that he plunged so deeply into the role, he was unable to shake the viciousness of Lonesome Rhodes after a day's shooting. At times, through the making of the picture he proved frighteningly trigger-tempered. "Today I could do that kind of acting and throw off the emotion afterward. But then, for those three months, I wasn't too pleasant to be around," Griffith recalls.

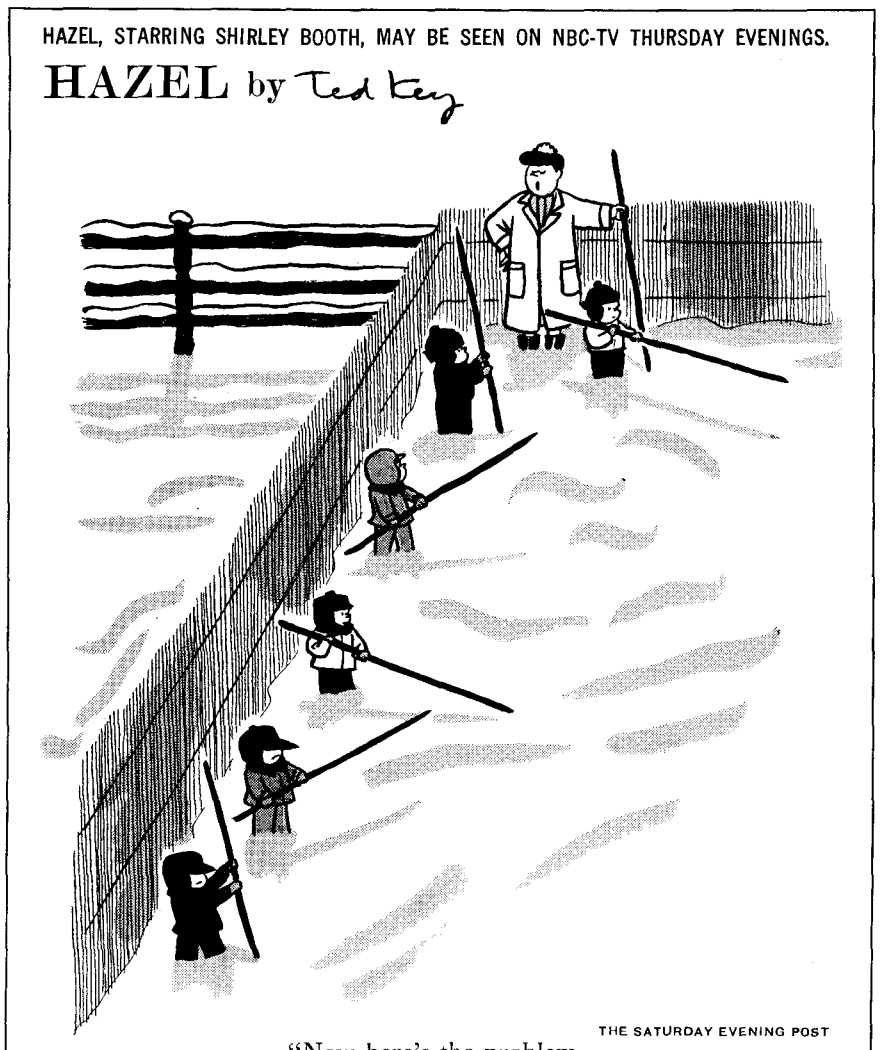
A Face in the Crowd did not vault Griffith into an overnight movie name as he had hoped, and he is still pointing his career toward pictures once his TV series ends—in two more years, by Andy's present estimate. Meantime, as he expands as a man and an actor, Griffith thrives in what another rural comic, Pat Buttram, has called the best of all possible worlds—"a southern accent with a northern income." But Griffith wants to explore all avenues. Once, aboard an airliner, Griffith turned to his manager. "Say, you think I oughta lose my southern accent?" he asked seriously. "Sure," the other shot back, "if you want to try another line of work."

Significantly, Griffith now finds himself increasingly coming to grips with a truth which a fellow North Carolinian, the author Thomas Wolfe, set down long ago as the title of his novel *You Can't Go Home Again*. Andy has admittedly tried to do just that. Each year the Griffiths (they have two adopted children, Sam, 6, and Dixie Nann, 4) have repaired from their comfortable eight-room home in North Hollywood to vacation in their country place. It nestles in a 53-acre spread of timberland and sand dunes at Manteo, N.C. In interviews, Griffith has always emphasized with fierce pride that his home was Manteo. This past summer, however, after vacationing there, his outlook seemed sharply altered.

"I used to think, 'Oh, boy, in two years I finish the series and then we retire to Manteo,'" Andy said. "Well, that's not the way it works. A man changes in thirty-seven years—he learns, he observes, he grows. I still love North Carolina with all I've got, but the truth is, I know now that Los Angeles is my home. A man has to live where he competes, and I know now that I'm going to have to work and compete in show business—it's the only thing I do well."

His expression turned vaguely wistful. "I always figured I'd get out as soon as I could, away from the pressures. Now I know I can't run away. This is my life," sighed Andy Griffith. "And I guess I have to live with it." THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.



"Now here's the problem.
Under this snow there lies a snow shovel . . ."

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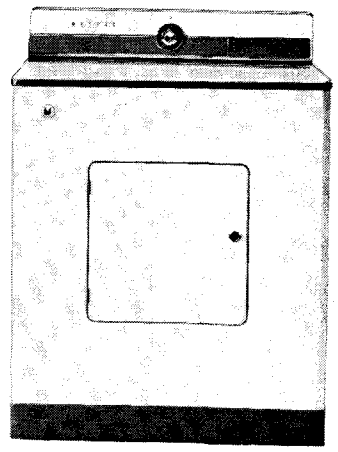

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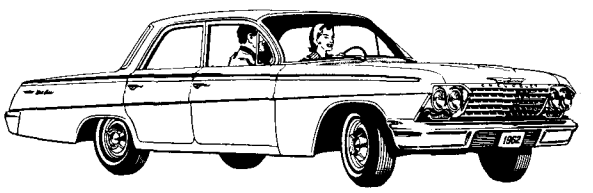

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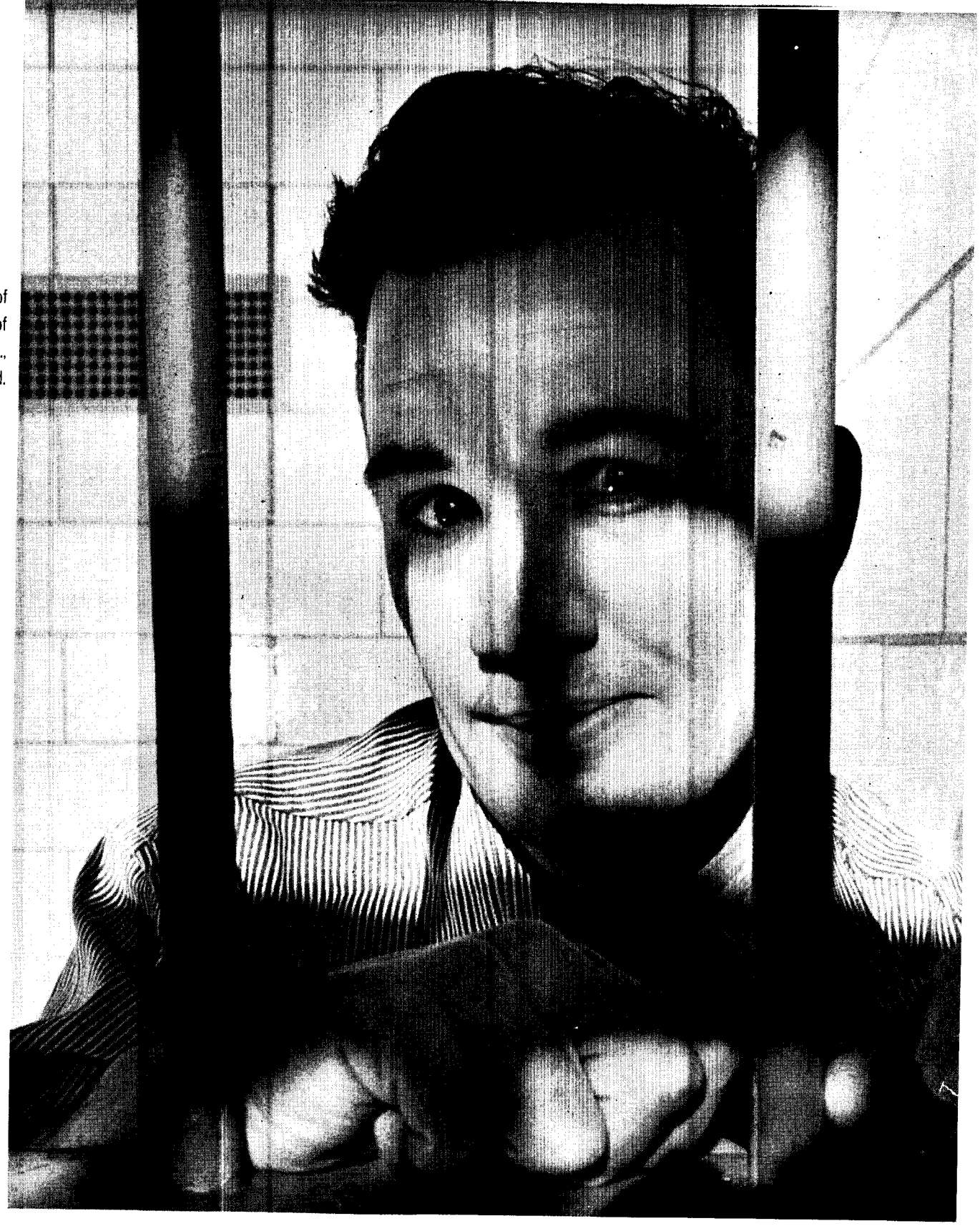

Lloyd Eldon Miller has spent most of the last eight years behind the bars of a cell at Stateville Prison in Joliet, Ill., convicted of the rape-murder of a child.

By Richard Applegate

Did Lloyd Miller kill Janice May?

Seven years ago a jury found him guilty. Now new evidence has won him another trial.

Although it was to snow that evening, the afternoon of Saturday, November 26, 1955, was a mild one for the time of year in Canton, Ill., an industrial town of about 14,000 people, 30 miles southwest of Peoria.

Two teen-age brothers of an eight-year-old Canton schoolgirl, Janice Elizabeth May, found it mild enough for outdoor basketball. They left their sister at home watching television when they went out to play. When they came home, she was missing. The boys wandered off after a while, looking for her, but it was her little dog that found her—dying from a beating which had fractured her skull in three places. She had been raped.

Janice was found about 4:30 in the afternoon, several blocks from home, among some mine cars—it's a strip-coal area—along the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad tracks. She died in Graham Hospital at 5:47.

Canton police promptly cordoned off the area where the dying girl was found, but not before a lot of sightseers had trampled over the place. The police did not have much to go on: the evidence of the battered body itself; a blood-soaked concrete block found at the scene; half-obliterated footprints, never identified. They flew dogs in from the state capital at Springfield, but the dogs just wandered around in circles.

Canton is a nice little town in many respects. Its residents were horrified that anything like this could happen there, and a mood of anger built up quickly. Little knots of people drifted to the police station and stood around

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After the crime there was talk of a lynching in the horrified town.

muttering, as if their presence could hasten the capture of Janice's killer. There was talk of a lynching. By 10 o'clock that night the crowd numbered about a hundred.

One of the men who watched that growing gathering was a 29-year-old cabdriver named Lloyd Eldon Miller Jr. Miller had a history of running away every time he got into trouble. One of his ways of getting into trouble was to get married. He did that four times, not always bothering to divorce the previous wife first. Whenever his current wife bawled him out for being a bad breadwinner, he'd take to the hills. Or the highways. But he usually ended up back in Canton, where his family had lived for 25 years. He was known as an amiable but unambitious citizen with a limited education. He had no criminal record.

The evening of the murder, Miller went to work at 6 o'clock, on time, for the "21" Yellow Cab Company. He was wearing a black cabdriver's jacket and dark pants, and a red-and-black-plaid shirt. He and the other drivers talked about the roadblocks around the town. Miller suggested that the drivers go armed that night, but nothing was done about it.

He made his usual evening runs, reporting in and getting assignments by radio. At three in the morning he stopped answering his radio. By six in the morning the cab company told the police that one of its cabs was missing.

That started the hunt for Lloyd Eldon Miller Jr., who had "run away" again.

Later that morning his cab, abandoned, was found near the Illinois River in Pekin, 20 miles east of Canton. The police sent out a bulletin to arrest Miller for theft of the cab—but the Canton authorities were beginning to believe that Miller might be the murderer of Janice May.

Two days after the murder, a ticket seller in the bus depot at Danville, Ill., 150 miles east of Canton, recognized the curly-haired, blue-eyed Miller as he tried to buy a ticket to Evansville, Ind. The ticket agent called the police.

Miller was arrested for car theft and taken to Springfield for questioning. "I know what you want me for," he told the arresting officers, "but I didn't do it."

In the meantime, the Canton authorities had everybody from off-duty policemen to Boy Scouts combing the Canton area. One policeman found a gray jacket frozen in the ice of Big Creek on the city's outskirts. Tests showed two minute bloodstains on the jacket. They were enough to show the blood was human but not enough to determine the blood type. Those who knew Miller best say he "wouldn't be caught dead" in the sleazy-looking jacket, and nobody has ever asked him to try it on.

Fifty-two hours after his arrest in Danville, and after prolonged questioning by the authorities in Springfield, Miller signed a "confession" written by James Christensen, superintendent of the Illinois Bureau of Criminal Identification and Investigation, now called the State Crime Lab. Miller says—and has always said—that he signed the confession without knowing what was in it, to get the investigators off his back.

Lloyd Eldon Miller Jr. went on trial for murder in Lewistown, the county seat of Fulton County, in June, 1956, but a mistrial was declared when only four jurors could be found who had not already made up their minds that he was guilty. Feeling in Canton—and the whole county—was still running high. After this the trial was transferred to Carthage in Hancock County, 55 miles to the west of Lewistown, where it opened on September 18.

The prosecution, led by Fulton County State's Attorney Blaine Ramsey, relied heavily on the confession. As introduced into evidence at the trial, this document says Miller left the home of his landlady, Mrs. Alice Baxter, about 2:30 on the afternoon of the murder; he had a cup of coffee at Mac's Drive-In, a block and a half from home, and then headed across town to pay for a radio he had bought on time months before. This trip took him close to the scene of the crime.

"I met Janice," the "confession" continues. "She said 'Hello,' and was joyful. She walked with me to the railroad tracks, and we walked behind the cars where we could not be seen. I molested her without force until she started screaming and crying. She said she was going to tell her mother on me. I went hysterical. Then I struck her with my hand. Then she fell and hit her head on a cement block."

Miller's "confession" adds that he tried to hide the child's body and the cement block under a mine car. As far as the authorities were concerned, that wrapped up the case. But there is more in the "confession":

"Then I went back to my room," it continues, "and took off my pants that were bloody and put on a clean pair. Then I went up to the corner to the Carver and Denny Cleaners on Elm street and got a pair of brown trousers and a blue-and-green-plaid shirt, then went back to my room." There he put on the clean clothes.

The "confession" does not say why Miller would wear his bloody jacket to the cleaners, when he had clean jackets in his room. Or why he put on a second pair of clean trousers.

The document gets even stranger. It says that after putting on his second pair of clean trousers, he wrapped up in newspaper "my bloody trousers, shirt and shoes"—but not his bloody jacket—and set out again. He walked back toward the scene of the murder and "throwed" the bundle into a passing empty freight car headed north. None of these clothes were ever found.

Later that evening, the "confession" says, he drove his cab home, picked up the bloody jacket at his room, wrapped it around a rock and threw it into Big Creek while on a cab run. The document does not explain why he had not disposed of the bloody jacket with the other bloody garments he was supposed to have thrown on a freight train.

At the trial, Miller was defended by William Malmgren of Canton and George Meuth of Cuba, Ill. Because Miller had been repudiating the "confession" since the instant he met Malmgren, the defense tried to have it excluded. When this move failed, Malmgren and Meuth tried to introduce psychiatric testimony to show that signing a confession is just what a man with Miller's history of running from trouble *would* do. But the court ruled against admission of this testimony.

The state produced a witness, Mrs. Joyce Hardy, who said Miller was the man who ran into the Carver and Denny Cleaners, where she worked, at 5:15 P.M. on the afternoon of the murder. She said that his gray jacket had blood on it, which he was trying to hide. She said he picked up a clean pair of slacks and a jacket and then ran out.

Another and even more damning witness against Miller was Betty Baldwin, a Canton waitress who had occasionally dated him. According to the "confession," Miller told Betty Baldwin on the night of the murder that he had killed Janice May. Betty Baldwin repeated this on the stand, with details, and it clinched the case against Lloyd Eldon Miller Jr. The six men and six women on the jury obviously did not believe his denials and brought in a verdict of guilty.

Miller was sentenced to death on November 15, 1956. He has spent over seven years in the death house.

After the trial, he fired William Malmgren on the grounds that his attorney had failed to get him acquitted. He kept Meuth as his lawyer through several appeals, and then fired him too. But neither lawyer believed Miller was guilty, and they refused to stay fired. Although not officially representing him any more, they have fought for him steadfastly ever since, using their own money, and gradually regaining the respect they lost in their communities for defending a "murderer" in the first place.

Miller's case was appealed to the Illinois Supreme Court four times, and to the United States Supreme Court on writs of certiorari four times. All the appeals failed. When Miller's execution date was set for May 17, 1963, after failure of the last appeal, all judicial remedies seemed to have been exhausted.

At this point the American Civil Liberties Union stepped in. Disturbed that a man officially unrepresented by counsel was about to be electrocuted,

Eight-year-old Janice May smiled for a school class picture not long before the November afternoon in 1955 when she was the victim of vicious attack.

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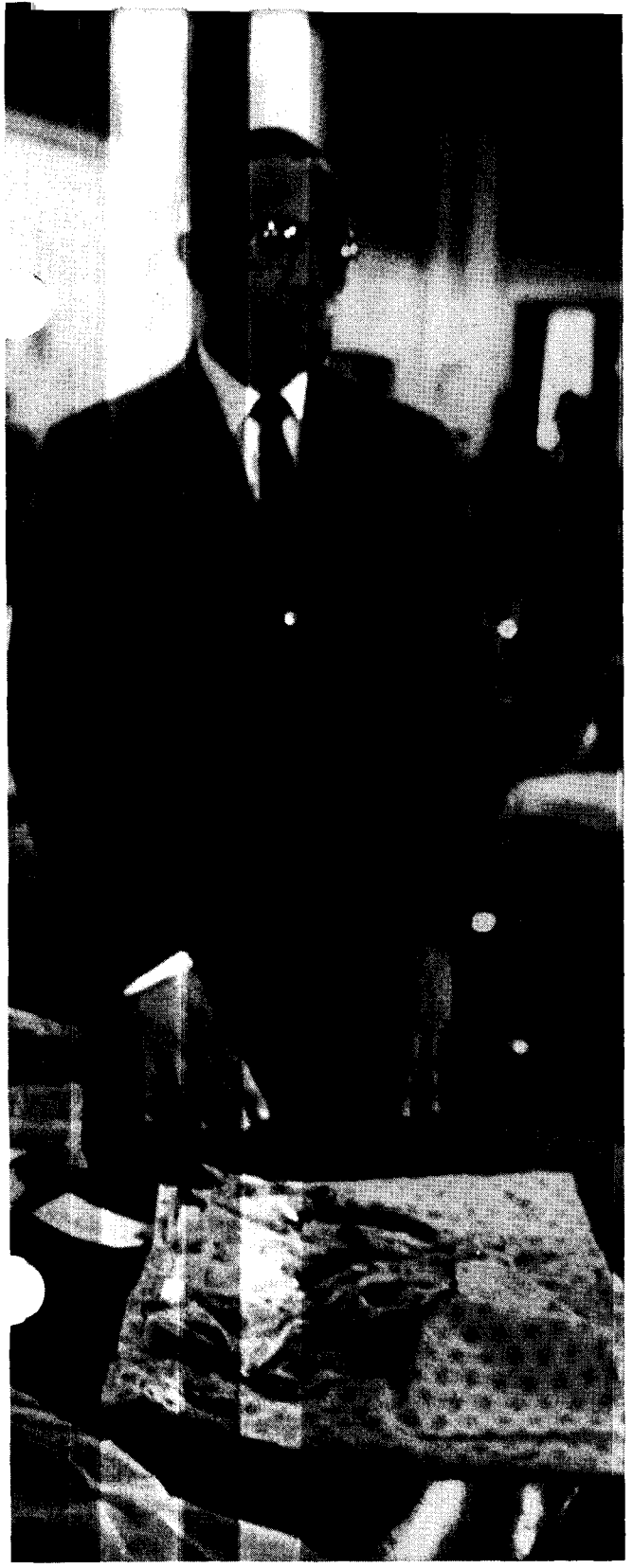
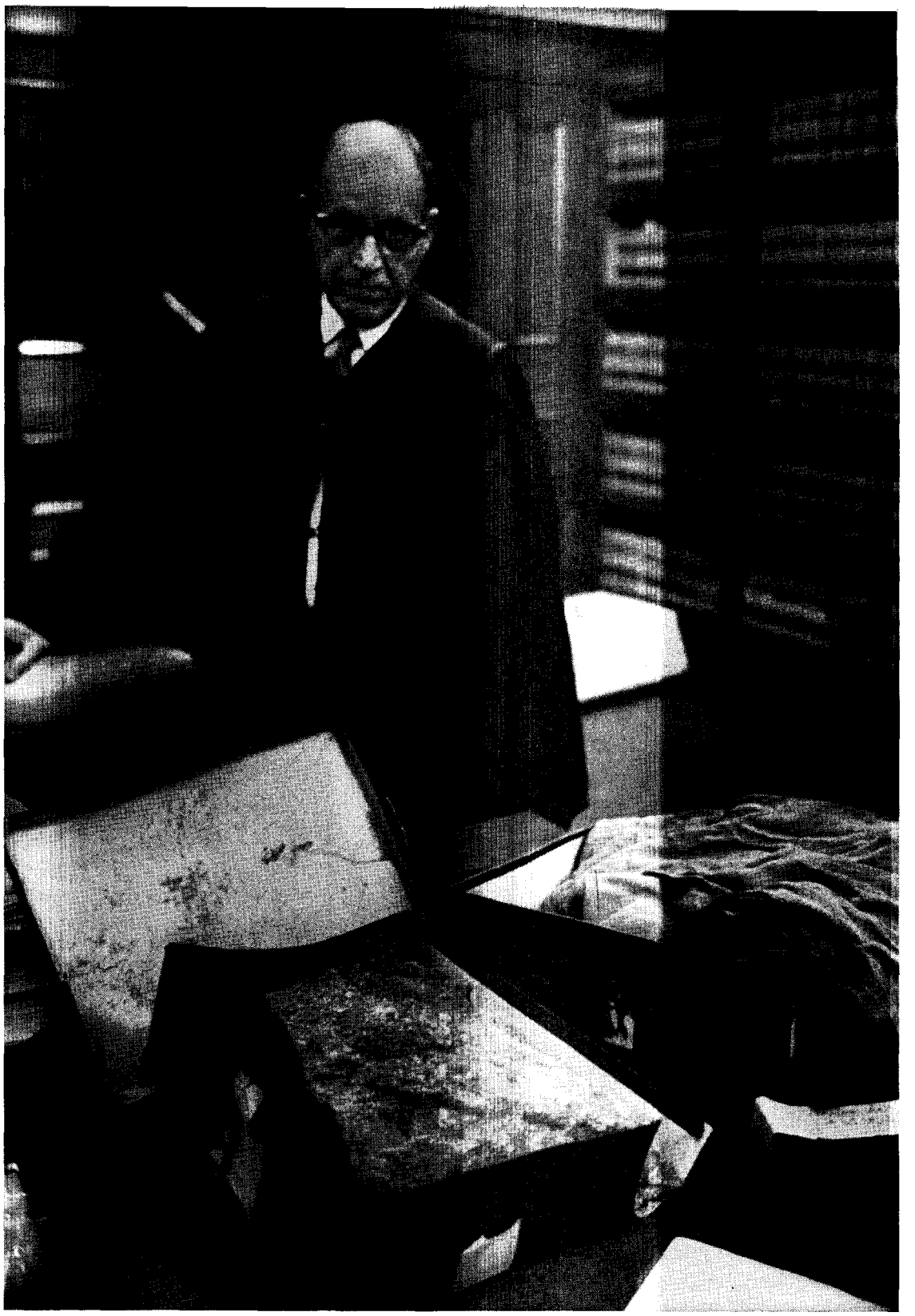


Defense attorney George Leighton stands beside a table of exhibits during a recess in last month's hearing in Chicago.



In his chambers, Federal Judge Joseph Sam Perry looks over two exhibits at the hearing—the cement block on which Janice May allegedly struck her head and a blood-stained jacket supposedly worn by Lloyd Miller.

the A.C.L.U. on May 12 called George Leighton, a Negro graduate of the Harvard Law School. They asked him if he would help.

George Leighton has earned a respect amounting almost to awe from other lawyers and a good many judges in and around Chicago. Slim and taller-looking than his five feet, 11 inches, Leighton has achieved an amazing record. In 1962 he helped win a commutation of death to life imprisonment for a convicted murderer, Paul Crump, on the grounds that Crump had been "rehabilitated" while in prison. He won a skirmish with the FBI when Chicago Cosa Nostra boss Sam (Moe) Giancana objected to around-e-clock surveillance by the bureau—:ourt ordered that the watch on Gian-ana be reduced. And Leighton freed one man who had spent 17 years in prison—unjustly—for murder.

When he started studying the Miller case, Leighton got a feeling that something was wrong. He spent long hours at night in his office, looking at that "confession" and other testimony. And he concluded that Lloyd Miller could not have murdered Janice May.

Leighton took his suspicions to another Chicago lawyer, Maurice Rosenfield, and convinced Rosenfield of Miller's innocence. Because Miller's time was running out, they requested a sanity hearing for him. This postponed the date of execution, set for May 17; though the hearing found Miller legally sane, it served to defer his execution date once more, until July 26.

Leighton's new ally, Rosenfield, is a corporation lawyer with a long record of devotion to civil-rights causes. He is also a leader in the fight to outlaw capital punishment in Illinois. And he puts his money where his convictions are.

One of his convictions is that our newspapers are all run by "global thinkers," and that today's reporters are more interested in Vietnam than they are in digging up corruption, police scandals and crooked politicians in their own backyards. Rosenfield owns radio station WAIT in Chicago, and last year he decided to turn WAIT into a crusading news station. He hired me as news director, and decided that the Miller case was a good story to begin the new policy. Within five minutes of my signing-up, Rosenfield and I were in Leighton's office. That was in midafternoon on Wednesday, July 10, 1963. I had never heard of Lloyd Miller. By midnight they had me convinced that Miller could not be guilty. I left for Canton the next morning with a tape recorder.

Before driving the 165 miles to Canton, I phoned a Canton reporter, Dave Watters, who had covered the Janice May murder from the time it happened through the recent sanity hearing. He met me at the Canton Elks Club. In the first two minutes he said that he would help a colleague all he could, but that he believed Miller was guilty—most people in Canton still did, seven years after his trial.

Watters told me whom to talk to and showed me where Miller had lived with Mrs. Alice Baxter and her family. Leighton had already talked to Mrs. Baxter, and she had told him that Miller was in his room on the third floor at four o'clock the Saturday afternoon that Janice May was attacked—also at four o'clock—seven tenths of a mile away. This fact did not come out at Miller's trial because Mrs. Baxter was never called to testify. Like many other people in Canton, she had refused to talk to a lawyer defending the man who—she thought—had raped and killed little Janice May. Furthermore, she did not realize the importance of her knowledge of where Miller was at four o'clock. Up to then, only the time of death—5:47—had been given prominence.

Defense attorney Malmgren, not knowing what Mrs. Baxter's testimony would be, had been afraid to call her as a defense witness, thus, under the law, making her testimony part of his case. Instead, he had tried to have her called as a court witness,

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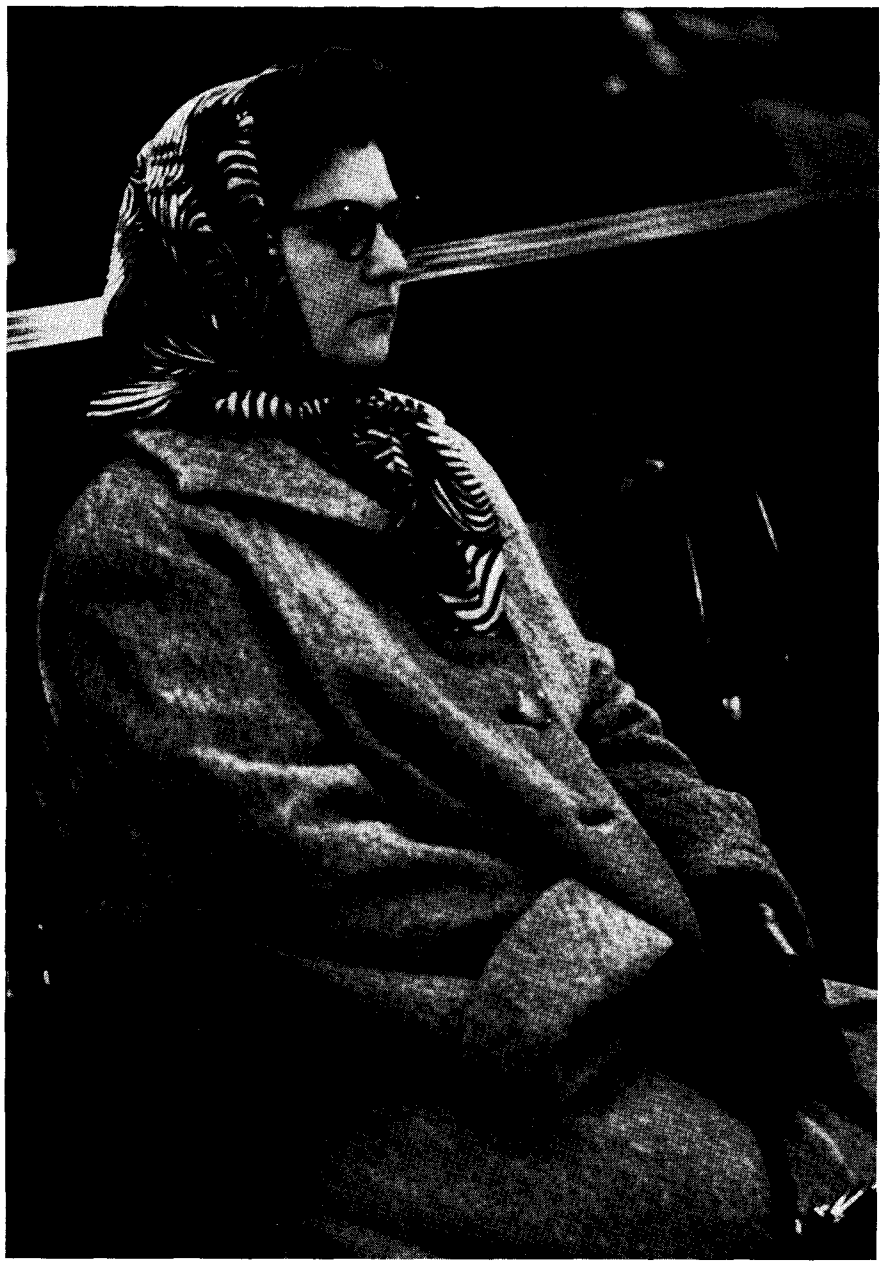
Miller claims he didn't know what was in the confession he signed



Betty Baldwin Curry waits in court to testify that she lied at Miller's trial in 1956.

but Judge William M. Bardens had denied his request.

Now, however, Mrs. Baxter told me that Miller had left a call for four P.M. when he came off work that Saturday morning. She said he was awakened at four and came downstairs about 4:30. She asked him to refill a prescription for her on his first cab run. Miller said he wasn't going to work right then; he was going to get something to eat, but he'd be glad to drop by the drugstore. The druggist later said that Miller was at his store between 5:15 and 5:30—at the same time that the girl in the cleaning shop had said Miller was *there*, in a bloody jacket.

Miller did get the prescription, and he did eat, returning to Mrs. Baxter's home about 5:30. (They heard the clock strike.) He refused a tip and went on upstairs. Mrs. Baxter said that he was dressed in his usual way, that his curly black hair was neatly combed, that he appeared cheerful, polite and in every way normal. She said that if all that running in and out of her home to change bloody clothes had actually gone on—as recited in the "confession"—somebody in the house would have noticed it. Nobody did.

Station WAIT, convinced it had a hot story, announced in ads in the Chicago papers and over the air that it would break one of the biggest local stories of the year at three Sunday afternoon, July 14—12 days before Miller's new execution date. WAIT went on the air that Sunday with a news special saying we were convinced Lloyd Miller could not have killed Janice May, and offering our tapes in evidence.

Using WAIT's revelations, Leighton asked Gov. Otto Kerner for a commutation of the death sentence, and also for an outright pardon.

The governor set a new death date—August 23—and called an extraordinary meeting of the State Board of Pardons and Paroles in Chicago for August 12. It lasted two long, hot, muggy days.

Mrs. Baxter, Miller's landlady, testified under oath that he was in his room at the time of the murder, as set by the state—about four P.M. And Leighton, in cross-examination, got James Christensen—now sheriff of Sangamon County—to admit that he had written the "confession" pretty much in his own words—because, he said, Miller didn't always know how to express himself.

At the end of the hearing the board members drove to Joliet, where Miller was still looking death in the face, and talked with him for more than two hours.

On August 16—a week before Miller's scheduled execution—the board reported. Its seven members split four to three, with the majority voting against Miller. Four days later Governor Kerner said he found "no basis upon which to exercise the executive power entrusted to me to commute this sentence."

Even then George Leighton was not through fighting. Neither was Maurice Rosenfield—or the battery of lawyers associated with the American Civil Liberties Union. They tried one more appeal, to the state supreme court.

But with only seven and a half hours left before the switch was to be thrown, Illinois Supreme Court Justice Walter V. Schaefer turned down their final appeal for delay. Then, two hours later, United States District Court Judge Bernard M. Decker granted an indefinite stay of execution and ordered a federal hearing on Miller's case, based on the new evidence brought out by Leighton and Rosenfield. The case was assigned to Federal District Court Judge Joseph Sam Perry in Chicago.

At this hearing, on December 4, Leighton introduced—over vigorous objection from Assistant State's Attorney General Daniel L. Kadjan—all of the evidence heard by the pardons and parole board. He introduced evidence that the freight train into which Miller was supposed to have thrown his bloody clothes did not, in fact, exist. No such train had passed through Canton until after Miller had checked in for work.

Leighton also introduced a doctor who had performed some 4,500 autopsies for Cook County. He said that Janice May could not have received three skull fractures from falling on a rock, as the "confession" described.

But it was on the second day of the hearing that Leighton threw his torpedo: He called Betty Curry, who used to be Betty Baldwin, the Canton waitress who had testified at the trial that Miller told her he had killed Janice May.

Betty Baldwin disappeared right after the trial, and nobody seemed to know where. WAIT and I had spent weeks and a lot of money trying to find her—Rosenfield has put more than $15,000 into the fight to save a man he believes innocent. We checked out rumors that she was in a women's prison in Iowa; that she had become a Mormon in Nauvoo, Ill. We talked to her former friends; we appealed on the air for anyone to come forward who knew where she was. No one did.

But Leighton and Rosenfield found her a few days before the start of the hearing. A federal subpoena sent to her last known address had finally persuaded her brother to tell them how they could reach Betty.

At the hearing, she came slowly up the aisle from the witness room, a plump woman in her late 30's, wearing flat white shoes and a gray one-piece knitted dress. She said that she had lied when she testified that Miller told her he had killed Janice May. She said she had been so confused that she didn't know what she was saying when she was questioned after the murder. She said she hadn't meant to say that Miller had told her he was a murderer. She said he did tell her he was leaving town—because everybody always blamed everything on him. But as to the murder story, she said, "It was a lie."

She was crying into her twisted handkerchief but speaking loudly enough so that everyone could hear her in the hushed federal courtroom. "I got involved," she sobbed, "and didn't know how to get out of it. I've lived with this lie for more than seven years now, and it's such a relief to get rid of it." Then she broke down again.

Lloyd Miller, thinner and more haggard than he was when sent to the penitentiary to die back in 1956, listened, stunned, while Betty Curry told the court that "I knew, and Lloyd knew," that she had been lying. *He* had been saying so for eight years, but not many people had believed him.

Leighton, very gentle with his new witness—formerly the prosecution's star witness—had her tell how she had been fired from her waitress job two or thr days after the murder because she ha dated the presumed murderer; how she had been thrown out of her room for the same reason; how the state had paid for a hotel room for her before the trial.

She testified that the sheriff had gotten her a job at a nursing home in Lewistown and that prosecution officials had given her money—$20 or $30 at a time—while she was waiting to testify against Miller.

Obviously flabbergasted by Betty Curry's testimony, the state called for a postponement, and Judge Perry recessed the hearing until December 19.

When the hearing resumed, the State tried repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, to shake Betty Curry's statement that she had lied at Miller's trial. Judge Perry said that there was no way for him to tell whether she had lied at the trial or was lying now, at his hearing—but that she obviously had lied somewhere along the line. And he found it improper that Miller should have been convicted by a jury which had listened to her testimony.

On the last day of the hearing, largely because of this doubtful testimony, Perry declared the original trial void and ordered the state of Illinois to retry Lloyd Miller—within four months—or set him free. Then the hearing ended. It was Christmas Eve.

Back in his old cell at Statesville no Miller is no longer a convicted murder and he thinks that a new trial will clea his name. But hope comes hard after so many disappointments. "I've been saying for eight years that I didn't do it," he says. "How does an innocent man prove his innocence?" THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART SHAY

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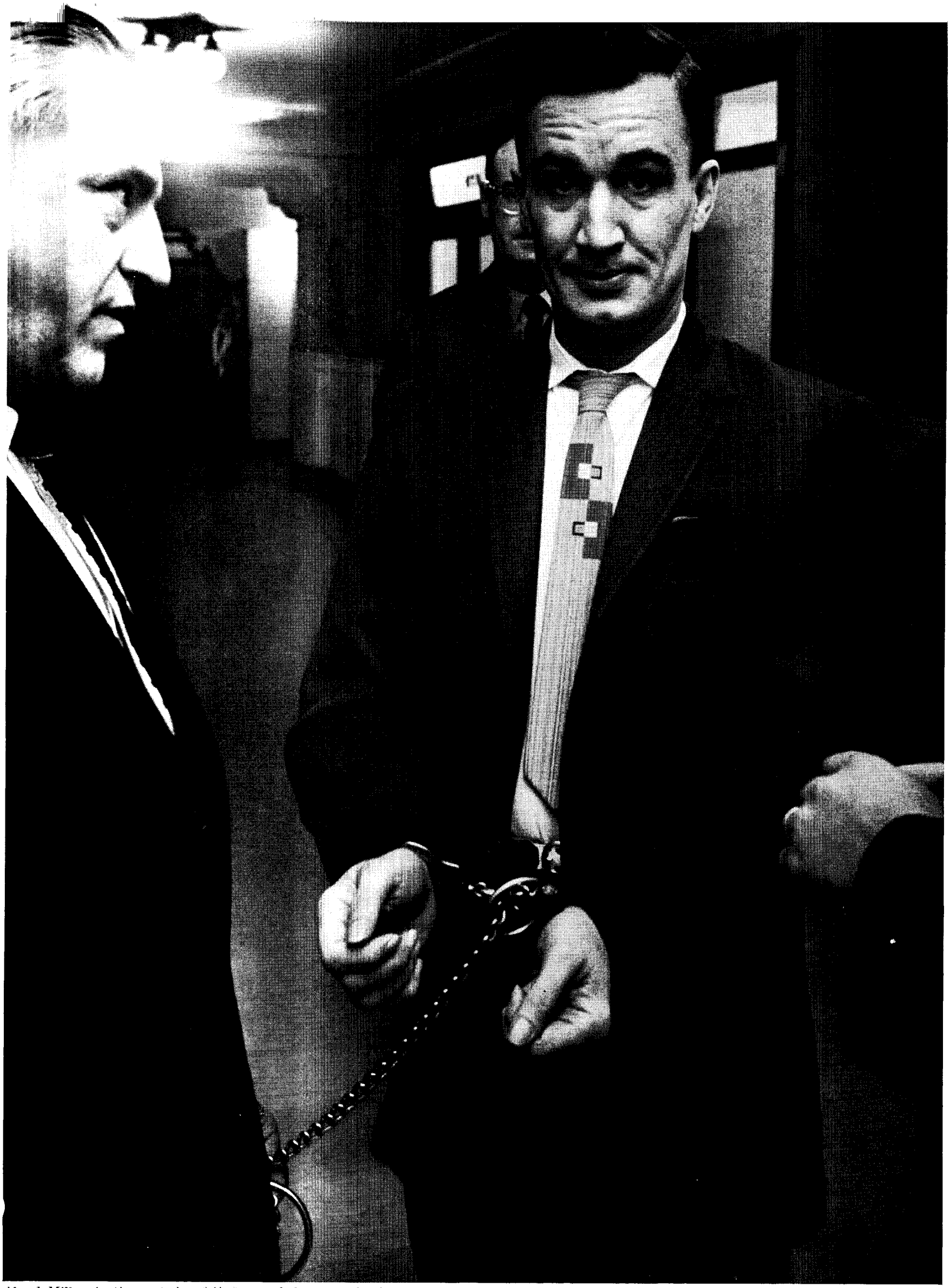

Lloyd Miller, in the custody of U.S. marshals, starts back to prison after the hearing, to await the new trial ordered by Judge Joseph Perry.

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THE ROVER BOYS RETREAT

We note with some interest that the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Atomic Energy Commission recently canceled or deferred certain portions of the Project Rover nuclear-rocket joint program [see THE HOT ROCKET TO NOWHERE, *The Post*, Nov. 9, 1963]. The move, according to an announcement, "will save as much as $180 million of planned and programmed funds" in the current fiscal year and in fiscal 1965. As *The Post* pointed out in its article, part of Rover's problem was its rush to design flight systems before it had a workable nuclear rocket—sort of trying to walk before it learned to crawl. The Rover planners have now decided on a more judicious—and more economical—approach. "Work toward the development of the flight systems," the announcement said, "is deferred until the technology learned from the [rocket motor] projects has been satisfactorily established." All right, taxpayers, let's hear a cheer for the Rover boys.

TO DEBATE OR NOT TO DEBATE

Should the President of the United States accept a challenge to debate on TV during a political campaign? The Kennedy-Nixon TV debates are generally acknowledged to have played a decisive role in the 1960 campaign. The late President had indicated that he would debate again on TV in 1964. According to reports from the White House, however, President Johnson has decided against TV debates.

There are strong political reasons for such a decision. A President automatically throws away a big advantage by appearing on the same platform with his opponent . . . the advantage of being better known (in most cases) and of occupying a loftier position. Vice President Nixon made this mistake in 1960.

There is another, more valid reason why the President should not engage in TV debates. It is the fact that, even though he is a candidate, he is still the President. His office carries a security burden, a responsibility and a dignity that should not be compromised. The President should not have to pass a debating test. His office must not be demeaned.

OUR WEST GERMAN FRIENDS

When President Johnson and West Germany's Chancellor Ludwig Erhard met at the LBJ ranch last month, a Washington official who had journeyed to Texas for the meeting surveyed the cactus plants and the Herefords and came to a pessimistic conclusion. "It's not exactly the place for an international conference," he said.

As things worked out, the Washington official could scarcely have been more wrong. The cozy intimacy of the ranch made the conference go easily. The Texas *Gemütlichkeit* of a region that was settled by Germans and where German still is spoken made the guests feel very much at home. All things considered, the atmosphere could not have been more friendly or more conducive to fruitful discussions. Nothing spectacular came of the conference, and there was no reason to believe that it would. But looking back on the first serious meeting between the new heads of the U.S. and West German governments, there is good reason to be satisfied with the results.

Since World War II we have come full cycle in our relations with the Germans. Our former enemy is now our most important European ally. In the Texas meeting the new heads of the two governments achieved a close and harmonious working relationship, a basic condition of Western security.

The Texas conference served to achieve another important result. It reflected a basic fact of the transition from the Adenauer to the Erhard government in Germany. That fact is the intention of the Erhard government to be more flexible in its attitudes toward U.S. efforts to lessen the tensions of the Cold War. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was a great friend of the United States, but he exercised a veto over our efforts to improve Soviet-U.S. relations.

We live in such a dangerous world that we must be constantly seeking foolproof ways to reduce tensions. We must be wary of the Communists, but there is no reason to assume that we will lose our shirts every time we attempt to talk to them. We do not have to be that dumb. As President Johnson said in Texas, "We shall never be too weary, never be too tired, never be too content, or never be too complacent to walk another mile toward peace with honor. But neither shall we be too weak or too uncertain or too unsure or too reluctant to defend honor, or to search for peace wherever there is hope to find it."

No specifics were agreed upon in Texas, but the willingness of the new German government to trust our efforts to find new ways to reduce tensions is an encouraging sign. It shows that a new element of trust and a greater maturity have been introduced into U.S.-West German relations.

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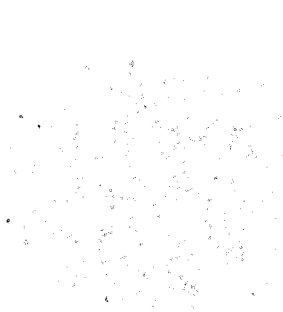
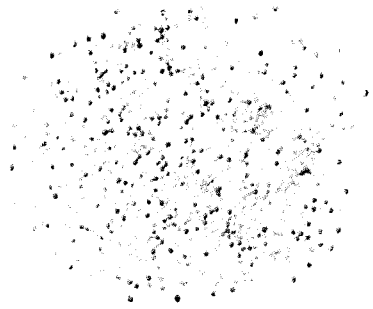


Yellow and white ones to stop sneezes, runny nose.



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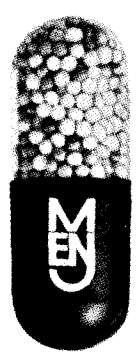

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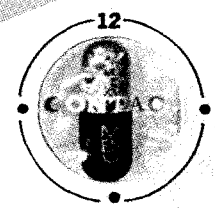

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